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T H E
HISTORIES
A N D
NOVELS

Written by the Late
Ingenious Mrs. *BEHN*,

V O L. II.

Containing,

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|---|---|
| I. <i>Agnes de Castro; Or, the Force of generous Love.</i> | III. <i>The Ladies Looking-Glass to Dress themselves by; Or, the whole Art of Charming all Mankind.</i> |
| II. <i>The Lovers Watch; Or, the Art of making Love: Being Rules for Courtship for every Hour of the Day and Night.</i> | IV. <i>The Lucky Mistake.</i> |
| | V. <i>Memoirs of the Court of the King of Bantam.</i> |
| | VI. <i>The Adventure of the Black Lady.</i> |
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THE HISTORIES



By Mrs. B. H. A.

Vol. II.

In the House of Commons
On the 14th of July 1830
The following Report
Was presented to the House
By the Secretary of the
Committee appointed to
enquire into the
State of the
Bank of England

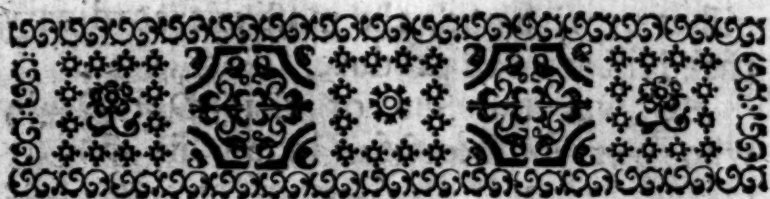
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A. Pine inv. et sculp. 1722.



THE
HISTORY
OF

Agnes de Castro.



HO Love, all soft and flattering, promises nothing but Pleasures ; yet its Consequences are often sad and fatal. It is not enough to be in love, to be happy ; since Fortune, who is capricious, and takes delight to trouble the Repose of the most elevated and virtuous, has very little respect for passionate and tender Hearts, when she designs to produce strange Adventures.

Many Examples of past Ages render this Maxim certain : but the Reign of *Don Alphonso* the IVth, King of *Portugal*, fur-

mishes us with one, the most extraordinary that History can produce.

He was the Son of that *Don Denis*, who was so successful in all his Undertakings, that it was said of him, that he was capable of performing whatever he design'd, (and of *Isabella*, a Princess of eminent Virtue) who when he came to inherit a flourishing and tranquil State, endeavour'd to establish Peace and Plenty in abundance in his Kingdom.

And to advance this his Design, he agreed on a Marriage between his Son *Don Pedro* (then about eight Years of Age) and *Bianca*, Daughter of *Don Pedro*, King of *Castile*; and whom the young Prince married when he arriv'd to his sixteenth Year.

Bianca brought nothing to *Coimbra* but Infirmities and very few Charms. *Don Pedro*, who was full of Sweetness and Generosity, liv'd nevertheless very well with her; but those Distempers of the Princess degenerating into the Palsy, she made it her request to retire, and at her Intercession the Pope broke the Marriage, and the melancholy Princess conceal'd her Languishment in a solitary Retreat: And *Don Pedro*, for whom they had provided another Match, married *Constantia Manuel*, Daughter of *Don John Manuel*, a Prince of the Blood



Agnes de Castro.

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Blood of *Castile*, and famous for the Enmity he had to his King.

Constantia was promised to the King of *Castile*; but that King not keeping his word, they made no difficulty of bestowing her on a young Prince, who was one day to reign over a number of fine Provinces. He was but five and twenty Years of Age, and the Man of all *Spain* that had the best Fashion and Grace: and with the most advantageous Qualities of the Body he possess'd those of the Soul, and shew'd himself worthy in all things of the Crown that was destin'd for him.

The Princess *Constantia* had Beauty, Wit, and Generosity, in as great a measure as 'twas possible for a Woman to be possess'd with; her Merit alone ought to have attach'd *Don Pedro* eternally to her; and certainly he had for her an Esteem, mix'd with so great a Respect, as might very well pass for Love with those that were not of a nice and curious Observation: but alas! his real Care was reserv'd for another Beauty.

Constantia brought into the World, the first Year after her Marriage, a Son, who was called *Don Louis*; but it scarce saw the Light, and dy'd almost as soon as born. The Loss of this little Prince sensibly touch'd her, but the Coldness she observ'd in the Prince her Husband, went yet nearer

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her Heart; for she had given her self absolutely up to her Duty, and had made her Tenderness for him her only Concern: But puissant Glory, which ty'd her so entirely to the Interest of the Prince of *Portugal*, open'd her Eyes upon his Actions, where she observ'd nothing in his Caresses and Civilities that was natural, or could satisfy her delicate Heart.

At first she fancy'd her self deceiv'd, but time having confirmed her in what she fear'd, she sigh'd in secret; yet had that Consideration for the Prince, as not to let him see her Disorder: and which nevertheless she could not conceal from *Agnes de Castro*, who lived with her, rather as a Companion, than a Maid of Honour, and whom her Friendship made her infinitely distinguish from the rest.

This Maid, so dear to the Princess, very well merited the preference her Mistress gave her; she was beautiful to excess, wise, discreet, witty, and had more Tenderness for *Constantia* than she had for her self, having quitted her Family, which was illustrious, to give her self wholly to the Service of the Princess, and to follow her into *Portugal*. It was into the Bosom of this Maid, that the Princess unladed her first Moans; and the charming *Agnes* forgot nothing that might give ease to her afflicted Heart.

Nor

Nor was *Constantia* the only Person who complained of *Don Pedro*: Before his Divorce from *Bianca*, he had expressed some Care and Tenderness for *Elvira Gonzales*, Sister to *Don Alvaro Gonzales*, Favourite to the King of *Portugal*; and this Amusement in the young Years of the Prince, had made a deep Impression on *Elvira*, who flatter'd her Ambition with the Infirmities of *Bianca*. She saw, with a secret Rage, *Constantia* take her place, who was possess'd with such Charms, that quite divested her of all Hopes.

Her Jealousy left her not idle, she examined all the Actions of the Prince, and easily discover'd the little Regard he had for the Princess; but this brought him not back to her. And it was upon very good grounds that she suspected him to be in love with some other Person, and possess'd with a new Passion; and which she promised herself, she would destroy as soon as she could find it out. She had a Spirit altogether proper for bold and hazardous Enterprizes; and the Credit of her Brother gave her so much Vanity, as all the Indifference of the Prince was not capable of humbling.

The Prince languished, and concealed the Cause with so much Care, that 'twas impossible for any to find it out. No publick Pleasures were agreeable to him, and all Conversations were tedious; and it

was Solitude alone that was able to give him any ease.

This Change surprized all the World. The King, who loved his Son very tenderly, earnestly press'd him to know the Reason of his Melancholy; but the Prince made no answer, but only this, That it was the effect of his Temper.

But Time ran on, and the Princess was brought to bed of a second Son, who liv'd, and was called *Fernando*. *Don Pedro* forc'd himself a little to take part in the publick Joy, so that they believ'd his Humour was changing; but this Appearance of a Calm endur'd not long, and he fell back again into his black Melancholy.

The artful *Elvira* was incessantly agitated in searching out the Knowledg of this Secret. Chance wrought for her; and, as she was walking full of Indignation and Anger, in the Garden of the Palace of *Coimbra*, she found the Prince of *Portugal* sleeping in an obscure Grotto.

Her Fury could not contain it self at the sight of this loved Object, she roll'd her Eyes upon him, and perceived in spite of Sleep, that some Tears escaped his Eyes; the Flame which burnt yet in her Heart, soon grew soft and tender there: But oh! she heard him sigh, and after that utter these words, *Yes, Divine Agnes, I will sooner die, than let you know it: Constantia*

stantia shall have nothing to reproach me with. *Elvira* was enraged at this Discourse, which represented to her immediately, the same moment, *Agnes de Castro* with all her Charms; and not at all doubting, but it was she who possess the Heart of *Don Pedro*, she found in her Soul more Hatred for this fair Rival, than Tenderness for him.

The Grotto was not a fit Place to make Reflections in, or to form Designs. Perhaps her first Transports would have made her waken him, if she had not perceived a Paper lying under his Hand, which she softly seiz'd on; and that she might not be surprized in the reading it, she went out of the Garden with as much haste as confusion.

When she was retired to her Apartment, she open'd the Paper, trembling, and found in it these Verses, writ by the Hand of *Don Pedro*; and which, in appearance, he had newly then compos'd.

*In vain, Oh! Sacred Honour, you debate
The mighty Business in my Heart:
Love! Charming Love! rules all my Fate;
Interest and Glory claim no part.
The God, sure of his Victory, triumphs there,
And will have nothing in his Empire share.*

*In vain, Oh! Sacred Duty, you oppose;
 In vain, your Nuptial Tye you plead:
 Those forc'd Devairs LOVE overthrows,
 And breaks the Vows he never made.
 Fixing his fatal Arrows every where,
 I burn and languish in a soft Despair.*

*Fair Princess, you to whom my Faith is due;
 Pardon the Destiny that drags me on:
 'Tis not my fault my Heart's untrue,
 I am compell'd to be undone.
 My Life is yours, I gave it with my Hand,
 But my Fidelity I can't command.*

Elvira did not only know the Writing of *Don Pedro*, but she knew also that he could write Verses. And seeing the sad Part which *Constantia* had in these which were now fallen into her hands, she made no scruple of resolving to let the Princess see 'em: but that she might not be suspected, she took care not to appear in this Business her self; and since it was not enough for *Constantia* to know that the Prince did not love her, but that she must know also that he was a Slave to *Agnes de Castro*, *Elvira* caused these few Verses to be written in an unknown Hand, under those writ by the Prince.

Sleep

Agnes de Castro.

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*Sleep betray'd th' unhappy Lover,
While Tears were streaming from his Eyes;
His heedless Tongue without disguise,
The Secret did discover:
The Language of his Heart declare,
That Agnes' Image triumphs there.*

Elvira regarded neither Exactness nor Grace in these Lines: And if they had but the effect she design'd, she wished no more.

Her Impatience could not wait till the next day to expose them: she therefore went immediately to the Lodgings of the Princess, who was then walking in the Garden of the Palace; and passing without resistance, even to her Cabinet, she put the Paper into a Book, in which the Princess used to read, and went out again unseen, and satisfy'd with her good Fortune.

As soon as *Constantia* was return'd, she enter'd into her Cabinet, and saw the Book open, and the Verses lying in it, which were to cost her so dear: She soon knew the Hand of the Prince which was so familiar to her; and besides the Information of what she had always fear'd, she understood it was *Agnes de Castro* (whose Friendship alone was able to comfort her in her Misfortunes) who was the fatal Cause of it: she read over the Paper an hundred times,

times, desiring to give her Eyes and Reason the Lye; but finding but too plainly she was not deceiv'd, she found her Soul possess'd with more Grief than Anger: when she consider'd, as much in love as the Prince was, he had kept his Torment secret. After having made her moan, without condemning him, the Tenderneſs ſhe had for him, made her ſhed a Torrent of Tears, and inspir'd her with a Reſolution of concealing her Reſentment.

She would certainly have done it by a Virtue extraordinary, if the Prince, who miſſing his Verſes when he waked, and fearing they might fall into indiſcreet Hands, had not enter'd the Palace, all troubled with his Loſs; and haſtily going into *Constantia's* Apartment, ſaw her fair Eyes all wet with Tears, and at the ſame inſtant caſt his own on the unhappy Verſes that had eſcap'd from his Soul, and now lay before the Princeſs.

He immediately turned pale at this ſight, and appear'd ſo mov'd, that the generous Princeſs felt more Pain than he did: 'Ma-
'dam, ſaid he, (infinitely alarm'd) from
'whom had you that Paper? It cannot
'come but from the Hand of ſome Perſon,
'anſwer'd *Constantia*, who is an Enemy
'both to your Repoſe and mine. It is the
'Work, Sir, of your own Hand; and
'doubtleſs, the Sentiment of your Heart:
'But

‘ But be not surprized, and do not fear ;
 ‘ for if my Tenderness should make it pass
 ‘ for a Crime in you, the same Tenderness,
 ‘ which nothing is able to alter, shall hin-
 ‘ der me from complaining.’

The Moderation and Calmness of *Constantia*, served only to render the Prince more ashamed and confus’d. *How generous are you, Madam, (persu’d he) and how unfortunate am I!* Some Tears accompany’d his Words, and the Princess, who lov’d him with extreme Ardour, was so sensibly touch’d, that it was a good while before she could utter a word. *Constantia* then broke silence, and shewing him what *Elvira* had caus’d to be written: *You are betray’d, Sir, (added she) you have been heard speak, and your Secret is known.* It was at this very moment that all the Forces of the Prince abandon’d him ; and his Condition was really worthy Compassion: He could not pardon himself the involuntary Crime he had committed, in exposing of the lovely and the innocent *Agnes*. And tho he was convinced of the Virtue and Goodness of *Constantia*, the Apprehensions that he had, that this modest and prudent Maid might suffer by his Conduct, carry’d him beyond all consideration.

The Princess, who heedfully survey’d him, saw so many Marks of Despair in his Face and Eyes, that she was afraid of the

Con-

Consequences; and holding out her Hand, in a very obliging manner to him, she said, 'I promise you, Sir, I will never more complain of you, and that *Agnes* shall always be very dear to me; you shall never hear me make you any Reproaches: And since I cannot possess your Heart, I will content my self with endeavouring to render my self worthy of it.' *Don Pedro*, more confus'd and dejected than before he had been, bent one of his Knees at the feet of *Constantia*, and with respect kiss'd that fair kind Hand she had given him, and perhaps forgot *Agnes* for a moment.

But Love soon put a stop to all the little Advances of *Hymen*; the fatal Star that presid'd over the Destiny of *Don Pedro* had not yet vented its Malignity; and one moment's sight of *Agnes* gave new Force to his Passion.

The Wishes and Desires of this charming Maid had no part in this Victory; her Eyes were just, tho penetrating, and they search'd not in those of the Prince, what they had a desire to discover to her.

As she was never far from *Constantia*, *Don Pedro* was no sooner gone out of the Closet, but *Agnes* enter'd; and finding the Princess all pale and languishing in her Chair, she doubted not but there was some sufficient Cause for her Affliction: she put herself

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herself in the same Posture the Prince had
 been in before, and expressing an Inqui-
 tude, full of Concern; “Madam, *said she,*
 “by all your Goodness, conceal not from
 “me the Cause of your Trouble. Alas,
 “*Agnes, reply’d the Princess,* what would
 “you know? And what should I tell you?
 “The Prince, the Prince, my dearest
 “Maid, is in love; the Hand that he gave
 “me, was not a Present of his Heart; and
 “for the Advantage of this Alliance, I
 “must become the Victim of it — What?
 “the Prince in love! (*reply’d Agnes, with*
 “*an Astonishment mix’d with Indignation*)
 “What Beauty can dispute the Empire
 “over a Heart so much your due? Alas,
 “Madam, all the respect I owe him, can-
 “not hinder me from murmuring against
 “him. Accuse him of nothing, (*inter-*
 “*rupted Constantia*) he does what he can;
 “and I am more obliged to him for desiring
 “to be faithful, than if I possess his real
 “Tenderness. It is not enough to fight,
 “but to overcome; and the Prince does
 “more in the Condition wherein he is,
 “than I ought reasonably to hope for: In-
 “fine, he is my Husband, and an agreeable
 “one; to whom nothing is wanting, but
 “what I cannot inspire; that is, a Passion
 “which would have made me but too hap-
 “py. Ah! Madam, (*cry’d out Agnes,*
 “*transported with her Tenderness for the*
 “*Princess*)

‘ *Princess*) he is a blind and stupid Prince,
 ‘ who knows not the precious Advantages
 ‘ he possesses. He must surely know some-
 ‘ thing, (*reply’d the Princess modestly.*) But,
 ‘ Madam, (*reply’d Agnes*) Is there any
 ‘ thing, not only in *Portugal*, but in all
 ‘ *Spain*, that can compare with you? And,
 ‘ without considering the charming Qua-
 ‘ lities of your Person, can we enough ad-
 ‘ mire those of your Soul? My dear *Agnes*,
 ‘ (*interrupted Constantia, sighing*) she who
 ‘ robs me of my Husband’s Heart, has
 ‘ but too many Charms to plead his Ex-
 ‘ cuse; since it is thou, Child, whom For-
 ‘ tune makes use of, to give me the killing
 ‘ Blow. Yes, *Agnes*, the Prince loves
 ‘ thee; and the Merit I know thou art
 ‘ possessor of, puts bounds to my Complaints,
 ‘ without suffering me to have the least
 ‘ Resentment.’

The delicate *Agnes* little expected to hear
 what the *Princess* told her: Thunder
 would have less surpriz’d, and less op-
 press’d her. She remain’d a long time
 without speaking; but at last, fixing her
 Looks all frightful on *Constantia*, ‘ What
 ‘ say you, Madam? (*cry’d she*) And what
 ‘ Thoughts have you of me? What, that
 ‘ I should betray you? And coming hither
 ‘ only full of Ardor to be the Repose of
 ‘ your Life, do I bring a fatal Poison to
 ‘ afflict it? What Detestation must I have
 ‘ for

' for the Beauty they find in me, without
 ' aspiring to make it appear? And how
 ' ought I to curse the unfortunate Day,
 ' on which I first saw the Prince? ———
 ' But, Madam, it cannot be me whom
 ' Heaven has chosen to torment you, and
 ' to destroy all your Tranquillity: No, it
 ' cannot be so much my Enemy, to put
 ' me to so great a tryal. And if I were
 ' that odious Person, there is no Punish-
 ' ment, to which I would not condemn
 ' my self. It is *Elvira*, Madam, the Prince
 ' loves, and loved before his Marriage
 ' with you, and also before his Divorce
 ' from *Bianca*; and somebody has made an
 ' indiscreet Report to you of this Intrigue
 ' of his Youth: But, Madam, what was
 ' in the time of *Bianca*, is nothing to you.
 ' It is certain that *Don Pedro* loves you,
 ' (*answer'd the Princess*) and I have Vanity
 ' enough to believe, that, none besides
 ' your self could have disputed, his Heart
 ' with me: But the Secret is discover'd,
 ' and *Don Pedro* has not disown'd it.
 ' What, (*interrupted Agnes, more sur-
 ' priz'd than ever*) is it then from himself
 ' you have learned his Weakness?' The
 Princess then shew'd her the Verses, and
 there was never any Despair like to hers.

While they were both thus sadly em-
 ploy'd, both sighing, and both weeping,
 the impatient *Elvira*, who was willing to
 learn,

learn the Effect of her Malice, returned to the Apartment of the Princess, where she freely enter'd; even to the Cabinet where these unhappy Persons were: who all afflicted and troubled as they were, blushed at her approach, whose Company they did not desire: She had the Pleasure to see *Constantia* hide from her the Paper which had been the Cause of all their Trouble, and which the Princess had never seen, but for her Spite and Revenge; and to observe also in the Eyes of the Princess, and those of *Agnes*, an immoderate Grief: She staid in the Cabinet as long as it was necessary to be assur'd, that she had succeeded in her Design; but the Princess, who did not desire such a Witness of the Disorder in which she then was, pray'd to be left alone. *Elvira* then went out of the Cabinet, and *Agnes de Castro* withdrew at the same time.

It was in her own Chamber, that *Agnes* examining more freely this Adventure, found it as cruel as Death. She loved *Constantia* sincerely, and had not till then any thing more than an Esteem, mixt with Admiration, for the Prince of *Portugal*; which indeed, none could refuse to so many fine Qualities. And looking on her self as the most unfortunate of her Sex, as being the Cause of all the Suffering of the Princess, to whom she was obliged for the greatest

greatest Bounties, she spent the whole Night in Tears and Complaints, sufficient to have reveng'd *Constantia* for all the Grievs she made her suffer.

The Prince, on his side, was in no great Tranquillity; the Generosity of his Princess increas'd his Remorse, without diminishing his Love: he fear'd, and with reason, that those who were the occasion of *Constantia's* seeing those Verses, should discover his Passion to the King, from whom he hoped for no Indulgence: and he would most willingly have given his Life, to have been free from this Extremity.

In the meantime the afflicted Princess languished in a most deplorable Sadness; she found nothing in those who were the Cause of her Misfortunes, but things fitter to move her Tenderneſs than her Anger: It was in vain that Jealousy strove to combat the Inclination she had to love her fair Rival; nor was there any occasion of making the Prince less dear to her: and she felt neither Hatred, nor so much as Indifference for innocent *Agnes*.

While these three disconsolate Persons abandon'd themselves to their Melancholy, *Elvira*, not to leave her Vengeance imperfect, study'd in what manner she might bring it to the height of its Effects. Her Brother, on whom she depended, shew'd her a great deal of Friendship, and judging rightly,

rightly that the Love of *Don Pedro* to *Agnes de Castro* wou'd not be approved by the King, she acquainted *Don Alvaro* her Brother with it, who was not ignorant of the Passion the Prince had once protested to have for his Sister. He found himself very much interested in this News, from a second Passion he had for *Agnes*; which the Business of his Fortune had hitherto hindred him from discovering: And he expected a great many Favours from the King, that might render the Effort of his Heart the more considerable.

He hid not from his Sister this one thing, which he found difficult to conceal; so that she was now possess'd with a double Grief, to find *Agnes* Sovereign of all the Hearts to which she had a pretension.

Don Alvaro was one of those ambitious Men, that are fierce without Moderation, and proud without Generosity; of a melancholy, cloudy Humour, of a cruel Inclination, and to effect his Ends, found nothing difficult or unlawful. Naturally he lov'd not the Prince, who, on all accounts, ought to have held the first Rank in the Heart of the King, which should have set bounds to the Favour of *Don Alvaro*; who when he knew the Prince was his Rival, his Jealousy increas'd his Hate of him: and he conjured *Elvira* to employ

employ all her Care, to oppose an Engagement that could not but be destructive to them both; she promised him, and he not very well satisfy'd, rely'd on her Address.

Don Alvaro, who had too lively a Representation within himself, of the Beauties and Grace of the Prince of *Portugal*, thought of nothing, but how to combat his Merits, he himself not being handsome, or well made: His Fashion was as disagreeable as his Humour, and *Don Pedro* had all the Advantages that one Man may possibly have over another. In fine, all that *Don Alvaro* wanted, adorn'd the Prince: but as he was the Husband of *Constantia*, and depended upon an absolute Father, and that *Don Alvaro* was free, and Master of a good Fortune, he thought himself more assur'd of *Agnes*, and fixed his Hopes on that Thought.

He knew very well, that the Passion of *Don Pedro* could not but inspire a violent Anger in the Soul of the King. Industrious in doing ill, his first Business was to carry this unwelcome News to him. After he had given time to his Grief, and had compos'd himself to his Desire, he then besought the King to interest himself in his amorous Affair, and to be the Protector of his Person.

Tho

Tho *Don Alvaro* had no other Merit to recommend him to the King, than a continual and blind Obedience to all his Commands; yet he had favour'd him with several Testimonies of his vast Bounty: and considering the height to which the King's Liberality had rais'd him, there were few Ladies that would have refused his Alliance. The King assured him of the Continuation of his Friendship and Favour, and promised him, if he had any Authority, he would give him the charming *Agnes*.

Don Alvaro, perfectly skilful in managing his Master, answer'd the King's last Bounties with a profound Submission. He had yet never told *Agnes* what he felt for her; but he thought now he might make a publick Declaration of it, and sought all means to do it.

The Gallantry which *Coimbra* seem'd to have forgotten, began now to be awakened. The King to please *Don Alvaro*, under pretence of diverting *Constantia*, order'd some publick Sports, and commanded that every thing should be magnificent.

Since the Adventure of the Verses, *Don Pedro* endeavour'd to lay a constraint on himself, and to appear less troubled; but in his heart he suffer'd always alike: and it was not but with great uneasiness he prepar'd himself for the Tournament. And
since

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since he could not appear with the Colours of *Agnes*, he took those of his Wife, without Device, or any great Magnificence.

Don Alvaro adorn'd himself with the Liveries of *Agnes de Castro*; and this fair Maid, who had yet found no Consolation from what the Princess had told her, had this new cause of being displeas'd.

Don Pedro appear'd in the List with an admirable Grace; and *Don Alvaro*, who looked on this Day as his own, appear'd there all shining with Gold, mix'd with Stones of Blue, which were the Colours of *Agnes*; and there were embroider'd all over his Equipage, flaming Hearts of Gold on blue Velvet, and Nets for the Snares of Love, with abundance of double *A's*; his Device was a Love coming out of a Cloud, with these Verses written underneath:

*Love from a Cloud breaks like the God of Day,
And to the World his Glories does display;
To gaze on charming Eyes, and make 'em know,
What to soft Hearts, and to his Power they owe.*

The Pride of *Don Alvaro* was soon humbled at the feet of the Prince of Portugal, who threw him against the ground, with twenty others, and carry'd alone the Glory of the Day. There was in the Evening a noble Assembly at *Constantia's*,

ria's, where *Agnes* would not have been, unless expressly commanded by the Princess. She appear'd there all negligent and careless in her Dress, but yet she appear'd all beautiful and charming. She saw, with disdain, her Name, and her Colours, worn by *Don Alvaro*, at a publick Triumph; and if her Heart was capable of any tender Motions, it was not for such a Man as he for whom her Delicacy destin'd them: She look'd on him with a Contempt, which did not hinder him from pressing so near, that there was a necessity for her to hear what he had to declare to her.

She treated him not uncivilly, but her Coldness would have rebated the Courage of any but *Alvaro*. ‘Madam, said he, (when he could be heard of none but herself) I have hitherto concealed the Passion you have inspired me with, fearing it should displease you; but it has committed a Violence on my Respect; and I could no longer conceal it from you. I never reflected on your Actions (answer'd *Agnes* with all the Indifference of which she was capable) and if you think you offend me, you are in the wrong to make me perceive it. This Coldness is but an ill Omen for me (reply'd *Don Alvaro*) and if you have not found me out to be your
‘ Lover

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‘ Lover to-day, I fear you will never approve my Passion.

‘ Oh! what a time have you chosen to make it appear to me? (pursued *Agnes*.)
‘ Is it so great an Honour for me, that you must take such care to shew it to the World? And do you think that I am so desirous of Glory, that I must aspire to it by your Actions? If I must, you have very ill maintain’d it in the Tournament; and if it be that Vanity that you depend upon, you will make no great progress on a Soul that is not fond of Shame. If you were possess’d of all the Advantages, which the Prince has this day carried away, you yet ought to consider what you are going about; and it is not a Maid like me, who is touched with Enterprizes, without respect or permission.

The Favourite of the King was too proud to hear *Agnes*, without Indignation: but as he was willing to conceal it, and not offend her, he made not his Resentment appear; and considering the Observation she made on the Triumphs of *Don Pedro*, (which increased his Jealousies) ‘ If I have not overcome at the Tournament, reply’d he, I am not the less in love for being vanquish’d, nor less capable of Success on occasion.

They were interrupted here, but from that day, *Don Alvaro*, who had open'd the first Difficulties, kept no more his wonted Distance, but perpetually persecuted *Agnes*; yet, tho he were protected by the King, that inspir'd in her never the more Consideration for him. *Don Pedro* was always ignorant by what means the Verses he had lost in the Garden, fell into the hands of *Constantia*. As the Princess appeared to him indulgent, he was only concerned for *Agnes*; and the love of *Don Alvaro*, which was then so well known, increas'd the Pain: and had he been possess'd of the Authority, he would not have suffer'd her to have been expos'd to the Persecutions of so unworthy a Rival. He was also afraid of the King's being advertis'd of his Passion, but he thought not at all of *Elvira*, nor apprehended any Malice from her Resentment.

While she burnt with a Desire of destroying *Agnes*, against whom she vented all her Venom, she was never weary of making new Reports to her Brother, assuring him, that tho they could not prove that *Agnes* made any returns to the Tenderness of the Prince, yet that was the Cause of *Constantia*'s Grief: And, that if this Princess should die of it, *Don Pedro* might marry *Agnes*. In fine, she so incens'd

cens'd the jealous *Don Alvaro's* Jealousy,
that he could not hinder himself from running immediately to the King, with the discovery of all he knew, and all he guest, and who, he had the pleasure to find, was infinitely inrag'd at the News. ' My
' dear *Alvaro*, said the King, you shall
' instantly marry this dangerous Beauty :
' And let Possession assure your Repose
' and mine. If I have protected you on
' either Occasions, judge what a Service
' of so great an Importance for me,
' would make me undertake; and without any reserve, the Forces of this State
' are in your power, and almost any
' thing that I can give shall be assured
' you, so you render your self Master of
' the Destiny of *Agnes*.'

Don Alvaro pleas'd, and vain with his Master's Bounty, made use of all the Authority he gave him : He passionately lov'd *Agnes*, and would not, on the sudden, make use of Violence; but resolv'd with himself to employ all possible Means to win her fairly; yet if that fail'd, to have recourse to force, if she continued always insensible.

While *Agnes de Castro* (importun'd by his Affiduities, despairing at the Grief of *Constantia*, and perhaps made tender by those she had caus'd in the Prince of *Portugal*) took a Resolution worthy of her

Vertue; yet, amiable as *Don Pedro* was, she found nothing in him, but his being Husband to *Constantia*, that was dear to her: And, far from encouraging the Power she had got over his Heart, she thought of nothing but removing from *Coimbra*. The Passion of *Don Alvaro*, which she had no inclination to favour, serv'd her as a Pretext; and press'd with the fear of causing, in the end, a cruel Divorce between the Prince and his Princess, she went to find *Constantia*, with a trouble, which all her Care was not able to hide from her.

The Princess easily found it out; and their common Misfortunes having not chang'd their Friendship—— ‘What ails you, *Agnes*? (said the Princess to her, in a soft Tone, and with her ordinary Sweetness) And what new Misfortune causes that sadness in thy Looks? Madam, (reply'd *Agnes*, shedding a Rivulet of Tears) the Obligations and Ties I have to you, put me upon a cruel Tryal; I had bound the Felicity of my Life in hope of passing it near your Highness, yet I must carry to some other part of the World this unlucky Face of mine, which renders me nothing but ill Offices: And it is to obtain that Liberty, that I am come to throw my self at your feet; looking upon you as my Sovereign.’

Constantia was so surpriz'd and touch'd with the Proposition of *Agnes*, that she lost her Speech for some moments; Tears, which were sincere, express'd her first Sentiments: And after having shed abundance, to give a new Mark of her Tenderness to the fair afflicted *Agnes*, she with a sad and melancholy Look, fix'd her Eyes upon her, and holding out her Hand to her, in a most obliging manner, sighing, cryd — ' You will then, my dear *Agnes*,
' leave me; and expose me to the Grievs
' of seeing you no more? Alas, Madam,
' (interrupted this lovely Maid) hide from
' the unhappy *Agnes* a Bounty which does
' but increase her Misfortunes: It is not I,
' Madam, that would leave you; it is my
' Duty, and my Reason that orders my
' Fate. And those Days which I shall pass
' far from you, promise me nothing to
' oblige me to this Design, if I did not see
' my self absolutely forc'd to it. I am
' not ignorant of what passes at *Coimbra*,
' and I shall be an Accomplice of the In-
' justice there committed, if I should stay
' there any longer. — Ah, I know your
' Vertue, (cry'd *Constantia*) and you may
' remain here in all safety, while I am
' your Protectress; and let what will hap-
' pen, I will accuse you of nothing.
' There's no answering for what's to
' come, (reply'd *Agnes*, sadly) and I shall
B 3 ' be

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' be sufficiently guilty, if my Presence
 ' cause Sentiments, which cannot be inno-
 ' cent. Besides, Madam, the Importuni-
 ' ties of *Don Alvaro* are insupportable to
 ' me; and tho I find nothing but Aver-
 ' sion to him, since the King protects his
 ' Insolence, and he's in a condition of
 ' undertaking any thing, my Flight is
 ' absolutely necessary. But, Madam, tho
 ' he has nothing but what seems odious
 ' to me; I call Heaven to witness, that
 ' if I could cure the Prince by marrying
 ' *Don Alvaro*, I would not consider of it
 ' a moment; and finding in my Punish-
 ' ment the Consolation of sacrificing my
 ' self to my Princess, I would support it
 ' without murmuring. But if I were the
 ' Wife of *Don Alvaro*, *Don Pedro* would
 ' always look upon me with the same
 ' Eyes: So that I find nothing more rea-
 ' sonable for me, than to hide my self
 ' in some Corner of the World; where,
 ' tho I shall most certainly live without
 ' Pleasure, yet I shall preserve the Re-
 ' pose of my dearest Mistress. All the
 ' Reason you find in this Design, (answe-
 ' red the Princess) cannot oblige me to ap-
 ' prove of your Absence: Will it restore
 ' me the Heart of *Don Pedro*? And will
 ' he not fly away with you? His Grief
 ' is mine, and my Life is ty'd to his;
 ' do not make him despair then, if you
 ' love

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‘ love me. I know you, I tell you so
 ‘ once more; and let your Power be ever
 ‘ so great over the Heart of the Prince,
 ‘ I will not suffer you to abandon us.’

Tho *Agnes* thought she had perfectly
 known *Constantia*, yet she did not expect
 to find so intire a Vertue in her, which
 made her think her self more happy, and
 the Prince more criminal. ‘ Oh, Wis-
 ‘ dom! Oh, Bounty without Example!
 ‘ (cry’d she) Why is it, that the cruel
 ‘ Destinies do not give you all you deserve?
 ‘ You are the disposer of my Actions,
 ‘ (continu’d she in kissing the Hand of
 ‘ *Constantia*) I’ll do nothing but what you’ll
 ‘ have me: But consider, weigh well the
 ‘ Reasons that ought to counsel you in
 ‘ the Measures you oblige me to take.’

Don Pedro, who had not seen the Prin-
 cess all that day, came in then, and find-
 ing ’em both extremely troubled, with a
 fierce Impatience, demanded the Cause:
 ‘ Sir, answer’d *Constantia*, *Agnes* too wise,
 ‘ and too scrupulous, fears the Effects of
 ‘ her Beauty, and will live no longer at
 ‘ *Coimbra*; and it was on this Subject,
 ‘ (which cannot be agreeable to me)
 ‘ that she ask’d my Advice.’ The Prince
 grew pale at this Discourse, and snatch-
 ing the Words from her Mouth (with
 more concern than posselt either of them)
 cry’d with a Voice very feeble, ‘ *Agnes*

‘ cannot fail, if she follow your Counsel,
‘ Madam; and I leave you full liberty to
‘ give it her.’ He then immediately went
out, and the Princess, whose Heart he
perfectly possess’d, not being able to hide
her Displeasure, said, ‘ My dear *Agnes*, if
‘ my Satisfaction did not only depend on
‘ your Conversation, I should desire it of
‘ you, for *Don Pedro*’s sake; it is the on-
‘ ly Advantage that his unfortunate Love
‘ can hope: And would not the World
‘ have reason to call me barbarous, if I
‘ contribute to deprive him of that? But
‘ the sight of me will prove a Poison to
‘ him — (reply’d *Agnes*) And what should
‘ I do, my Princess, if after the Reserve
‘ he has hitherto kept, his Mouth should
‘ add any thing to the Torments I have
‘ already felt, by speaking to me of his
‘ Flame? You would hear him sure, with-
‘ out causing him to despair, (reply’d
‘ *Constantia*) and I should put this Obli-
‘ gation to the account of the rest you
‘ have done. Would you then have me
‘ expect those Events which I fear, Ma-
‘ dam? (reply’d *Agnes*) Well — I will o-
‘ bey, but just Heavens (pursued she) if
‘ they prove fatal, do not punish an inno-
‘ cent Heart for it.’ Thus this Conver-
sation ended. *Agnes* withdrew into her
Chamber, but it was not to be more at
ease.

What

What *Don Pedro* had learn'd of the Design of *Agnes*, caus'd a cruel Agitation in his Soul; he wish'd he had never loved her, and desir'd a thousand times to die: But it was not for him to make Vows against a thing which Fate had design'd him; and whatever Resolutions he made, to bear the Absence of *Agnes*, his Tenderness had not force enough to consent to it.

After having, for a long time, combated with himself, he determin'd to do, what was impossible for him to let *Agnes* do. His Courage reproach'd him with the Idleness, in which he pass'd the most youthful and vigorous part of his Days: and making it appear to the King, that his Allies, and even the Prince *Don John Emanuel*, his Father-in-law, had concerns in the World which demanded his Presence on the Frontiers, he easily obtain'd Liberty to make this Journey, to which the Princess would put no Obstacle.

Agnes saw him part without any Concern, but it was not upon the account of any Aversion she had to him. *Don Alvaro* began then to make his Importunity an open Persecution; he forgot nothing that might touch the insensible *Agnes*, and made use, a long time, only of the Arms of Love: But seeing that this Submission

and Respect was to no purpose, he form'd strange Designs.

As the King had a deference for all his Counsels, it was not difficult to inspire him with what he had a mind to: He complain'd of the ungrateful *Agnes*, and forgot nothing that might make him perceive that she was not cruel to him on his account, but from the too much Sensibility she had for the Prince. The King, who was extreme angry at this, reiterated all the Promises he had made him.

The King had not yet spoken to *Agnes* in favour of *Don Alvaro*; and not doubting but his Approbation would surmount all Obstacles, he took an occasion to entertain her with it: And removing some distance from those who might hear him, ' I thought *Don Alvaro* had Merit enough, ' (said he to her) to have obtained a little share in your Esteem; and I could ' not imagine there would have been any ' necessity of my soliciting it for him; ' I know you are very charming, but he ' has nothing that renders him unworthy ' of you; and when you shall reflect on ' the Choice my Friendship has made ' of him from among all the great Men ' of my Court, you will do him at the ' same time Justice. His Fortune is none ' of the meanest, since he has me for his ' Protector: He is nobly born, a Man of

Ho-

‘ Honour and Courage; he adores you,
‘ and it seems to me that all these Rea-
‘ sons are sufficient to vanquish your Pride.

The Heart of *Agnes* was so little dis-
posed to give it self to *Don Alvaro*, that
all the King of *Portugal* had said had no
effect on her in his favour. ‘ If *Don Al-*
‘ *varo*, Sir, (answered she) were without
‘ Merit, he possesses Advantages enough in
‘ the Bounty your Majesty is pleased to
‘ honour him with, to make him Master
‘ of all things; it is not that I find any
‘ Defect in him that I answer not his De-
‘ sires: But, Sir, by what obstinate Pow-
‘ er would you that I should love, if Hea-
‘ ven has not given me a Soul that is
‘ tender? And why should you pretend
‘ that I should submit to him, when no-
‘ thing is dearer to me than my Liberty?
‘ You are not so free, nor so insensible;
‘ as you say, (answer’d the King, blushing
‘ with Anger;) and if your Heart were
‘ exempt from all sorts of Affection, he
‘ might expect a more reasonable Return
‘ than what he finds. But imprudent
‘ Maid, conducted by an ill Fate, (added
‘ he in fury) what Pretensions have you
‘ to *Don Pedro*? Hitherto I have hid the
‘ Chagreen, which his Weakness, and
‘ yours give me; but it was not the-
‘ less violent for being hid. And since
‘ you oblige me to break out, I must tell
‘ you,

‘ you, that if my Son were not already
 ‘ married to *Constantia*, he should never
 ‘ be your Husband ; renounce then those
 ‘ vain Ideas, which will cure him, and
 ‘ justify you.’

The courageous *Agnes* was scarce Mistress of the first Transports, at a Discourse so full of Contempt ; but calling her Vertue to the aid of her Anger, she recover’d her self by the assistance of Reason : And considering the Outrage she receiv’d, not as coming from a great King, but a Man blinded and possess’d by *Don Alvaro*, she thought him not worthy of her Resentment ; her fair Eyes animated themselves with so shining a vivacity, they answer’d for the purity of her Sentiments ; and fixing them stedfastly on the King, ‘ If the Prince *Don Pedro* have
 ‘ Weaknesses, (reply’d she, with an Air
 ‘ disdainful) he never communicated ’em
 ‘ to me ; and I am certain, I never contributed wilfully to ’em : But to let you
 ‘ see how little I regard your Defiance,
 ‘ and to put my Glory in safety, I will
 ‘ live far from you, and all that belongs
 ‘ to you : Yes, Sir, I will quit *Coimbra*
 ‘ with pleasure ; and for this Man, who
 ‘ is so dear to you, (answer’d she with
 ‘ a noble Pride and Fierceness, of which
 ‘ the King felt all the force) for this Favourite, so worthy to possess the most
 ‘ tender

‘tender Affections of a great Prince, I assure you, that into whatever part of the World Fortune conducts me, I will not carry away the least Remembrance of him.’ At these words she made a profound Reverence, and made such haste from his Presence, that he could not oppose her going if he would.

The King was now more strongly convinc’d than ever, that she favour’d the Passion of *Don Pedro*, and immediately went to *Constantia*, to inspire her with the same Thought; but she was not capable of receiving such Impressions, and following her own natural Inclinations, she generously defended the Virtue of his Actions. The King, angry to see her so well intnetioned to her Rival, whom he would have had her hated, reproached her with the sweetness of her Temper, and went thence to mix his Anger with *Don Alvaro*’s Rage, who was totally confounded when he saw the Negotiation of his Master had taken no effect. The haughty Maid braves me then, Sir, said he to the King, and despises the Honour which your Bounty offered her! Why cannot I resist so fatal a Passion? But I must love her, in spite of my self; and if this Flame consume me, I can find no way to extinguish it. What can I further do for you, replied the King? Alas, Sir, answered *Don Alvaro*, I must do

do by force, what I cannot otherwise hope from the proud and cruel *Agnes*. Well then, added the King, since it is not fit for me to authorize publicly a Violence in the midst of my Kingdom, chuse those of my Subjects whom you think most capable of serving you, and take away by force the Beauty that charms you; and if she do not yield to your Love, put that Power you are Master of in execution, to oblige her to marry you.

Don Alvaro, ravish'd with this Proposition, which at the same time flatter'd both his Love and his Anger, cast himself at the Feet of the King, and renewed his Acknowledgments by fresh Protestations, and thought of nothing but employing his unjust Authority against *Agnes*.

Don Pedro had been about three Months absent, when *Alvaro* undertook what the King counsell'd him to; tho the Moderation was known to him, yet he feared his Presence, and would not attend the return of a Rival, with whom he would avoid all Disputes.

One Night, when the said *Agnes*, full of her ordinary Inquietudes, in vain expected the God of Sleep, she heard a Noise, and after saw some Men unknown enter her Chamber, whose Measures being well consulted, they carried her out of the Palace, and putting her in a close Coach, forced

forced her out of *Coimbra*, without being hinder'd by any Obstacle. She knew not of whom to complain, nor whom to suspect: *Don Alvaro* seem'd too puissant to seek his Satisfaction this way; and she accus'd not the Prince of this attempt, of whom she had so favourable an Opinion; whatever she could think or say, she could not hinder her ill Fortune: They hurried her on with diligence, and before it was Day, were a considerable way off from the Town.

As soon as Day began to break, she surveyed those that encompassed her, without so much as knowing one of them; and seeing that her Cries and Prayers were all in vain with these deaf Ravishers, she satisfied her self with imploring the Protection of Heaven, and abandon'd her self to its Conduct.

While she sat thus overwhelmed with Grief, uncertain of her Destiny, she saw a Body of Horse advance towards the Troop which conducted her: the Ravishers did not shun them, thinking it to be *Don Alvaro*: but when he approached more near, they found it was the Prince of *Portugal* who was at the head of 'em, and who, without foreseeing the occasion that would offer it self of serving *Agnes*, was returning to *Coimbra* full of her Idea, after having

ving performed what he ought in this Expedition.

Agnes, who did not expect him, changed now her Opinion, and thought that it was the Prince that had caused her to be stolen away. ‘ Oh, Sir! (said she to him, having still the same Thought) is it you that have torn me from the Princess? And could so cruel a Blow come from a Hand that is so dear to her? What will you do with an unfortunate Creature, who desires nothing but Death? And why will you obscure the Glory of your Life, by an Artifice unworthy of you?’ This Language astonish’d the Prince no less than the sight of *Agnes* had done; he found by what she had said, that she was taken away by force; and immediately passing to the height of Rage, he made her understand by one only Look, that he was not the base Author of her trouble. ‘ I tear you from *Constantia*, whose only Pleasure you are! replied he: What Opinion have you of *Don Pedro*? No, Madam, tho you see me here, I am altogether innocent of the Violence that has been done you; and there is nothing I will refuse to hinder it.’ He then turned himself to behold the Ravishers, but his Presence had already scatter’d ’em: he order’d some of his Men to pursue ’em, and to seize some of ’em, that he

he might know what Authority it was that set 'em at work.

During this, *Agnes* was no less confus'd than before; she admir'd the Conduct of her Destiny, that brought the Prince at a time when he was so necessary to her. Her Inclinations to do him justice, soon repair'd the Offence her Suspicions had caus'd; she was glad to have escap'd a Misfortune, which appear'd certain to her: but this was not a sincere Joy, when she consider'd that her Lover was her Deliverer, and a Lover worthy of all her Acknowledgments, but who owed his Heart to the most amiable Princess in the World.

While the Prince's Men were pursuing the Ravishers of *Agnes*, he was left almost alone with her; and tho he had always resolv'd to shun being so, yet his Constancy was not proof against so fair an Occasion: ' Madam, said he to her, is it possible
' that Men born amongst those that obey
' us, should be capable of offending you?
' I never thought my self destin'd to re-
' venge such an Offence; but since Heaven
' has permitted you to receive it, I will
' either perish or make them repent it.
' Sir, replied *Agnes*, more concern'd at
' this Discourse than at the Enterprize of
' *Don Alvaro*, those who are wanting in
' their respect to the Princess and you,
' are not obliged to have any for me. I
' do

' do not in the least doubt but *Don Alvaro*
 ' was the undertaker of this Enterprize ;
 ' and I judged what I ought to fear from
 ' him, by what his Importunities have al-
 ' ready made me suffer. He is sure of the
 ' King's Protection, and he will make him
 ' an Accomplice in his Crime: but, Sir,
 ' Heaven conducted you hither happily for
 ' me, and I am indebted to you for the liber-
 ' ty I have of serving the Princess yet longer.'
 ' You will do for *Constantia*, replied the
 ' Prince, what 'tis impossible not to do for
 ' you ; your Goodness attaches you to her,
 ' and my Destiny engages me to you for
 ' ever.'

The modest *Agnes*, who fear'd this Dis-
 course as much as the Misfortune she had
 newly shunned, answer'd nothing but by
 down-cast Eyes ; and the Prince, who
 knew the trouble she was in, left her to go
 to speak to his Men, who brought back one
 of those that belong'd to *Don Alvaro*, by
 whose Confession he found the truth : He
 pardon'd him, thinking not fit to punish
 him, who obey'd a Man whom the Weak-
 ness of his Father had render'd power-
 ful.

Afterwards they conducted *Agnes* back
 to *Coimbra*, where her Adventure began
 to make a great Noise : the Princess was
 ready to die with Despair, and at first
 thought it was only a continuation of the
 design

design this fair Maid had of retiring; but some Women that served her having told the Princess, that she was carried away by Violence, *Constantia* made her complaint to the King, who regarded her not at all.

‘ Madam, said he to her, let this fatal
‘ Plague remove it self, who takes from
‘ you the Heart of your Husband; and
‘ without afflicting your self for her absence, bless Heaven and me for it.’

The generous Princess took *Agnes’s* part with a great deal of Courage, and was then disputing her defence with the King, when *Don Pedro* arrived at *Coimbra*.

The first Object that met the Prince’s Eyes was *Don Alvaro*, who was passing thro one of the Courts of the Palace, amidst a Croud of Courtiers, whom his Favour with the King drew after him. This sight made *Don Pedro* rage; but that of the Princess and *Agnes* caus’d in *Alvaro* another sort of Emotion: He easily divin’d, that it was *Don Pedro*, who had taken her from his Men, and, if his Fury had acted what it would, it might have produc’d very sad effects.

‘ *Don Alvaro*, said the Prince to him, is
‘ it thus you make use of the Authority
‘ which the King my Father hath given
‘ you? Have you receiv’d Employments
‘ and Power from him, for no other end
‘ but

' but to do these base Actions, and to com-
 ' mit Rapes on Ladies? Are you ignorant
 ' how the Princess interests her self in all
 ' that concerns this Maid? And do you
 ' not know the tender and affectionate
 ' Esteem she has for her?' No, replied
Don Alvaro, (with an Insolence that had
 like to have put the Prince past all pati-
 ence) ' I am not ignorant of it, nor of
 ' the Interest your Heart takes in her.'
 ' Base and treacherous as thou art, replied
 ' the Prince, neither the Favour which
 ' thou hast so much abused, nor the Inso-
 ' lence which makes thee speak this, should
 ' hinder me from punishing thee, wert
 ' thou worthy of my Sword; but there
 ' are other ways to humble thy Pride, and
 ' 'tis not fit for such an Arm as mine to
 ' seek so base an Employment to punish
 ' such a Slave as thou art.'

Don Pedro went away at these Words,
 and left *Alvaro* in a Rage, which is not to
 be express'd; despairing to see himself de-
 feated in an Enterprize he thought so sure;
 and at the Contempt the Prince shewed
 him, he promis'd himself to sacrifice all
 to his Revenge.

Tho the King loved his Son, he was so
 possess'd against his Passion, that he
 could not pardon him what he had done,
 and condemn'd him as much for this last

act

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act of Justice, in delivering *Agnes*, as if it had been the greatest of Crimes.

Elvira, whom the sweetness of Hope flatter'd some moments, saw the return of *Agnes* with a sensible Displeasure, which suffer'd her to think of nothing but irritating her Brother.

In fine, the Prince saw the King, but instead of being receiv'd by him with a Joy due to the success of his Journey, he appear'd all sullen and out of humour. After having paid him his first Respects, and given him an exact account of what he had done, he spoke to him about the Violence committed against the Person of *Agnes de Castro*, and complain'd to him of it in the Name of the Princess, and of his own :

' You ought to be silent in this Affair, replied the King; and the Motive which makes you speak is so shameful for you, that I sigh and blush at it. What is it to you, if this Maid, whose Presence is troublesome to me, be removed hence, since 'tis I that desire it?' ' But, Sir, interrupted the Prince, what necessity is there of employing Force, Artifice, and the Night, when the least of your Orders had been sufficient? *Agnes* would willingly have obey'd you; and if she continue at *Coimbra*, it is perhaps against her Will: but be it as it will, Sir, *Constantia* is offended, and if it were not for
' fear

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‘ fear of displeasing you, (the only thing
 ‘ that retains me) the Ravisher should not
 ‘ have gone unpunished.’ ‘ How happy
 ‘ are you, replied the King, smiling with
 ‘ disdain, in making use of the Name of
 ‘ *Constantia* to uphold the Interest of your
 ‘ Heart! You think I am ignorant of it,
 ‘ and that this unhappy Princess looks on
 ‘ the Injury you do her with Indifference.
 ‘ Never speak to me more of *Agnes*, (with
 ‘ a Tone very severe.) Content your self,
 ‘ that I pardon what’s past, and think ma-
 ‘ turely of the Considerations I have for
 ‘ *Don Alvaro*, when you would design any
 ‘ thing against him.’ Yes, Sir, replied
 ‘ the Prince with fierceness, I will speak
 ‘ to you no more of *Agnes*; but *Constantia*
 ‘ and I will never suffer, that she should be
 ‘ any more expos’d to the Insolence of
 ‘ your Favourite.’ The King had like to
 have broke out into a Rage at this Dis-
 course; but he had yet a rest of Prudence
 left that hinder’d him. ‘ Retire (said he
 ‘ to *Don Pedro*) and go make Reflections
 ‘ on what my Power can do, and what
 ‘ you owe me.’

During this Conversation, *Agnes* was
 receiving from the Princess, and from all
 the Ladies of the Court, great Expressi-
 ons of Joy and Friendship: *Constantia* saw
 again her Husband, with a great deal of
 satisfaction; and far from being sorry at
 what

what he had lately done for *Agnes*, she privately return'd him thanks for it, and still was the same towards him, notwithstanding all the Jealousy which was endeavour'd to be inspir'd in her.

Don Alvaro, who found in his Sister a Maliciousness worthy of his trust, did not conceal his Fury from her. After she had made vain attempts to moderate it, in blotting *Agnes* out of his Heart, seeing that his Disease was incurable, she made him understand, that so long as *Constantia* should not be jealous, there were no hopes: That if *Agnes* should once be suspected by her, she would not fail of abandoning her, and that then it would be easy to get Satisfaction, the Prince being now so proud of *Constantia's* Indulgency. In giving this Advice to her Brother, she promis'd to serve him effectually; and having no need of any body but her self to perform ill things, she recommended *Don Alvaro* to manage well the King.

Four Years were pass'd in that melancholy Station, and the Princess, besides her first dead Child, and *Ferdinando*, who was still living, had brought two Daughters into the World.

Some days after *Don Pedro's* return, *Elvira*, who was most dextrous in the Art of well-governing any wicked Design, did gain one of the Servants who belong'd
to

to *Constantia's* Chamber. She first spoke her fair, then overwhelm'd her with Presents and Gifts; and finding in her as ill a Disposition as in her self, she readily resolv'd to employ her.

After she was sure of her, she compos'd a Letter, which was after writ over again in an unknown Hand, which she deposited in that Maid's Hands, that she might deliver to *Constantia* with the first Opportunity, telling her, that *Agnes* had drop'd it. This was the Substance of it.

I Employ not my own Hand to write to you, for Reasons that I shall acquaint you with. How happy am I to have overcome all your Scruples! And what Happiness shall I find in the Progress of our Intrigue! The whole Course of my Life shall continually represent to you the Sincerity of my Affections; pray think on the secret Conversation that I require of you: I dare not speak to you in publick, therefore let me conjure you here, by all that I have suffer'd, to come to-night to the Place appointed, and speak to me no more of *Constantia*; for she must be content with my Esteem, since my Heart can be only yours.

The unfaithful Portuguese serv'd *Elvira* exactly to her Desires; and the very next day seeing *Agnes* go out from the Princess,

cess, she carry'd *Constantia* the Letter; which she took, and found there what she was far from imagining: Tenderness never produc'd an Effect more full of grief, than what it made her suffer. 'Alas! they are both culpable, (said she, sighing) and in spite of the Defence my Heart would make for 'em, my Reason condemns 'em. Unhappy Princess, the sad subject of the Capriciousness of Fortune! Why dost not thou die, since thou hast not a Heart of Honour to revenge it self? O *Don Pedro*! why did you give me your Hand, without your Heart? And thou, fair, and ungrateful! wert thou born to be the Misfortune of my Life, and perhaps the only cause of my Death?' After having given some Moments to the Violence of her Grief, she called the Maid, who brought her the Letter, commanding her to speak of it to no body, and to suffer no one to enter into her Chamber.

She consider'd then of that Prince with more liberty, whose Soul she was not able to touch with the least Tenderness; and of the cruel Fair One that had betray'd her: Yet, even while her Soul was upon the Rack, she was willing to excuse 'em, and ready to do all she could for *Don Pedro*; at least, she made a firm Resolution, not to complain of him.

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Elvira was not long without being inform'd of what had pass'd, nor of the Melancholy of the Princess, from whom she hop'd all she desir'd.

Agnes, far from foreseeing this Tempest, return'd to *Constantia*; and hearing of her Indisposition, pass'd the rest of the Day at her Chamber-door, that she might from time to time learn news of her Health: for she was not suffer'd to come in, at which *Agnes* was both surpriz'd and troubled. The Prince had the same Destiny, and was astonish'd at an Order which ought to have excepted him.

The next day *Constantia* appear'd, but so alter'd, that 'twas not difficult to imagine what she had suffer'd. *Agnes* was the most impatient to approach her, and the Princess could not forbear weeping. They were both silent for some time, and *Constantia* attributed this Silence of *Agnes* to some Remorse which she felt: and this unhappy Maid being able to hold no longer; 'Is it possible, Madam, (said she) that two Days should have taken from me all the Goodness you had for me? What have I done? And for what do you punish me?' The Princess regarded her with a languishing Look, and return'd her no Answer but Sighs. *Agnes*, offended at this reserve, went out with

with very great Dissatisfaction and Anger; which contributed to her being thought criminal. The Prince came in immediately after, and found *Constantia* more disorder'd than usual, and conjur'd her in a most obliging manner to take care of her Health: *The greatest good for me (said she) is not the Continuation of my Life; I should have more care of it if I loved you less: but—* She could not proceed; and the Prince, excessively afflicted at her trouble, sigh'd sadly, without making her any answer, which redoubled her Grief. Spite then began to mix it self; and all things persuading the Princess that they made a Sacrifice of her, she would enter into no Explanation with her Husband, but suffer'd him to go away without saying any thing to him.

Nothing is more capable of troubling our Reason, and consuming our Health, than secret Notions of Jealousy in Solitude.

Constantia, who us'd to open her Heart freely to *Agnes*, now believing she had deceiv'd her, abandon'd her self so absolutely to Grief, that she was ready to sink under it; she immediately fell sick with the violence of it, and all the Court was concern'd at this Misfortune: *Don Pedro* was truly afflicted at it, but *Agnes* more than all the World beside. *Constantia's* Cold-

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ness towards her, made her continually sigh; and her Distemper created merely by fancy, caus'd her to reflect on every thing that offer'd it self to her Memory: so that at last she began even to fear her self, and to reproach her self for what the Princess suffer'd.

But the Distemper began to be such, that they fear'd *Constantia's* Death, and she her self began to feel the Approaches of it. This Thought did not at all disquiet her: she look'd on Death as the only relief from all her Torments; and regarded the Despair of all that approach'd her without the least concern.

The King, who lov'd her tenderly, and who knew her Vertue, was infinitely mov'd at the Extremity she was in. And *Don Alvaro*, who lost not the least Occasion of making him understand that it was Jealousy which was the cause of *Constantia's* Distemper, did but too much incense him against Criminals worthy of Compassion. The King was not of a Temper to conceal his Anger long: ' You
' give fine Examples, (said he to the
' Prince) and such as will render your
' Memory illustrious! The Death of *Con-*
' *stantia* (of which you are only to be
' accus'd) is the unhappy Fruit of your
' guilty Passion. Fear Heaven after this;
' and behold your self as a Monster that
' does

‘ does not deserve to see the Light. If
 ‘ the Interest you have in my Blood did
 ‘ not plead for you, what ought you not
 ‘ to fear from my just Resentment? But
 ‘ what must not imprudent *Agnes*, to
 ‘ whom nothing ties me, expect from my
 ‘ hands? If *Constantia* dies, she, who has
 ‘ the Boldness, in my Court, to cherish a
 ‘ foolish Flame by vain Hopes, and make
 ‘ us lose the most amiable Princess, whom
 ‘ thou art not worthy to possess, shall
 ‘ feel the Effects of her Indiscretion.’

Don Pedro knew very well, that *Constantia* was not ignorant of his Sentiments for *Agnes*; but he knew also with what Moderation she receiv’d it: He was very sensible of the King’s Reproaches; but as his Fault was not voluntary, and that a commanding Power, a fatal Star, had forc’d him to love in spite of himself, he appear’d afflicted and confus’d: ‘ You
 ‘ condemn me, Sir, (answer’d he) without having well examin’d me; and if
 ‘ my Intentions were known to you, perhaps you would not find me so criminal: I would take the Princess for my
 ‘ Judge, whom you say I sacrifice, if she
 ‘ were in a condition to be consulted. If
 ‘ I am guilty of any Weakness, her Justice never reproach’d me for it; and my
 ‘ Tongue never inform’d *Agnes* of it. But
 ‘ suppose I have committed any Fault,
 C. 3 why

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‘ why would you punish an innocent Lady, who perhaps condemns me for it as much as you? Ah, Villain! (interrupted the King) she has but too much favour’d you: You would not have lov’d thus long, had she not made you some Returns. Sir, (reply’d the Prince, pierc’d with Grief for the Outrage that was committed against *Agnes*) you offend a Vertue, than which nothing can be purer; and those Expressions which break from your Choler, are not worthy of you. *Agnes* never granted me any Favours; I never asked any of her; and I protest to Heaven, I never thought of any thing contrary to the Duty I owe *Constantia*.’

As they thus argued, one of the Princess’s Women came all in Tears to acquaint *Don Pedro*, that the Princess was in the last Extremities of Life: ‘ Go see thy fatal Work, (said the King) and expect from a too-long patient Father the Usage thou deservest.’

The Prince ran to *Constantia*, whom he found dying, and *Agnes* in a swoon, in the Arms of some of the Ladies. What caus’d this double Calamity, was, that *Agnes*, who could suffer no longer the Indifferency of the Princess, had conjur’d her to tell her what was her Crime, and
either

either to take her Life from her, or restore her to her Friendship.

Constantia, who found she must die, could no longer keep her secret Affliction from *Agnes*; and after some Words, which were a Preparation to the sad Explanation, she shewed her that fatal Biller, which *Elvira* had caus'd to be written: ' Ah, ' Madam! (cry'd out the fair *Agnes*, after ' having read it) Ah, Madam! how many ' cruel Inquietudes had you spared me, ' had you open'd your Heart to me with ' your wonted Bounty! 'Tis easy to see ' that this Letter is counterfeit, and that ' I have Enemies without compassion. ' Could you believe the Prince so imprudent, to make use of any other Hand ' but his own, on an occasion like this? ' And do you believe me so simple to ' keep about me this Testimony of my ' Shame, with so little Precaution? You ' are neither betray'd by your Husband nor me; I attest Heaven, and those ' Efforts I have made, to leave *Coimbra*. ' Alas, my dear Princess! how little have ' you known her, whom you have so much ' honoured? Do not believe that when I ' have justify'd my self, I will have any ' more Communication with the World: ' No, no; there will be no Retreat far ' enough from hence for me. I will take

‘ care to hide this unlucky Face, where it
 ‘ shall be sure to do no more harm.’

The Princess touched at this Discourse,
 and the Tears of *Agnes*, press’d her hand,
 which she held in hers; and fixing Looks
 upon her capable of moving Pity in the
 most insensible Souls, ‘ If I have commit-
 ‘ ted any Offence, my dear *Agnes*, (an-
 ‘ swer’d she) Death, which I expect in a
 ‘ moment, shall revenge it. I ought also
 ‘ to protest to you, That I have not ceas’d
 ‘ loving you, and that I believe every thing
 ‘ you have said, giving you back my most
 ‘ tender Affections.’

’Twas at this time that the Grief, which
 equally oppress’d ’em, put the Princess in-
 to such an Extremity, that they sent for
 the Prince. He came, and found himself
 almost without Life or Motion at this
 sight. And what secret Motive soever
 might call him to the aid of *Agnes*, ’twas to
Constantia he ran. The Princess, who
 finding her last Moments drawing on, by
 a cold Sweat that cover’d her all over;
 and finding she had no more business with
 Life, and causing those Persons she most
 suspected to retire, ‘ Sir, (said she to
 ‘ *Don Pedro*) if I abandon Life without
 ‘ regret, it is not without Trouble that I
 ‘ part with you. But, Prince, we must
 ‘ vanquish when we come to die; and I
 ‘ will forget my self wholly, to think
 ‘ fo

' of nothing but of you. I have no Re-
 ' proaches to make against you, knowing
 ' that 'tis Inclination that disposes Hearts,
 ' and not Reason. *Agnes* is beautiful
 ' enough to inspire the most ardent Pas-
 ' sion, and vertuous enough to deserve
 ' the first Fortunes in the World. I ask
 ' her, once more, pardon for the Injus-
 ' tice I have done her, and recommend
 ' her to you, as a Person most dear to me.
 ' Promise me, my dear Prince, before I
 ' expire, to give her my Place in your
 ' Throne: it cannot be better fill'd: you
 ' cannot chuse a Princess more perfect for
 ' your People, nor a better Mother for
 ' our little Children. And you my dear
 ' and faithful *Agnes* (pursu'd she) listen
 ' not to a Vertue too scrupulous, that
 ' they may make any opposition to the
 ' Prince of *Portugal*: Refuse him not a
 ' Heart of which he is worthy; and give
 ' him that Friendship which you had for
 ' me, with that which is due to his Me-
 ' rit. Take care of my little *Fernando*,
 ' and the two young Princesses: let them
 ' find me in you, and speak to them
 ' sometimes of me. Adieu, live both of
 ' you happy, and receive my last Embraces.'

The afflicted *Agnes*, who had recover'd
 a little her Forces, lost them again a se-
 cond time: Her Weakness was follow'd

with Convulsions so vehement, that they were afraid of her Life; but *Don Pedro* never removed from *Constantia*: 'What, Madam (said he) you will leave me then; and you think 'tis for my Good. Alas, *Constantia*! if my Heart has committed an Outrage against you, your Vertue has sufficiently revenged you on me in spite of you. Can you think me so barbarous?'—— As he was going on, he saw Death shut the Eyes of the most generous Princess for ever; and he was within a very little of following her.

But what Loads of Grief did this bring upon *Agnes*, when she found in that Interval, wherein Life and Death were struggling in her Soul, that *Constantia* was newly expir'd! She would then have taken away her own Life, and have let her Despair fully appear.

At the noise of the Death of the Princess, the Town and the Palace was all in Tears. *Elvira*, who saw then *Don Pedro* free to engage himself, repented of having contributed to the Death of *Constantia*; and thinking her self the Cause of it, promis'd in her Griefs never to pardon herself.

She had need of being guarded several days together; during which time she fail'd not incessantly to weep. And the Prince gave all those days to deepest Mourning.

But

But when the first Emotions were past those of his Love made him feel that he was still the same.

He was a long time without seeing *Agnes*; but this Absence of his served only to make her appear the more charming when he did see her.

Don Alvaro, who was afraid of the Liberty of the Prince, made new Efforts to move *Agnes de Castro*, who was now become insensible to every thing but Grief. *Elvira*, who was willing to make the best of the Design she had begun, consulted all her Womens Arts, and the Delicacy of her Wit, to revive the Flames with which the Prince once burnt for her: But his Constancy was bounded, and it was *Agnes* alone that was to reign over his Heart. She had taken a firm Resolution, since the Death of *Constantia*, to pass the rest of her Days in a solitary Retreat. In spite of the precaution she took to hide this Design, the Prince was informed of it, and did all he was able to dispose his Constancy and Fortitude to it. He thought himself stronger than he really was; but after he had well consulted his Heart, he found but too well how necessary the Presence of *Agnes* was to him. ‘Madam (said he to her one day, with a Heart big, and his Eyes in tears) which Action of my Life has made you determine my Death?’
‘Tho

' Tho I never told you how much I loved
 ' you, yet I am persuaded you are not igno-
 ' rant of it. I was constrained to be silent
 ' during some Years for your sake, for
 ' *Constantia's*, and my own; but 'tis not
 ' possible for me to put this force upon my
 ' Heart for ever : I must once at least tell
 ' you how it languishes. Receive then the
 ' Assurances of a Passion, full of Respect
 ' and Ardour, with an offer of my For-
 ' tune, which I wish not better, but for
 ' your advantage.'

Agnes answer'd not immediately to
 these words, but with abundance of Tears;
 which having wiped away, and beholding
Don Pedro with an air which made him ea-
 sily comprehend she did not agree with his
 Desires; ' If I were capable of the Weakness
 ' with which you'd inspire me, you'd be
 ' obliged to punish me for it : What ! (said
 ' she) *Constantia* is scarce bury'd, and you
 ' would have me offend her ! No, my Prince
 ' (added she with more Softness) no, no,
 ' she whom you have heap'd so many Fa-
 ' vours on, will not call down the Anger
 ' of Heaven, and the Contempt of Men
 ' upon her, by an Action so perfidious.
 ' Be not obstinate then in a Design in
 ' which I will never shew you Favour.
 ' You owe to *Constantia*, after her Death,
 ' a Fidelity that may justify you : and I,
 ' to repair the Ills I have made her suffer,
 ' ought

‘ ought to shun all Converse with you.’
 ‘ Go, Madam (reply’d the Prince, grow-
 ‘ ing pale) go, and expect the News of my
 ‘ Death; in that part of the World, whi-
 ‘ ther your Cruelty shall lead you, the
 ‘ News shall follow close after; you shall
 ‘ quickly hear of it: and I will go seek it
 ‘ in those Wars which reign among my
 ‘ Neighbours.’

These Words made the fair *Agnes de Castro* perceive that her Innocency was not so great as she imagined, and that her Heart interested it self in the Preservation of *Don Pedro*: ‘ You ought, Sir, to pre-
 ‘ serve your Life (reply’d *Agnes*) for the
 ‘ sake of the little Prince and Princesses,
 ‘ which *Constantia* has left you. Would
 ‘ you abandon their Youth (continued she,
 ‘ with a tender Tone) to the Cruelty of
 ‘ *Don Alvaro*? Live! Sir, live! and let
 ‘ the unhappy *Agnes* be the only Sacrifice.’
 ‘ Alas, cruel Maid! (interrupted *Don Pe-*
 ‘ *dro*) Why do you command me to live,
 ‘ if I cannot live with you? Is it an effect
 ‘ of your Hatred? ‘ No Sir, (reply’d
 ‘ *Agnes*) I do not hate you; and I wish
 ‘ to God that I could be able to defend my
 ‘ self against the Weakness with which I
 ‘ find my self possess’d. Oblige me to say
 ‘ no more, Sir; you see my Blushes, in-
 ‘ terpret them as you please: but consider
 ‘ yet, that the less Aversion I find I have to
 ‘ you,

' Tho I never told you how much I loved
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 ‘ find my self possess’d. Oblige me to say
 ‘ no more, Sir; you see my Blushes, in-
 ‘ terpret them as you please: but consider
 ‘ yet, that the less Aversion I find I have to
 ‘ you,

' you, the more culpable I am ; and that I
 ' ought no more to see, or speak to you.
 ' In fine, Sir, if you oppose my Retreat, I
 ' declare to you, that *Don Alvaro*, as o-
 ' dious as he is to me, shall serve for a De-
 ' fence against you ; and that I will sooner
 ' consent to marry a Man I abhor, than to
 ' favour a Passion that cost *Constantia* her
 ' Life.' ' Well then, *Agnes* (reply'd the
 ' Prince, with Looks all languishing and
 ' dying) follow the Motions which bar-
 ' barous Virtue inspires you with ; take
 ' these Measures you judge necessary against
 ' an unfortunate Lover, and enjoy the
 ' Glory of having cruelly refused me.'

At these Words he went away ; and
 troubled as *Agnes* was, she would not stay
 him : Her Courage combated with her
 Grief, and she thought now, more than
 ever, of departing.

'Twas difficult for her to go out of
Coimbra ; and not to defer what appear'd
 to her so necessary, she went immediately
 to the Apartment of the King, notwith-
 standing the Interest of *Don Alvaro*. The
 King received her with a Countenance se-
 vere, not being able to consent to what
 she demanded : You shall not go hence, (said
 he) and if you are wise, you shall enjoy here
 with *Don Alvaro* both my Friendship and
 my Favour. I have taken another Resolution
 (answer'd *Agnes*) and the World has no part

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in it. You will accept Don Pedro (reply'd the King) his Fortune is sufficient to satisfy an ambitious Maid: but you will not succeed Constantia, who lov'd you so tenderly; and Spain has Princesses enough to fill up part of the Throne which I shall leave him. Sir, (reply'd Agnes, piqu'd at this Discourse) if I had a Disposition to love, and a Design to marry, perhaps the Prince might be the only Person on whom I would fix it: And you know, if my Ancestors did not possess Crowns, yet they were worthy to wear 'em. But let it be how it will, I am resolved to depart, and to remain no longer a Slave in a Place to which I came free.

This bold Answer, which shew'd the Character of Agnes, anger'd and astonish'd the King. You shall go when we think fit (reply'd he) and without being a Slave at Coimbra, you shall attend our Order.

Agnes saw she must stay, and was so griev'd at it, that she kept her Chamber several days, without daring to inform herself of the Prince; and this Retirement spared her the Affliction of being visited by Don Alvaro.

During this, Don Pedro fell sick, and was in so great danger, that there was a general apprehension of his Death. Agnes did not in the least doubt, but it was an effect of his Discontent: she thought at first she had Strength and Resolution enough

nough to see him die, rather than to favour him; but had she reflected a little, she had soon been convinc'd to the contrary. She found not in her Heart that cruel Constancy she thought there so well established: She felt Pains and Inquietude, shed Tears, made Wishes; and, in fine, discover'd that she lov'd.

'Twas impossible to see the Heir of the Crown, a Prince that deserved so well, even at the point of Death, without a general Affliction. The People who loved him, pass'd whole days at the Palace-gate to hear News of him: The Court was all over-whelm'd with Grief.

Don Alvaro knew very well how to conceal a malicious Joy, under an Appearance of Sadness. *Elvira*, full of Tenderness, and perhaps of Remorse, suffer'd also on her side. The King, altho he condemned the Love of his Son, yet still had a Tenderness for him, and could not resolve to lose him. *Agnes de Castro*, who knew the Cause of his Distemper, expected the end of it with strange Anxieties: In fine, after a Month had pass'd away in Fears, they began to have a little hopes of his Recovery. The Prince and *Don Alvaro* were the only Persons that were not glad of it: But *Agnes* rejoic'd enough for all the rest.

Don Pedro, seeing that he must live whether he wou'd or no, thought of nothing but passing his days in melancholy and discontent: As soon as he was in a condition to walk, he sought out the most solitary Places, and gain'd so much upon his own Weakness, to go every where, where *Agnes* was not; but her Idea follow'd him always, and his Memory, faithful to represent her to him with all her Charms, render'd her always dangerous.

One day, when they had carry'd him into the Garden, he sought out a Labyrinth which was at the farthest part of it, to hide his Melancholy, during some hours; there he found the sad *Agnes*, whom Grief, little different from his, had brought thither; the sight of her whom he expected not, made him tremble: She saw by his pale and meagre Face the remains of his Distemper; his Eyes full of Languishment troubled her, and tho her Desire was so great to have fled from him, an unknown Power stopt her, and 'twas impossible for her to go.

After some Moments of Silence, which many Sighs interrupted, *Don Pedro* rais'd himself from the Place where his Weakness had forced him to sit; he made *Agnes* see, as he approach'd her, the sad Marks of his Sufferings: and not content with the Pity he saw in her Eyes, *You have re-*
solved

solved my Death then, cruel Agnes, (said he) my desire was the same with yours; but Heaven has thought fit to reserve me for other Misfortunes, and I see you again as unhappy, but more in love than ever.

There was no need of these Words to move *Agnes* to compassion, the Languishment of the Prince spoke enough; and the Heart of this fair Maid was but too much disposed to yield it self: She thought then that *Constantia* ought to be satisfy'd; Love, which combated for *Don Pedro*, triumphed over Friendship, and found that happy Moment, for which the Prince of *Portugal* had so long sighed.

Do not reproach me, for that which has cost me more than you, Sir, (replied she) and do not accuse a Heart, which is neither ingrateful nor barbarous: and I must tell you, that I love you. But now I have made you that Confession, what is it farther that you require of me? Don Pedro, who expected not a Change so favourable, felt a double Satisfaction; and falling at the Feet of Agnes, he express'd more by the Silence his Passion created, than he could have done by the most eloquent Words.

After having known all his good Fortune, he then consulted with the amiable *Agnes*, what was to be feared from the King; they concluded that the cruel Billet, which so troubled the last days of *Constan-*

tia, could come from none but *Elvira* and *Don Alvaro*. The Prince, who knew that his Father had searched already an Alliance for him, and was resolv'd on his Favourite's marrying *Agnes*, conjur'd her so tenderly to prevent these Persecutions, by consenting to a secret Marriage, that, after having a long time consider'd, she at last consented. *I will do what you will have me* (said she) *tho I presage nothing but fatal Events from it; all my Blood turns to Ice, when I think of this Marriage, and the Image of Constantia seems to hinder me from doing it.*

The amorous Prince surmounted all her Scruples, and separated himself from *Agnes*, with a Satisfaction which soon redoubled his Forces; he saw her afterward with the Pleasure of a Mystery: And the Day of their Union being arrived, *Don Gill*, Bishop of *Guarda*, performed the Ceremony of the Marriage, in the presence of several Witnesses, faithful to *Don Pedro*, who saw him Possessor of all the Charms of the fair *Agnes*.

She lived not the more peaceable for belonging to the Prince of *Portugal*; her Enemies, who continually persecuted her, left her not without Troubles: and the King, whom her Refusal inrag'd, laid his absolute Commands on her to marry *Don Alvaro*,

Alvaro, with Threats to force her to it, if she continu'd rebellious.

The Prince took loudly her part ; and this, join'd to the Refusal he made of marrying the Princess of *Arragon*, caus'd Suspicions of the Truth in the King his Father. He was seconded by those that were too much interested, not to unriddle this Secret. *Don Alvaro* and his Sister acted with so much care, gave so many Gifts, and made so many Promises, that they discover'd the secret Engagements of *Don Pedro* and *Agnes*.

The King wanted but little of breaking out into all the Rage and Fury so great a Disappointment could inspire him with, against the Princess. *Don Alvaro*, whose Love was changed into the most violent Hatred, appeased the first Transports of the King, by making him comprehend, that if they could break the Marriage of 'em, that would not be a sufficient Revenge ; and so poison'd the Soul of the King, to consent to the Death of *Agnes*.

The barbarous *Don Alvaro* offer'd his Arm for this terrible Execution, and his Rage was Security for the Sacrifice.

The King, who thought the Glory of his Family disgraced by this Alliance, and his own in particular in the Procedure of his Son, gave full Power to this Murderer,
to

to make the innocent *Agnes* a Victim to his Rage.

It was not easy to execute this horrid Design: Tho the Prince saw *Agnes* but in secret, yet all his Cares were still awake for her, and he was marry'd to her above a Year, before *Don Alvaro* could find out an opportunity so long sought for.

The Prince diverted himself but little, and very rarely went far from *Coimbra*; but on a day, an unfortunate Day, and marked out by Heaven for an unheard-of and horrid Assassination, he made a Party to hunt at a fine House, which the King of *Portugal* had near the City.

Agnes lov'd every thing that gave the Prince satisfaction; but a secret Trouble made her apprehend some Misfortune in this unhappy Journey. Sir, (said she to him, alarm'd, without knowing the Reason why) *I tremble, seeing you to-day as it were designed the last of my Life: Preserve your self, my dear Prince; and tho the Exercise you take be not very dangerous, beware of the least Hazards, and bring me back all that I trust with you.* *Don Pedro*, who had never found her so handsome and so charming before, embraced her several times, and went out of the Palace with his Followers, with a Design not to return till the next day.

He

He was no sooner gone, but the cruel *Don Alvaro* prepared himself for the Execution he had resolv'd on ; he thought it of that importance, that it required more Hands than his own, and so chose for his Companions *Diego Lopez Pacheco*, and *Pedro Cuello*, two Monsters like himself, whose Cruelty he was assur'd of by the Presents he had made 'em.

They waited the coming of the Night, and the lovely *Agnes* was in her first Sleep, which was the last of her Life, when these Assassins approach'd her Bed. Nothing made resistance to *Don Alvaro*, who could do every thing, and whom the blackest Furies introduced to *Agnes*; she waken'd, and opening her Curtains, saw, by the Candle burning in her Chamber, the Ponyard with which *Don Alvaro* was armed ; he having his Face not cover'd, she easily knew him, and forgetting herself, to think of nothing but the Prince: *Just Heaven* (said she, lifting up her fine Eyes) *if you will revenge Constantia, satisfy your self with my Blood only, and spare that of Don Pedro.* The barbarous Man that heard her, gave her not time to say more ; and finding he could never (by all he could do by Love) touch the Heart of the fair *Agnes*, he pierc'd it with his Ponyard : his Accomplices gave her several Wounds, tho

tho there was no necessity of so many to put an end to an innocent Life.

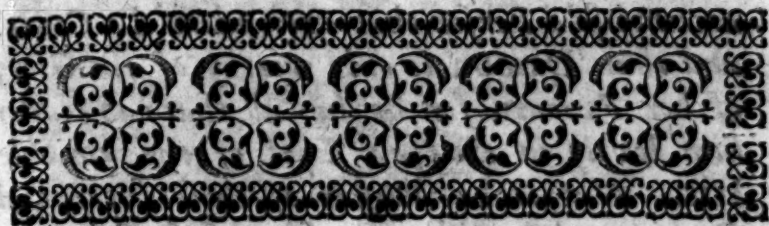
What a sad Spectacle was this for those who approach'd her Bed the next day! And what dismal News was this to the unfortunate Prince of *Portugal*! He returned to *Coimbra* at the first report of this Adventure, and saw what had certainly cost him his Life, if Men could die of Grief. After having a thousand times embraced the bloody Body of *Agnes*, and said all that a just Despair could inspire him with, he ran like a Mad-man into the Palace, demanding the Murderers of his Wife, of things that could not hear him. In fine, he saw the King, and without observing any respect, he gave a loose to his Resentment: after having rail'd a long time, overwhelm'd with Grief, he fell into a Swoon, which continu'd all that day. They carry'd him into his Apartment: and the King, believing that this Misfortune would prove his Cure, repented not of what he had permitted.

Don Alvaro, and the two other Assassins, quitted *Coimbra*. This Absence of theirs made 'em appear guilty of the Crime; for which the afflicted Prince vow'd a speedy Vengeance to the Ghost of his lovely *Agnes*, resolving to pursue them to the uttermost part of the Universe: He got a considerable number of Men together, sufficient

cient to have made resistance, even to the King of *Portugal* himself, if he should yet take the part of the Murderers: with these he ravaged the whole Country, as far as the *Duero* Waters, and carry'd on a War, even till the Death of the King, continually mixing Tears with Blood, which he gave to the revenge of his dearest *Agnes*.

Such was the deplorable End of the unfortunate Love of *Don Pedro* of *Portugal*, and of the fair *Agnes de Castro*, whose Remembrance he faithfully preserv'd in his Heart, even upon the Throne, to which he mounted, by the Right of his Birth, after the Death of the King.





T H E
 Lover's W A T C H:
 O R T H E
 A R T of making LOVE.

The A R G U M E N T.

TIS in the most happy and august Court of the best and greatest Monarch of the World, that Damon, a young Nobleman, whom we will render under that Name, languishes for a Maid of Quality, who will give us leave to call her Iris.

Their Births are equally illustrious; they are both rich, and both young; their Beauty such as I do not too nicely particularize, lest I should discover (which I am not permitted to do) who these charming Lovers are. Let it suffice, that Iris is the most fair and

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accomplish'd Person that ever adorn'd a Court; and that Damon is only worthy of the Glory of her Favour; for he has all that can render him lovely in the fair Eyes of the amiable Iris. Nor is he Master of those superficial Beauties alone, that please at first sight; he can charm the Soul with a thousand Arts of Wit and Gallantry. And, in a word, I may say, without flattering either, that there is no one Beauty, no one Grace, no Perfection of Mind and Body, that wants to compleat a Victory on both sides.

The agreement of Age, Fortunes, Quality and Humours in these two fair Lovers, made the impatient Damon hope, that nothing would oppose his Passion; and if he saw himself every hour languishing for the adorable Maid, he did not however despair: And if Iris sigh'd, it was not for fear of being one day more happy.

In the midst of the Tranquillity of these two Lovers, Iris was obliged to go into the Country for some Months, whither 'twas impossible for Damon to wait on her, he being oblig'd to attend the King his Master; and being the most amorous of his Sex, suffer'd with extreme Impatience the absence of his Mistress. Nevertheless, he fail'd not to send to her every day, and gave up all his melancholy Hours to Thinking, Sighing, and Writing to her the softest Letters that Love could inspire. So that Iris even blessed that
Absence

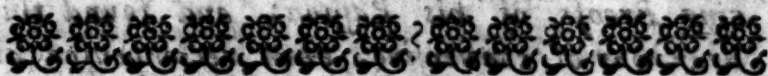
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Absence that gave her so tender and convincing Proofs of his Passion; and found this dear way of conversing, even recompensed all her Sighs for his Absence.


After a little Intercourse of this kind, Damon bethought himself to ask Iris a Discretion which he had won of her before she left the Town; and in a Billetdoux to that purpose, prest her very earnestly for it. Iris being infinitely pleas'd with his Importunity, suffer'd him to ask it often; and he never fail'd of doing so.

But as I do not here design to relate the Adventures of these two amiable Persons, nor give you all the Billetdouxes that pass between them; you shall here find nothing but the Watch this charming Maid sent her impatient Lover.





IRIS to DAMON.

T must be confest, *Damon*, that you are the most importuning Man in the World. Your Billets have an hundred times demanded a *Discretion*, which you won of me; and tell me, you will not wait my return to be paid. You are either a very faithless Creditor, or believe me very unjust, that you dun with such impatience. But to let you see that I am a Maid of Honour, and value my Word, I will acquit my self of this Obligation I have to you, and send you a *Watch* of my fashion; perhaps you never saw any so good. It is not one of those that have always something to be mended in it; but one that is without fault, very just and good, and will remain so as long as you continue to love me: But *Damon*, know, that the very Minute you cease to do so, the String will break, and it will go no more. 'Tis only useful in my absence, and when I return 'twill change its Motion: and tho I have set it but for the Spring-time, 'twill serve you the whole Year round:

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round: and 'twill be necessary only that you alter the Business of the Hours (which my *Cupid*, in the middle of my *Watch*, points you out) according to the length of the Days and Nights. - Nor is the Dart of that little God directed to those Hours, so much to inform you how they pass, as how you ought to pass them; how you ought to employ those of your absence from *Iris*. 'Tis there you shall find the whole Business of a Lover, from his Mistress; for I have design'd it a Rule to all your Actions. The Consideration of the Work-man ought to make you set a Value upon the Work: And tho it be not an accomplish'd and perfect piece; yet, *Damon*, you ought to be grateful and esteem it, since I have made it for you alone. But however I may boast of the Design, I know, as well as I believe you love me, that you will not suffer me to have the Glory of it wholly, but will say in your Heart,

That Love, the great Instructor of the Mind,

That forms a new, and fashions every Soul,
Refines the gross Defects of human Kind;

Humbles the proud and vain, inspires the dull;

Gives Cowards noble Heat in Fight,

And teaches feeble Women how to write:

That doth the Universe command,

Does from my Iris' Heart direct her Hand.

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I give you the Liberty to say this to your Heart, if you please: And that you may know with what Justice you do so, I will confess in my turn.

The Confession.

*That Love's my Conduct where I go,
And Love instructs me all I do.
Prudence no longer is my Guide,
Nor take I Counsel of my Pride.
In vain does Honour now invade,
In vain does Reason take my part,
If against Love it do persuade,
If it rebel against my Heart.
If the soft Evening do invite,
And I incline to take the Air,
The Birds, the Spring, the Flow'rs no more
delight;
'Tis Love makes all the Pleasure there:
Love, which about me still I bear;
I'm charm'd with what I thither bring,
And add a softness to the Spring.
If for Devotion I design,
Love meets me, even at the Shrine;
In all my Worship claims a part,
And robs even Heaven of my Heart:
All Day does counsel and controul,
And all the Night employs my Soul.
No wonder then if all you think be true,
That Love's concern'd in all I do for you.*

And,

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And, *Damon*, you, know that *Love* is no ill Master; and I must say, with a Blush, that he has found me no unapt Scholar; and he instructs too agreeably not to succeed in all he undertakes.

*Who can resist his soft Commands?
When he resolves, what God withstands?*

But I ought to explain to you my *Watch*: The naked *Love* which you will find in the middle of it, with his Wings clip'd, to shew you he is fixed and constant, and will not fly away, points you out with his Arrow the four and twenty Hours that compose the Day and the Night: Over every Hour you will find written what you ought to do, during its Course; and every Half-hour is marked with a Sigh, since the quality of a Lover is, to sigh day and night: Sighs are the Children of Lovers that are born every hour. And that my *Watch* may always be just, *Love* himself ought to conduct it; and your Heart should keep time with the Movement:

*My Present's delicate and new,
If by your Heart the Motion's set;
According as that's false or true,
You'll find my Watch will answer it.*

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Every Hour is tedious to a Lover, separated from his Mistress; and to shew you how good I am, I will have my *Watch* instruct you, to pass some of them without Inquietude; that the force of your Imagination may sometimes charm the trouble you have for my Absence:

*Perhaps I am mistaken here,
My Heart may too much Credit give:
But, Damon, you can charm my Fear,
And soon my Error undeceive.*

But I will not disturb my Repose at this time with a Jealousy, which I hope is altogether frivolous and vain; but begin to instruct you in the Mysteries of my *Watch*. Cast then your Eyes upon the eighth Hour in the Morning, which is the Hour I would have you begin to wake: you will find there written,



EIGHT a-clock.

Agreeable Reverie.

DO not rise yet; you may find Thoughts agreeable enough, when you awake, to entertain you longer in Bed. And 'tis in that hour you ought to recollect all the Dreams

Dreams you had in the Night. If you had dream'd any thing to my advantage, confirm your self in that thought; but if to my disadvantage, renounce it, and disown the injurious Dream. 'Tis in this Hour also that I give you leave to reflect on all that I have ever said and done, that has been most obliging to you, and that gives you the most tender Sentiments.

The Reflections.

*Remember, Damon, while your Mind
Reflects on things that charm and please,
You give me Proofs that you are kind,
And set my doubting Soul at ease:
For when your Heart receives with Joy
The thoughts of Favours which I give,
My Smiles in vain I not employ,
And on the Square we love and live.*

*Think then on all I ever did,
That e'er was charming, e'er was dear;
Let nothing from that Soul be hid,
Whose Griefs and Joys I feel and share.
All that your Love and Faith have sought,
All that your Vows and Sighs have bought,
Now render present to your Thought.*

*And for what's to come, I give you leave
Damon, to flatter your self, and to expect,
I shall still pursue those Methods, whose*

remembrance charms so well: But, if it be possible, conceive these kind Thoughts between sleeping and waking, that all my too forward Complaisance, my Goodness, and my Tenderneſs, which I confeſs to have for you, may paſs for half Dreams: for 'tis moſt certain,

*That tho' the Favours of the Fair
Are ever to the Lover dear;
Yet, leſt he ſhould reproach that eaſy Flame,
That buys its Satisfaction with its Shame;
She ought but rarely to confeſs
How much ſhe finds of Tenderneſs;
Nicely to guard the yielding part,
And hide the hard kept Secret in her Heart.*

For, let me tell you, *Damon*, tho' the Paſſion of a Woman of Honour be ever ſo innocent, and the Lover ever ſo diſcreet and honeſt; her Heart feels I know not what of reproach within, at the reflection of any Favours ſhe has allow'd him. For my part, I never call to mind the leaſt ſoft or kind Word I have ſpoken to *Damon*, without finding at the ſame inſtant my Face cover'd over with Bluſhes, and my Heart with ſenſible Pain. I ſigh at the remembrance of every Touch I have ſtolen from his Hand, and have upbraided my Soul, which confeſſes ſo much guilty Love, as that ſecret Deſire of touching him made

appear. I am angry at the Discovery, tho I am pleas'd at the same time with the Satisfaction I take in doing so; and ever disorder'd at the remembrance of such Arguments of too much Love. And these unquiet Sentiments alone are sufficient to persuade me, that our Sex cannot be reserv'd too much. And I have often, on these occasions, said to my self,

The Reserve.

*Tho Damon every Vertue have,
With all that pleases in his Form,
That can adorn the Just and Brave,
That can the coldest Bosom warm;
Tho Wit and Honour there abound,
Yet the Persuer's ne'er pursu'd,
And when my Weakness he has found,
His Love will sink to Gratitude:
While on the asking part he lives,
'Tis she th' Obliger is who gives.*

*And he that at one Throw the Stake has won,
Gives over play, since all the Stock is gone,
And what dull Gamester ventures certain
Store
With Losers who can set no more?*

NINE a-clock.

Design to please no body.

I Should continue to accuse you of that Vice I have often done, that of Laziness, if you remain'd past this Hour in bed; 'tis time for you to rise; my Watch tells you 'tis nine a-clock. Remember that I am absent, therefore do not take too much pains in dressing your self, and setting your Person off.

The Question.

*Tell me! What can he design,
Who in his Mistress' absence will be fine?
Why does he cock, and comb, and dress?
Why is his Cravat-string in Print?
What does th' embroider'd Coat confess?
Why to the Glass this long Address,
If there be nothing in't?
If no new Conquest is design'd,
If no new Beauty fill his Mind?*

*Let Fools and Fops, whose Talents lie
In being neat, in being spruce,
Be drest in vain, and tawdery;
With Men of Sense 'tis out of use:
The only Folly that Distinction sets
Between the noisy fluttering Fools and Wits.*

Re-

Remember, Iris is away;
And sighing to your Valet cry,
Spare your Perfumes and Care to day,
I have no business to be gay,
Since Iris is not by.

I'll be all negligent in Dress,
And scarce set off for Complaisance:
Put me on nothing that may please,
But only such as may give no Offence.

Say to your self, as you are dressing,
'Would it please Heaven, that I might
'see Iris to-day! But oh! 'tis impossible:
'Therefore all that I shall see will be but
'indifferent Objects, since 'tis Iris only
'that I wish to see.' And sighing, whisper to your self:

The Sigh.

Ah! charming Object of my wishing Thought!

Ah! soft Idea of a distant Bliss!

That only art in Dreams and Fancy brought,

That give short Intervals of Happiness.

But when I waking find thou absent art,

And with thee, all that I adore,

What Pains, what Anguish fills my Heart!

What Sadness seizes me all o'er!

All Entertainments I neglect,

Since Iris is no longer there:

Beauty scarce claims my bare Respect,

Since in the Throng I find not her.

Ah then! how vain it were to dress, and show;

Since all I wish to please, is absent now!

'Tis

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'Tis with these Thoughts, *Damon*, that
your Mind ought to be employ'd, during
your time of dressing. And you are too
knowing in Love, to be ignorant,

That when a Lover ceases to be blest

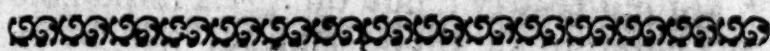
With the Object he desires,

Ab! how indifferent are the rest!

How soon their Conversation tires!

Tho they a thousand Arts to please invent,

*Their Charms are dull, their Wit imperti-
nent.*



T E N a-clock.

Reading of Letters.

MY *Cupid* points you now the Hour
in which you ought to retire into
your Cabinet, having already past an hour
in dressing: and for a Lover, who is sure
not to appear before his Mistress, even
that Hour is too much to be so employ'd.
But I will think, you thought of nothing
less than dressing while you were about it.
Lose then no more Minutes, but open your
Scrutore, and read over some of those Bil-
lets you have receiv'd from me. Oh!
what Pleasures a Lover feels about his
Heart, in reading those from a Mistress he
entirely loves!

The

The Joy.

*Who, but a Lover, can express
The Joys, the Pangs, the Tenderneſs,
That the ſoft amorous Soul invades,
While the dear Billetdoux he reads?
Raptures Divine the Heart o'er-flow,
Which he that loves not cannot know.*

*A thouſand Tremblings, thouſand Fears,
The ſhort-breath'd Sighs, the joyful Tears;
The Transport, where the Love's conſeſt;
The Change, where Coldneſs is expreſt;
The diſſ'ring Flames the Lover burns,
As thoſe are ſhy, or kind, by turns.*

However you find 'em, *Damon*, conſtrue 'em all to my advantage: Poſſibly, ſome of them have an Air of Coldneſs, ſomething different from that Softneſs they are uſually too amply fill'd with; but where you find they have, believe there, that the Senſe of Honour, and my Sex's Modesty, guided my Hand a little againſt the Inclinations of my Heart; and that it was as a kind of an Atonement, I believed I ought to make, for ſomething I feared I had ſaid too kind, and too obliging before. But wherever you find that Stop, that Check in my Career of Love, you will be ſure to find ſomething that follows it to favour you,

you, and deny that unwilling Imposition upon my Heart; which, lest you should mistake, Love shews himself in Smiles again, and flatters more agreeably, disdain- ing the Tyranny of Honour and rigid Custom, that Imposition upon our Sex; and will, in spite of me, let you see he reigns absolutely in my Soul.

The reading my *Billetdoux* may detain you an Hour: I have had so much Goodness to write you enow to entertain you so long at least, and sometimes reproach my self for it; but, contrary to all my Scruples, I find my self dispos'd to give you those frequent Marks of my Tender- ness. If yours be so great as you express it, you ought to kiss my Letters a thousand times; you ought to read them with At- tention, and weigh every Word, and va- lue every Line. A Lover may receive a thousand endearing Words from a Mis- tress, more easily than a Billet. One says a great many kind things of course to a Lover, which one is not willing to write, or to give testify'd under one's hand, signed and sealed. But when once a Lover has brought his Mistress to that degree of Love, he ought to assure himself, she loves not at the common rate.

Love's Witness.

*Slight unpremeditated Words are borne
By every common Wind into the Air;
Carelessly utter'd, die as soon as born,
And in one instant, give both Hope and
Fear:*

*Breathing all Contraries with the same Wind,
According to the Caprice of the Mind.*

*But Billetdoux are constant Witnesses,
Substantial Records to Eternity;
Just Evidence, who the Truth confess,
On which the Lover safely may rely:
They're serious Thoughts, digested and re-
solv'd;
And last, when Words are into Clouds de-
volv'd.*

I will not doubt, but you give credit to all that is kind in my Letters; and I will believe, you find a Satisfaction in the Entertainment they give you, and that the hour of reading 'em is not disagreeable to you. I could wish, your Pleasure might be extreme, even to the degree of suffering the Thought of my Absence not to diminish any part of it. And I could wish too, at the end of your reading, you would sigh with Pleasure, and say to your self—

The

The Transport.

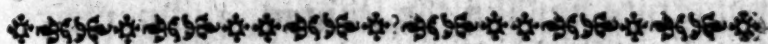
O Iris! While you thus can charm,
 While at this Distance you can wound and
 warm;
 My absent Torments I will bless and bear,
 That give me such dear Proofs how kind you
 are.
 Present, the valu'd Store was only seen;
 Now I am rifling the bright Mass within.

Every dear, past, and happy Day,
 When languishing at Iris' Feet I lay;
 When all my Prayers and all my Tears could
 move
 No more than her Permission, I should love:
 Vain with my Glorious Destiny,
 I thought, beyond, scarce any Heaven cou'd
 be.

But, Charming Maid, now I am taught,
 That Absence has a thousand Joys to give,
 On which, the Lovers present never thought,
 That recompense the Hours we grieve.
 Rather by Absence let me be undone,
 Than forfeit all the Pleasures that has won.

With this little Rapture, I wish you
 wou'd finish the reading my Letters, shut
 your Scrutore, and quit your Cabinet;
 for my Love leads to eleven a-clock.

E L E-



E L E V E N a clock.

The Hour to write in.

IF my *Watch* did not inform you 'tis now time to write, I believe, *Damon*, your Heart wou'd, and tell you also that I should take it kindly, if you would employ a whole hour that way; and that you should never lose an Occasion of writing to me, since you are assured of the welcome I give your Letters. Perhaps you will say, an hour is too much, and that 'tis not the mode to write long Letters. I grant you, *Damon*, when we write those indifferent ones of Gallantry in course, or necessary Compliment; the handsome comprizing of which in the fewest words, renders 'em the most agreeable: But in Love we have a thousand foolish things to say, that of themselves bear no great Sound, but have a mighty Sense in Love; for there is a peculiar Eloquence natural alone to a Lover, and to be understood by no other Creature: To those, Words have a thousand Graces and Sweetnesses; which, to the unconcerned, appear Meanness, and easy Sense, at the best. But, *Damon*, you and I are none of those ill Judges.

Judges of the Beauties of Love; we can penetrate beyond the Vulgar, and perceive the fine Soul in every Line, thro all the humble Dress of Phrase; when possibly they who think they discern it best in florid Language, do not see it at all. Love was not born or bred in Courts, but Cottages; and nurs'd in Groves and Shades, smiles on the Plains, and wantons in the Streams; all unador'd and harmless. Therefore, *Damon*, do not consult your Wit in this Affair, but Love alone; speak all that he and Nature taught you, and let the fine Things you learn in Schools alone: Make use of those Flowers you have gather'd there, when you converse with Statesmen and the Gown. Let *Iris* possess your Heart in all its simple Innocence, that's the best Eloquence to her that loves: and this is my Instruction to a Lover that would succeed in his Amours; for I have a Heart very difficult to please, and this is the nearest way to it.

Advice to Lovers.

Lovers, if you wou'd gain the Heart
Of *Damon*, learn to win the Prize;
He'll shew you all its tend'rest part,
And where its greatest Danger lies;
The Magazine of its Disdain,
Where Honour, feebly guarded, does remain.

If

If present, do but little say;
Enough the silent Lover speaks :
But wait, and sigh, and gaze all day ;
Such Rhet'rick, more than Language,
For Words the dullest way do move ; (takes.
And utter'd more to shew your Wit than
Love.

Let your Eyes tell her of your Heart ;
Its Story is, for Words, too delicate.
Souls thus exchange, and thus impart,
And all their Secrets can relate.
A Tear, a broken Sigh, she'll understand ;
Or the soft trembling Pressings of the Hand.

Or if your Pain must be in Words exprest,
Let 'em fall gently, unassur'd, and slow ;
And where they fail, your Looks may tell
the rest : (so.
Thus Damon spoke, and I was conquer'd
The witty Talker has mistook his Art ;
The modest Lover only charms the Heart.

Thus, while all day you gazing sit,
And fear to speak, and fear your Fate,
You more Advantages by Silence get,
Than the gay forward Youth with all his Prate.
Let him be silent here ; but when away,
Whatever Love can dictate, let him say.

There

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*There let the bashful Soul unveil,
And give a loose to Love and Truth:
Let him improve the amorous Tale,
With all the Force of Words, and Fire
of Youth:*

*There all, and any thing let him express;
Too long he cannot write, too much confess.*

O *Damon*! How well have you made
me understand this soft Pleasure! You
know my Tenderness too well, not to
be sensible how I am charmed with your
agreeable long Letters.

The Invention.

*Ah! he who first found out the way
Souls to each other to convey,
Without dull Speaking, sure must be
Something above Humanity.
Let the fond World in vain dispute,
And the first Sacred Mystery impute
Of Letters to the learned Brood,
And of the Glory cheat a God:
'Twas Love alone that first the Art essay'd,
And Psyche was the first fair yielding
Maid,
That was by the dear Billetdoux betray'd.*

It is an Art too ingenious to have been
found out by Man, and too necessary to
Lovers, not to have been invented by the
God

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God of Love himself. But, *Damon*, I do not pretend to exact from you those Letters of Gallantry, which, I have told you, are filled with nothing but fine Thoughts, and writ with all the Arts of Wit and Subtilty: I would have yours still all tender unaffected Love, Words unchosen, Thoughts unstudied, and Love unfeign'd. I had rather find more Softness than Wit in your Passion; more of Nature than of Art; more of the Lover than the Poet.

Nor would I have you write any of those little short Letters that are read over in a Minute; in Love, long Letters bring a long Pleasure: Do not trouble your self to make 'em fine, or write a great deal of Wit and Sense in a few Lines; that is the Notion of a witty Billet, in any Affair but that of Love. And have a care rather to avoid these Graces to a Mistress; and assure your self, dear *Damon*, that what pleases the Soul pleases the Eye, and the largeness or bulk of your Letter shall never offend me; and that I only am displeased when I find them small. A Letter is ever the best and most powerful Agent to a Mistress, it almost always persuades, 'tis always renewing little Impressions, that possibly otherways Absence would deface. Make use then, *Damon*, of your Time while it is given you, and thank me that I permit

mit you to write to me: Perhaps I shall not always continue in the humour of suffering you to do so; and it may so happen, by some turn of Chance and Fortune, that you may be deprived, at the same time, both of my Presence, and of the Means of sending to me. I will believe that such an Accident would be a great Misfortune to you, for I have often heard you say, that, "To make the most happy Lover suffer Martyrdom, one need only forbid him Seeing, Speaking and Writing to the Object he loves." Take all the Advantages then you can, you cannot give me too often Marks too powerful of your Passion: Write therefore during this Hour, every Day. I give you leave to believe, that while you do so, you are serving me the most obligingly and agreeably you can, while absent; and that you are giving me a Remedy against all Grief, Uneasiness, Melancholy, and Despair; nay, if you exceed your Hour, you need not be ashamed. The Time you employ in this kind Devoir, is the Time that I shall be grateful for, and no doubt will recompense it. You ought not however to neglect Heaven for me; I will give you time for your Devotion, for my *Watch* tells you 'tis time to go to the Temple.



TWELVE a-clock.

Indispensible Duty.

THERE are certain Duties which one ought never to neglect: That of adoring the Gods is of this nature; and which we ought to pay, from the bottom of our Hearts: And that, *Damon*, is the only time I will dispense with your not thinking on me. But I would not have you go to one of those Temples, where the celebrated Beauties, and those that make a profession of Gallantry, go; and who come thither only to see, and be seen; and whither they repair, more to shew their Beauty and Dress, than to honour the Gods. If you will take my advice, and oblige my wish, you shall go to those that are least frequented, and you shall appear there like a Man that has a perfect Veneration for all things sacred.

The Instruction.

*Damon, if your Heart and Flame,
You wish, should always be the same,*

Do not give it leave to rove,
 Nor expose it to new Harms :
 E'er you think on't, you may love,
 If you gaze on Beauty's Charms :
 If with me you wou'd not part,
 Turn your Eyes into your Heart.

If you find a new Desire
 In your easy Soul take fire,
 From the tempting Ruin fly;
 Think it faithless, think it base:
 Fancy soon will fade and die,
 If you wisely cease to gaze.
 Lovers should have Honour too,
 Or they pay but half Love's due.

Do not to the Temple go,
 With design to gaze or show:
 Whate'er Thoughts you have abroad,
 Tho you can deceive elsewhere,
 There's no feigning with your God;
 Souls should be all perfect there.
 The Heart that's to the Altar brought,
 Only Heaven should fill its Thought.

Do not your sober Thoughts perplex,
 By gazing on the Ogling Sex:
 Or if Beauty call your Eyes,
 Do not on the Object dwell;
 Guard your Heart from the Surprise,
 By thinking Iris doth excel.

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*Above all Earthly Things I'd be,
Damon, most belov'd by thee;
And only Heaven must rival me.*

}



O N E a-clock.

Forc'd Entertainment.

I Perceive it will be very difficult for you to quit the Temple, without being surrounded with Compliments from People of Ceremony, Friends, and Newsmongers, and several of those sorts of Persons, who afflict and busy themselves, and rejoice at a hundred things they have no Interest in; Coquets and Politicians, who make it the Business of their whole Lives, to gather all the News of the Town; adding or diminishing, according to the Stock of their Wit and Invention, and spreading it all abroad to the believing Fools and Gossips; and perplexing every body with a hundred ridiculous Novels, which they pass off for Wit and Entertainment: Or else some of those Recounters of Adventures that are always telling of Intrigues, and that make a Secret to a hundred People of a thousand foolish things they have heard: Like a certain pert and impertinent Lady of

the Town, whose Youth and Beauty being past, set up for Wit, to uphold a feeble Empire over Hearts; and whose Character is this:

The Coquet.

Milanda, who had never been
Esteem'd a Beauty at fifteen,
Always amorous was, and kind:
To every Swain she lent an Ear;
Free as Air, but false as Wind;
Yet none complain'd, she was severe.
She eas'd more than she made complain;
Was always singing, pert, and vain.

Where-e'er the Throng was, she was seen,
And swept the Youths along the Green;
With equal Grace she flatter'd all,
And fondly proud of all Address,
Her Smiles invite, her Eyes do call,
And her vain Heart her Looks confess.
She rallies this, to that she bow'd,
Was talking ever, laughing loud.

On every side she makes advance,
And every where a Confidence;
She tells for Secrets all she knows,
And all to know she does pretend:
Beauty in Maids she treats as Foes;
But every handsome Youth as Friend.

Scandal

*Scandal still passes off for Truth;
And Noise and Nonsense, Wit and Youth.
Coquet all o'er, and every part,
Yet wanting Beauty, even of Art;
Herds with the ugly, and the old;
And plays the Critick on the rest:
Of Men, the bashful, and the bold,
Either, and all, by turns, likes best:
Even now, tho Youth be languish'd, she
Sets up for Love and Gallantry.*

This sort of Creature, *Damon*, is very dangerous; not that I fear you will squander away a Heart upon her, but your Hours; for, in spite of you, she'll detain you with a thousand Impertinencies, and eternal Tattle. She passes for a judging Wit; and there is nothing so troublesome as such a Pretender. She, perhaps, may get some knowledge of our Correspondence; and then, no doubt, will improve it to my disadvantage. Possibly she may rail at me; that is her fashion by the way of friendly Speaking; and an awkward Commendation, the most effectual way of Defaming and Traducing. Perhaps she tells you, in a cold Tone, that you are a happy Man to be belov'd by me: That *Iris* indeed is handsome, and she wonders she has no more Lovers; but the Men are not of her mind; if they were, you should have more Rivals. She

commends my Face, but that I have blue Eyes, and 'tis pity my Complexion is no better: My Shape but too much inclining to fat. Cries—She would charm infinitely with her Wit, but that she knows too well she is Mistress of it. And concludes,—But all together she is well enough.—Thus she runs on without giving you leave to edge in a word in my defence; and ever and anon crying up her own Conduct and Management: Tells you how she is oppress'd with Lovers, and fatigu'd with Addresses; and recommending her self, at every turn, with a perceivable Cunning: And all the while is jilting you of your good Opinion; which she would buy at the price of any body's Repose, or her own Fame, tho but for the Vanity of adding to the number of her Lovers. When she sees a new Spark, the first thing she does she enquires into his Estate; if she find it such as may (if the Coxcomb be well manag'd) supply her Vanity, she makes advances to him, and applies her self to all those little Arts she usually makes use of to gain her Fools; and according to his humour dresses and affects her own. But, *Damon*, since I point to no particular Person in this Character, I will not name who you should avoid; but all of this sort I conjure you, wheresoever you find 'em. But if unlucky

lucky Chance throw you in their way, hear all they say, without credit or regard, as far as Decency will suffer you; hear 'em without approving their Foppery; and hear 'em without giving 'em cause to censure you. But 'tis so much lost time to listen to all the Novels this sort of People will perplex you with; whose business is to be idle, and who even tire themselves with their own Impertinencies. And be assur'd after all there is nothing they can tell you that is worth your knowing. And, *Damon*, a perfect Lover never asks any News but of the Maid he loves.

The Enquiry.

*Damon, if your Love be true
To the Heart that you possess,
Tell me what have you to do
Where you have no Tenderness?
Her Affairs who cares to learn,
For whom he has not some Concern?*

*If a Lover fain would know
If the Object lov'd be true,
Let her but industrious be
To watch his Curiosity;
Tho ne'er so cold his Questions seem,
They come from warmer Thoughts within.*

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*When I hear a Swain enquire
What gay Melinda does to live,
I conclude there is some Fire
In a Heart inquisitive;
Or 'tis, at least, the Bill that's set
To shew, The Heart is to be let.*



TWO a-clock.

Dinner-time.

LEave all those fond Entertainments,
or you will disoblige me, and make
Dinner wait for you; for my *Cupid* tells
you 'tis that Hour. *Love* does not pretend
to make you lose that; nor is it my Pro-
vince to order you your Diet. Here I
give you a perfect Liberty to do what
you please; and possibly, 'tis the only Hour
in the whole four and twenty that I will
absolutely resign you, or dispense with
your even so much as thinking on me.
'Tis true, in seating your self at Table,
I would not have you placed over-against
a very beautiful Object; for in such a one
there are a thousand little Graces in
Speaking, Looking, and Laughing, that
fail not to charm if one gives way to
the Eyes, to gaze and wander that way;
in which, perhaps, in spite of you, you
will

will find a Pleasure: And while you do so, tho without design or concern, you give the fair Charmer a sort of Vanity in believing you have placed your self there, only for the advantage of looking on her; and she assumes a hundred little Graces and Affectations which are not natural to her, to compleat a Conquest, which she believes so well begun already. She softens her Eyes, and sweetens her Mouth; and in fine, puts on another Air than when she had no design, and when you did not, by your continual looking on her, rouze her Vanity, and encrease her easy Opinion of her own Charms. Perhaps she knows I have some Interest in your Heart, and prides her self, at least, with believing she has attracted the Eyes of my Lover, if not his Heart; and thinks it easy to vanquish the whole, if she pleases; and triumphs over me in her secret Imaginations. Remember, *Damon*, that while you act thus in the Company and Conversation of other Beauties, every Look or Word you give in favour of 'em, is an Indignity to my Reputation; and which you cannot suffer if you love me truly, and with Honour: and assure your self, so much Vanity as you inspire in her, so much Fame you rob me of; for whatever Praises you give another Beauty, so much you take away from mine. There-

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fore, if you dine in Company, do as others do: Be generally civil, not applying your self by Words or Looks to any particular Person: Be as gay as you please: Talk and laugh with all, for this is not the Hour for Chagrin.

The Permission:

*My Damon, tho I stint your Love,
I will not stint your Appetite;
That I would have you still improve,
By every new and fresh Delight.
Feast till Apollo hides his Head,
Or drink the amorous God to Thetis' Bed.*

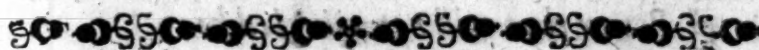
*Be like your self: All witty, gay!
And o'er the Bottle bless the Board;
The list'ning Round will, all the Day,
Be charm'd, and pleas'd with every Word.
Tho Venus' Son inspire your Wit,
'Tis the Silenian God best utters it.*

*Here talk of every thing but me,
Since ev'ry thing you say with Grace:
If not dispos'd your Humour be,
And you'd this Hour in silence pass;
Since something must the Subject prove
Of Damon's Thoughts, let it be me and Love.*

*But, Damon, this enfranchis'd Hour,
No Bounds, or Laws, will I impose;*

Rue

*But leave it wholly in your pow'r,
What Humour to refuse or chuse:
I Rules prescribe but to your Flame;
For I, your Mistress, not Physician, am.*



THREE a-clock.

Visits to Friends.

Damon, my Watch is juster than you imagine; it would not have you live retired and solitary, but permits you to go and make Visits. I am not one of those that believe Love and Friendship cannot find a place in one and the same Heart: And that Man would be very unhappy, who, as soon as he had a Mistress, should be obliged to renounce the Society of his Friends. I must confess, I would not that you should have so much Concern for them, as you have for me; for I have heard a sort of a Proverb that says, *He cannot be very fervent in Love, who is not a little cold in Friendship.* You are not ignorant, that when Love establishes himself in a Heart, he reigns a Tyrant there, and will not suffer even Friendship, if it pretend to share his Empire there.

Cupid.

Cupid.

*Love is a God, whose charming Sway
 Both Heaven, and Earth, and Seas obey;
 A Power that will not mingled be
 With any dull Equality.
 Since first from Heaven, which gave him
 Birth,
 He rul'd the Empire of the Earth;
 Jealous of Sov'reign Pow'r, he rules,
 And will be absolute in Souls.*

I should be very angry if you had any of those Friendships which one ought to desire in a Mistress only; for many times it happens that you have Sentiments a little too tender for those amiable Persons; and many times Love and Friendship are so confounded together, that one cannot easily discern one from the other. I have seen a Man flatter himself with an Opinion, that he had but an Esteem for a Woman, when by some turn of Fortune in her Life, as marrying, or receiving the Addresses of Men, he has found by Spite and Jealousies within, that that was Love, which he before took for Complaisance or Friendship. Therefore have a care, for such Amities are dangerous: Not but that a Lover may have fair and generous Female Friends, whom he ought to visit; and perhaps I
 should

should esteem you less, if I did not believe you were valued by such, if I were perfectly assured they were Friends and not Lovers. But have a care you hide not a Mistress under this Veil, or that you gain not a Lover by this Pretence: For you may begin with Friendship, and end with Love; and I should be equally afflicted should you give it or receive it. And tho you charge our Sex with all the Vanity, yet I often find Nature to have given you as large a Portion of that common Crime, which you would shuffle off, as ashamed to own; and are as fond and vain of the Imagination of a Conquest, as any Coquet of us all: tho at the same time you despise the Victim, you think it adds a Trophy to your Fame. And I have seen a Man dress, and trick, and adjust his Looks and Mein, to make a Visit to a Woman he lov'd not, nor ever could love, as for those he made to his Mistress; and only for the Vanity of making a Conquest upon a Heart, even unworthy of the little Pains he has taken about it. And what is this but buying Vanity at the expence of Ease; and with Fatigue to purchase the Name of a conceited Fop, besides that of a dishonest Man? For he who takes pains to make himself beloved, only to please his curious Humour, tho he should say nothing that tends to it, more than by his Looks, his
Sighs,

Sighs, and now and then breaking into Praises, and Commendations of the Object, by the care he takes, to appear well drest before her and in good order; he lyes in his Looks, he deceives with his Mein and Fashion, and cheats with every Motion, and every Grace he puts on: He cozens when he sings or dances; he dissembles when he sighs; and every thing he does, that wilfully gains upon her, is Malice pre-pense, Baseness, and Art below a Man of Sense or Vertue: and yet these Arts, these Cozenages, are the common Practices of the Town. What's this but that damnable Vice, of which they so reproach our Sex; that of jilting for Hearts? And 'tis in vain that my Lover, after such foul play, shall think to appease me, with saying, *He did it to try how easy he could conquer, and of how great force his Charms were: And why should I be angry if all the Town loved him, since he loved none but Iris?* Oh foolish Pleasure! How little Sense goes to the making of such a Happiness! And how little Love must he have for one particular Person, who would wish to inspire it into all the World, and yet himself pretend to be insensible! But this, *Damon*, is rather what is but too much practised by your Sex, than any Guilt I charge on you: tho' Vanity be an Ingredient that Nature very seldom omits in the Composition of either Sex;

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Sex; and you may be allowed a Tincture of it at least. And, perhaps, I am not wholly exempt from this Leven in my Nature, but accuse my self sometimes of finding a secret Joy of being ador'd, tho I even hate my Worshipper. But if any such Pleasure touch my Heart, I find it at the same time blushing in my Cheeks with a guilty Shame, which soon checks the petty Triumph; and I have a Vertue at soberer Thoughts that I find surmounts my Weakness and Indiscretion; and I hope *Damon* finds the same: For, should he have any of those Attachments, I should have no pity for him.

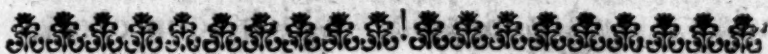
The Example.

*Damon, if you'd have me true,
Be you my Precedent and Guide:
Example sooner we pursue,
Than the dull Dictates of our Pride.
Precepts of Vertue are too weak an Aim;
'Tis Demonstration that can best reclaim.*

*Shew me the Path you'd have me go;
With such a Guide I cannot stray:
What you approve, whate'er you do,
It is but just I bend the way.
If true, my Honour favours your Design;
If false, Revenge is the result of mine.*

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*A Lover true, a Maid sincere,
Are to be priz'd as things divine :
'Tis Justice makes the Blessing dear,
Justice of Love without Design.
And she that reigns not in a Heart alone,
Is never safe, or easy, on her Throne.*



FOUR a-clock.

General Conversation:

IN this Visiting-Hour, many People will happen to meet at one and the same time together, in a place: And as you make not Visits to Friends, to be silent, you ought to enter into Conversation with 'em; but those Conversations ought to be general, and of general things: for there is no necessity of making your Friend the Confident of your Amours. 'Twould infinitely displease me, to hear you have reveal'd to them all that I have repos'd in you; tho' Secrets ever so trivial, yet since utter'd between Lovers, they deserve to be priz'd at a higher rate: For what can shew a Heart more indifferent and indiscreet, than to declare in any fashion, or with mirth, or joy, the tender things a Mistress says to a Lover; and which possibly,

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possibly, related at second hand, bear not the same Sense, because they have not the same Sound and Air they had originally; when they came from the soft Heart of her, who sigh'd 'em first to her lavish Lover? Perhaps they are told again with mirth, or joy, unbecoming their Character and Business; and then they lose their Graces: (for Love is the most solemn thing in nature, and the most unsuited with Gaity.) Perhaps the soft Expressions suit not so well the harsher Voice of the masculine Lover, whose Accents were not form'd for so much Tenderneſs; at least, not of that sort: for Words that have the same Meaning, are alter'd from their Sense by the least tone or accent of the Voice; and those proper and fitted to my Soul, are not possibly so to yours, tho both have the same Efficacy upon us; yours upon my Heart, as mine upon yours: and both will be misunderstood by the unjudging World. Besides this, there is a Holiness in Love that's true, that ought not to be profan'd: And as the Poet truly says, at the latter end of an Ode, of which I will recite the whole;

The Invitation.

*Aminta, fear not to confess
The charming Secret of thy Tenderneſs:*

That

That which a Lover can't conceal,
 That which, to me, thou shouldst reveal;
 And is but what thy lovely Eyes express.
 Come, whisper to my panting Heart,
 That heaves, and meets thy Voice half-way;
 That guesses what thou wouldst impart,
 And languishes for what thou hast to say.
 Confirm my trembling Doubt, and make me
 know,
 Whence all these Blessings, and these Sighings
 flow.

Why dost thou scruple to unfold
 A Mystery that does my Life concern?
 If thou ne'er speak'st, it will be told;
 For Lovers all things can discern.
 From every Look, from every bashful Grace,
 That still succeed each other in thy Face,
 I shall the dear transporting Secret learn:
 But 'tis a Pleasure not to be express,
 To hear it by the Voice confess,
 When soft Sighs breathe it on my panting
 Breast.

All calm and silent is the Grove,
 Whose shading Boughs resist the Day;
 Here thou mayst blush, and talk of Love,
 While only Winds, unheeding, stay,
 That will not bear the Sound away:
 While I with solemn awful Joy,
 All my attentive Faculties employ;

Listening

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*Liftning to every valu'd Word;
And in my Soul the sacred Treasure hoard :
There like some Mystery Divine,
The wondrous Knowledge I'll enshrine.
Love can his Joys no longer call his own,
Than the dear Secret's kept unknown.*

There is nothing more true than those two last Lines: and that Love ceases to be a Pleasure, when it ceases to be a Secret, and one you ought to keep sacred: For the World, which never makes a right Judgment of things, will misinterpret Love, as they do Religion; every one judging it, according to the Notion he hath of it, or the Talent of his Sense. Love (as a great Duke said) *is like Apparitions; every one talks of them, but few have seen 'em*: Every body thinks himself capable of understanding Love, and that he is a Master in the Art of it; when there is nothing so nice, or difficult, to be rightly comprehended; and indeed cannot be, but to a Soul very delicate. Nor will he make himself known to the Vulgar: There must be an uncommon Fineness in the Mind that contains him; the rest he only visits in as many Disguises as there are Dispositions and Natures, where he makes but a short stay, and is gone. He can fit himself to all Hearts, being the greatest Flatterer in the World: And he possesses every

every one with a Confidence, that they are in the number of his Elect; and they think they know him perfectly, when nothing but the Spirits refined possess him in his Excellency. From this difference of Love, in different Souls, proceed those odd fantastick Maxims, which so many hold of so different kinds: And this makes the most innocent Pleasures pass oftentimes for Crimes, with the unjudging Croud, who call themselves Lovers: And you will have your Passion censur'd by as many as you shall discover it to, and as many several ways. I advise you therefore, *Damon*, to make no Confidants of your Amours; and believe, that Silence has, with me, the most powerful Charm.

'Tis also in these Conversations, that those indiscreetly civil Persons often are, who think to oblige a good Man, by letting him know he is belov'd by some one or other; and making him understand how many good Qualities he is Master of, to render him agreeable to the Fair Sex, if he would but advance where Love and good Fortune call; and that a too constant Lover loses a great part of his time, which might be manag'd to more advantage, since Youth hath so short a Race to run. This, and a thousand the like indecent Complaisances, give him a Vanity that suits not with that Discretion, which has hitherto

hitherto acquir'd him so good a Reputation. I would not have you, *Damon*, act on these occasions, as many of the easy Sparks have done before you, who receive such Weakness and Flattery for Truth; and passing it off with a Smile, suffer 'em to advance in Folly, till they have gain'd a Credit with 'em, and they believe all they hear; telling 'em they do so, by consenting Gestures, Silence, or open Approbation. For my part, I should not condemn a Lover that should answer a sort of civil Brokers for Love, somewhat briskly; and by giving 'em to understand they are already engag'd, or directing 'em to Fools, that will possibly hearken to 'em, and credit such Stuff, shame 'em out of a Folly so infamous and disingenuous. In such a Case only I am willing you should own your Passion; not that you need tell the Object which has charm'd you: And you may say, you are already a Lover, without saying you are belov'd. For so long as you appear to have a Heart unengag'd, you are expos'd to all the little Arts and Addresses of this sort of obliging Procurers of Love, and give way to the hope they have of making you their Proselyte. For your own Reputation then, and my Ease and Honour, shun such Conversations; for they are neither creditable to you, nor pleasing to me: And believe me, *Damon*, a true
Lover

Lover has no Curiosity, but what concerns his Mistress.



FIVE a-clock.

Dangerous Visits.

I Foresee, or fear, that these busy impertinent Friends will oblige you to visit some Ladies of their Acquaintance, or yours; my *Watch* does not forbid you. Yet I must tell you, I apprehend Danger in such Visits; and I fear, you will have need of all your Care and Precaution, in these Encounters, that you may give me no cause to suspect you. Perhaps you will argue, that Civility obliges you to it. If I were assur'd there would no other Design be carried on, I should believe it were to advance an amorous Prudence too far, to forbid you. Only keep your self upon your guard; for the Business of most part of the Fair Sex, is, to seek only the Conquest of Hearts: All their Civilities are but so many Interests; and they do nothing without design. And in such Conversations there is always a *Je ne sçay quoy*, that is fear'd, especially when Beauty is accompanied with Youth and Gaity; and which they assume upon all occasions that may

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may serve their turn. And I confess, 'tis not an easy matter to be just in these Hours and Conversations: The most certain way of being so, is to imagine I read all your Thoughts, observe all your Looks, and hear all your Words.

The Caution.

*My Damon, if your Heart be kind,
Do not too long with Beauty stay;
For there are certain Moments when the Mind
Is hurry'd by the Force of Charms away.
In Fate a Minute critical there lies,
That waits on Love, and takes you by Surprise.*

*A Lover pleas'd with Constancy,
Lives still as if the Maid he lov'd were by:
As if his Actions were in view,
As if his Steps she did pursue;
Or that his very Soul she knew.*

*Take heed; for tho I am not present there,
My Love, my Genius waits you every where.*

I am very much pleas'd with the Remedy, you say, you make use of to defend your self from the Attacks that Beauty gives your Heart; which in one of your Billets, you said was this, or to this purpose:

The

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The Charm for Constancy.

*Iris, to keep my Soul entire and true,
It thinks, each Moment of the Day, on you.*

And when a charming Face I see,

That does all other Eyes incline,

It has no Influence on me :

I think it ev'n deform'd to thine.

*My Eyes, my Soul, and Sense, regardless
move*

To all, but the dear Object of my Love.

But, *Damon*, I know all Lovers are naturally Flatterers, tho they do not think so themselves; because every one makes a Sense of Beauty according to his own Fancy. But perhaps you will say in your own defence, That 'tis not Flattery to say an unbeautiful Woman is beautiful, if he that says so believes she is so. I should be content to acquit you of the first, provided you allow me the last: And if I appear charming in *Damon's* eyes, I am not fond of the Approbation of any other. 'Tis enough the World thinks me not altogether disagreeable, to justify his Choice; but let your good Opinion give what Increase it pleases to my Beauty, tho your Approbation give me a Pleasure, it shall not a Vanity; and I am contented that *Damon* should think me a Beauty, without my believing I am one. 'Tis not to draw new Assurances, and new Vows from you,
that

that I speak this; tho Tales of Love are the only ones we desire to hear often told, and which never tire the Hearers if address'd to themselves. But 'tis not to this end I now seem to doubt what you say to my advantage: No, my Heart knows no disguise, nor can dissemble one Thought of it to *Damon*; 'tis all sincere, and honest as his Wish: 'Tis therefore it tells you, it does not credit every thing you say; tho I believe you say abundance of Truths in a great part of my Character. But when you advance to that, which my own Sense, my Judgment, or my Glass cannot persuade me to believe, you must give me leave either to believe you think me vain enough to credit you, or pleas'd that your Sentiments and mine are differing in this point. But I doubt I may rather reply in some Verses, a Friend of yours and mine sent to a Person she thought had but indifferent Sentiments for her; yet, who nevertheless flatter'd her, because he imagin'd she had a very great Esteem for him. She is a Woman that, you know, naturally hates Flattery: On the other side she was extremely dissatisfy'd, and uneasy at his Opinion of his being more in her favour than she desir'd he should believe. So that one Night having left her full of Pride and Anger, the next Morning sent him these Verses, instead of a *Billetdoux*.

The Defiance.

By Heaven 'tis false, I am not vain;
 And rather would the Subject be
 Of your Indifference, or Disdain,
 Than Wit or Raillery.

Take back the trifling Praise you give,
 And pass it on some easier Fool,
 Who may the injuring Wit believe,
 That turns her into ridicule.

Tell her, she's witty, fair and gay,
 With all the Charms that can subdue:
 Perhaps she'll credit what you say;
 But curse me if I do.

If your Diversion you design,
 On my good-nature you have prest:
 Or if you do intend it mine,
 You have mistook the Jest.

Philander, fly that guilty Art:
 Your charming facile Wit will find,
 It cannot play on any Heart,
 That is sincere and kind.

For Wit with Softness to reside,
 Good-nature is with Pity stor'd;
 But Flattery's the result of Pride,
 And fawns to be ador'd.

Nay,

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*Nay, even when you smile and bow,
'Tis to be render'd more compleat:
Your Wit, with ev'ry Grace you shew,
Is but a popular Cheat.*

*Laugh on, and call me Coxcomb—do;
And, your Opinion to improve,
Think, all you think of me is true;
And to confirm it, swear I love.*

*Then, while you wreck my Soul with Pain,
And of a cruel Conquest boast,
'Tis you, Philander, that are vain,
And witty at my cost.*

Possibly, the angry *Aminta*, when she writ these Verses, was more offended, that he believed himself belov'd, than that he flatter'd; tho she wou'd seem to make that a great part of the Quarrel, and Cause of her Resentment: For we are often in a humour to seem more modest in that point, than naturally we are; being too apt to have a favourable Opinion of our selves: And 'tis rather the Effects of a Fear that we are flatter'd, than our own ill Opinion of the Beauty flatter'd; and that the Praiser thinks not so well of it, as we do our selves, or at least we wish he should. Not but there are Grains of Allowance for the Temper of him that speaks: One Man's Humour is to talk

much; and he may be permitted to enlarge upon the Praise he gives the Person he pretends to, without being accus'd of much Guilt. Another hates to be wordy; from such an one, I have known one soft Expression, one tender thing, go as far as whole days everlasting Protestations urged with Vows, and mighty Eloquence. And both the one and the other, indeed, must be allow'd in good manners, to stretch the Compliment beyond the bounds of nice Truth: and we must not wonder to hear a Man call a Woman a Beauty, when she is not ugly; or another a great Wit, if she have but common Sense above the Vulgar; well bred, when well drest; and good-natur'd, when civil. And as I should be very ridiculous, if I took all you said for absolute Truth; so I should be very unjust, not to allow you very sincere in almost all you said besides; and those things, the most material to Love, Honour and Friendship. And for the rest (*Damon*) be it true or false, this believe, you speak with such a Grace, that I cannot chuse but credit you; and find an infinite Pleasure in that Faith, because I love you: And if I cannot find the Cheat, I am contented you should deceive me on, because you do it so agreeably.



SIX a-clock.

Walk without Design.

YOU yet have time to walk ; and my Watch foresaw you cou'd not refuse your Friends. You must to the Park, or to the Mall ; for the Season is fair and inviting, and all the young Beauties love those Places too well, not to be there. 'Tis there that a thousand Intrigues are carry'd on, and as many more design'd : 'Tis there that every one is set out for Conquest ; and who aim at nothing less than Hearts. Guard yours well, my *Damon* ; and be not always admiring what you see. Do not, in passing by, sigh them silent Praises. Suffer not so much as a guilty Wish to approach your Thoughts, nor a heedful Glance to steal from your fine Eyes : Those are Regards you ought only to have for her you love. But oh ! above all, have a care of what you say : You are not reproachable, if you should remain silent all the time of your Walk ; nor would those that know you believe it the Effects of Dulness, but Melancholy. And if any of your Friends ask you,

F 3

Why

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Why you are so? I will give you leave
to sigh, and say —

The Mal-Content.

*Ah! wonder not if I appear
Regardless of the Pleasures here;
Or that my Thoughts are thus confin'd
To the just Limits of my Mind.
My Eyes take no delight to rove
O'er all the smiling Charmers of the Grove,
Since she is absent whom they love.*

*Ask me not, Why the flow'ry Spring,
Or the gay little Birds that sing,
Or the young Streams no more delight,
Or Shades and Arbours can't invite?
Why the soft Murmurs of the Wind,
Within the thick-grown Grove's confin'd,
No more my Soul transport, or cheer;
Since all that's charming — Iris, is not here;
Nothing seems glorious, nothing fair.*

*Then suffer me to wander thus,
With down-cast Eyes, and Arms a-cross:
Let Beauty unregarded go;
The Trees and Flowers unheeded strow.
Let purling Streams neglected glide;
With all the Spring's adorning Pride.
'Tis Iris only Soul can give
To the dull Shades, and Plains, and make
 'em thrive;
Nature and my last Joys retrieve.*

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I do not, for all this, wholly confine your Eyes: you may look indifferently on all, but with a particular regard on none. You may praise all the Beauties in general, but no single one too much. I will not exact from you neither an intire Silence: There are a thousand Civilities you ought to pay to all your Friends and Acquaintance; and while I caution you of Actions, that may get you the Reputation of a Lover of some of the Fair that haunt those Places, I would not have you, by an unnecessary and uncomplaisant Sullenness, gain that of a Person too negligent or morose. I would have you remiss in no one Punctilio of good Manners. I would have you very just, and pay all you owe; but in these Affairs be not over-generous, and give away too much. In fine, you may look, speak and walk; but (*Damon*) do it all without design: And while you do so, remember that *Iris* sent you this Advice.

The Warning.

*Take heed, my Damon, in the Grove,
Where Beauties with design do walk;
Take heed, my Damon, how you look and talk,
For there are Ambuscades of Love.*

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*The very Winds that softly blow,
Will help betray your easy Heart;
And all the Flowers that blushing grow,
The Shades about, and Rivulets below,
Will take the Victor's part.*

*Remember, Damon, all thy Safety lies
In the just Conduct of your Eyes.
The Heart, by Nature good and brave,
Is to those treacherous Guards a Slave.
If they let in the fair destructive Foe,
Scarce Honour can defend her noble Seat:
Ev'n she will be corrupted too,
Or driv'n to a Retreat.
The Soul is but the Cully to the Sight,
And must be pleas'd in what that takes delight.*

*Therefore examine your self well; and
conduct your Eyes, during this Walk, like
a Lover that seeks nothing: And do not
stay too long in these Places.*



SEVEN a-clock.

Voluntary Retreat.

TIS time to be weary, 'tis Night:
Take leave of your Friends and re-
tire home. 'Tis in this Retreat that you
ought to recollect in your Thoughts all
the

the Actions of the Day, and all those things that you ought to give me an account of, in your Letter: You cannot hide the least Secret from me, without Treason against sacred Love. For all the World agrees that Confidence is one of the greatest Proofs of the Passion of Love; and that Lover who refuses this Confidence to the Person he loves, is to be suspected to love but very indifferently, and to think very poorly of the Sense and Generosity of his Mistress. But that you may acquit your self like a Man, and a Lover of Honour, and leave me no doubt upon my Soul; think of all you have done this day, that I may have all the Story of it in your next Letter to me: but deal faithfully, and neither add nor diminish in your Relation; the Truth and Sincerity of your Confession will atone even for little Faults that you shall commit against me, in some of those things you shall tell me. For if you have fail'd in any Point or Circumstance of Love, I had much rather hear it from you than another: for 'tis a sort of Repentance to accuse your self; and would be a Crime unpardonable, if you suffer me to hear it from any other: And be assur'd, while you confess it, I shall be indulgent enough to forgive you. The noblest Quality of Man is Sincerity; and (*Damon*) one ought to have as

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much of it in Love, as in any other Business of one's Life, notwithstanding the most part of Men make no account of it there; but will believe there ought to be Double-dealing, and an Art practised in Love as well as in War. But, Oh! beware of that Notion.

Sincerity.

Sincerity! thou greatest Good!

Thou Vertue which so many boast!

And art so nicely understood!

And often in the searching lost!

For when we do approach thee near,

The fine Idea fram'd of thee,

Appears not now so charming fair

As the most useful Flattery.

Thou hast no Glitt'ring to invite;

Nor tak'st the Lover at first sight.

The modest Vertue shuns the Croud,

And lives, like Vestals, in a Cell;

In Cities 'twill not be allow'd,

Nor takes delight in Courts to dwell:

'Tis Nonsense with the Man of Wit;

And ev'n a Scandal to the Great:

For all the Young, and Fair, unfit;

And scorn'd by wiser Fops of State.

A Vertue yet was never known

To the false Trader or the falser Gown.

*And (Damon) tho thy noble Blood
Be most illustrious, and refin'd;
Tho ev'ry Grace and ev'ry Good
Adorn thy Person and thy Mind:
Yet, if this Vertue shine not there,
This God-like Vertue, which alone,
Wert thou less witty, brave, or fair,
Wou'd for all these, less priz'd, atone;
My tender Folly I'd controul,
And scorn the Conquest of thy Soul.*



EIGHT a-clock.

Impatient Demands.

AFTER you have sufficiently collected your self of all the past Actions of the Day, call your Page into your Cabinet, or him whom you trusted with your last Letter to me; where you ought to enquire of him a thousand things, and all of me. Ask impatiently, and be angry if he answers not your Curiosity soon enough: Think that he has a dreaming in his Voice, in these moments more than at other times; and reproach him with Dulness: For 'tis most certain that when one loves tenderly, we would know in a minute, what cannot be related in an hour. Ask him, How I did? How I

re-

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re-

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receiv'd his Letter? And if he examined the Air of my Face, when I took it? If I blush'd or looked pale? If my Hand trembled, or I spoke to him with short interrupting Sighs? If I asked him any Questions about you, while I was opening the Seal? Or if I could not well speak, and was silent? If I read it attentively, and with Joy? And all this, before you open the Answer I have sent you by him: which, because you are impatient to read, you, with the more haste and earnestness, demand all you expect from him; and that you may the better know what Humour I was in, when I writ that to you: For, Oh! a Lover has a thousand little Fears, and Dreads he knows not why. In fine, make him recount to you all that past, while he was with me; and then you ought to read that which I have sent, that you may inform your self of all that passes in my Heart: for you may assure your self, all that I say to you that way proceeds from thence.

The Assurance.

*How shall a Lover come to know,
Whether he's belov'd or no?
What dear things must she impart,
To assure him of her Heart?*

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Is it when her Blushes rise;
And she languish in her Eyes;
Tremble when he does approach;
Look pale, and faint at ev'ry Touch?

Is it, when a thousand ways
She does his Wit and Beauty praise;
Or she venture to explain,
In less moving Words, a Pain;
Tho so indiscreet she grows,
To confirm it with her Vows?

These some short-liv'd Passion moves,
While the Object's by she loves;
While the gay and sudden Fire
Kindles by some fond Desire:
And a Coldness will ensue,
When the Lover's out of view.
Then she reflects with Scandal o'er
The easy Scene that past before:
Then, with Blushes, would recal
The unconfid'ring Criminal;
In which a thousand Faults she'll find,
And chide the Errors of her Mind.
Such sickle weight is found in Words,
As no substantial Faith affords:
Deceiv'd and baffl'd all may be,
Who trust that frail Security.

But a well-digested Flame,
That will always be the same;

And

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*And that does, from Merit grow,
 Establish'd by our Reason too;
 By a better way will prove,
 'Tis th' unerring Fire of Love.
 Lasting Records it will give:
 And, that all she says may live;
 Sacred and authentick stand,
 Her Heart confirms it by her Hand.
 If this, a Maid, well born, allow;
 Damon, believe her just and true.*



NINE a-clock.

Melancholy Reflections.

YOU will not have much trouble to
 explain what my Watch designs
 here. There can be no Thought more af-
 flicting, than that of the Absence of a
 Mistress; and which the Sighings of the
 Heart will soon make you find. Ten thou-
 sand Fears oppress him; he is jealous of
 every body, and envies those Eyes and
 Ears that are charmed by being near the
 Object ador'd. He grows impatient, and
 makes a thousand Resolutions, and as soon
 abandons them all. He gives himself
 wholly up to the Torment of Uncertain-
 ty; and by degrees, from one cruel
 Thought to another, winds himself up
 to

to insupportable Chagrin. Take this Hour then, to think on your Misfortunes, which cannot be small to a Soul that is wholly sensible of Love. And every one knows, that a Lover, deprived of the Object of his Heart, is deprived of all the World, and inconsolable: For tho one wishes without ceasing for the dear Charmer one loves, and tho you speak of her every minute; tho you are writing to her every day, and tho you are infinitely pleas'd with the dear and tender Answer; yet, to speak sincerely, it must be confessed, that the Felicity of a true Lover is to be always near his Mistress. And you may tell me, *O Damon!* what you please; and say that Absence inspires the Flame, which perpetual Presence would satiate; I love too well to be of that mind, and when I am, I shall believe my Passion is declining. I know not whether it advances your Love; but surely it must ruin your Repose: And it is possible to be, at once, an absent Lover, and happy too. For my part, I can meet with nothing that can please in the absence of *Damon*; but on the contrary I see all things with disgust. I will flatter my self, that 'tis so with you; and that the least Evils appear great Misfortunes; and that all those who speak to you of any thing but of what you love, increase your Pain, by a new remembrance of
her

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her Absence. I will believe that these are your Sentiments, when you are assur'd not to see me in some weeks; and if your Heart do not betray your Words, all those days will be tedious to you. I would not, however, have your Melancholy too extreme; and to lessen it, you may persuade your self, that I partake it with you: for, I remember, in your last you told me, you would wish we should be both griev'd at the same time, and both at the same time pleas'd; and I believe I love too well not to obey you.

Love secur'd.

*Love, of all Joys, the sweetest is,
The most substantial Happiness;
The softest Blessing Life can crave,
The noblest Passion Souls can have.
Yet, if no Interruption were,
No Difficulties came between,
'Twou'd not be render'd half so dear:
The Sky is gayest when small Clouds are seen.
The sweetest Flower, the blushing Rose,
Amidst the Thorns securest grows.
If Love were one continu'd Joy,
How soon the Happiness would cloy!
The wiser God did this foresee;
And to preserve the Bliss entire,
Mix'd it with Doubt and Jealousy,
Those necessary Fuels to the Fire;*

Suf-

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*Sustain'd the fleeting Pleasures with new
Fears ;
With little Quarrels, Sighs, and Tears ;
With Absence, that tormenting Smart,
That makes a Minute seem a Day,
[A Day a Year to the impatient Heart,
That languishes in the delay,
But cannot sigh the tender Pain away ;
That still returns, and with a greater Force,
Thro ev'ry Vein it takes its grateful Course.
But whatsoe'er the Lover does sustain,
Tho he still sigh, complain, and fear ;
It cannot be a mortal Pain,
When Two do the Affliction bear.*

T E N a-clock.

Reflections.

After the afflicting Thoughts of my
Absence, make some Reflections on
your Happiness. Think it a Blessing to be
permitted to love me ; think it so, because I
permit it to you alone, and never could
be drawn to allow it any other. The
first thing you ought to consider, is, that
at length I have suffer'd my self to be
overcome, to quit that Nicety that is na-
tural to me, and receive your Addresses ;
nay, thought 'em agreeable : and that I
have

have at last confess'd, the Present of your Heart is very dear to me. 'Tis true, I did not accept of it the first time it was offer'd me, nor before you had told me a thousand times, that you could not escape expiring, if I did not give you leave to sigh for me, and gaze upon me; and that there was an absolute necessity for me, either to give you leave to love, or die. And all those Rigours my Severity has made you suffer, ought now to be recounted to your Memory, as Subjects of Pleasure; and you ought to esteem and judge of the Price of my Affections by the Difficulties you found in being able to touch my Heart: Not but you have Charms that can conquer at first sight; and you ought not to have valu'd me less, if I had been more easily gain'd: But 'tis enough to please you, to think and know I am gain'd; no matter when or how. When, after a thousand Cares and Inquietudes, that which we wish for succeeds to our Desires, the remembrance of those Pains and Pleasures we encounter'd in arriving at it, gives us a new Joy.

Remember also, *Damon*, that I have preferred you before all those that have been thought worthy of my Esteem; and that I have shut my Eyes to all their pleading Merits, and could survey none but yours.

Con-

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Consider then, that you had not only the Happiness to please me, but that you only found out the way of doing it, and I had the Goodness at last to tell you so, contrary to all the Delicacy and Niceness of my Soul, contrary to my Prudence, and all those Scruples, you know, are natural to my Humour.

My Tenderness proceeded further, and I gave you innocent Marks of my new-born Passion; on all occasions that presented themselves: For, after that from my Eyes and Tongue you knew the Sentiments of my Heart, I confirm'd that Truth to you by my Letters. Confess, *Damon*, that if you make these Reflections, you will not pass this Hour very disagreeably.

Beginning Love.

*As free as wanton Winds I liv'd,
That unconcern'd do play:
No broken Faith, no Fate I griev'd;
No Fortune gave me Joy.
'A dull Content crown'd all my Hours,
My Heart no Sighs oppress;
I call'd in vain on no deaf Pow'rs,
To ease a tortur'd Breast.*

The

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*The sighing Swains regardless pin'd,
And strove in vain to please:
With pain I civilly was kind,
But could afford no Ease.
Tho Wit and Beauty did abound,
The Charm was wanting still,
That could inspire the tender Wound,
Or bend my careless Will.*

*Till in my Heart a kindling Flame
Your softer Sighs had blown;
Which I, with striving, Love and Shame,
Too sensibly did own.
Whate'er the God before cou'd plead;
Whate'er the Youth's Desert;
The feeble Siege in vain was laid
Against my stubborn Heart.*

*At first my Sighs and Blushes spoke,
Just when your Sighs would rise;
And when you gaz'd, I wish'd to look,
But durst not meet your Eyes.
I trembled when my Hand you press'd,
Nor cou'd my Guilt controul;
But Love prevail'd, and I confess'd
The Secrets of my Soul.*

*And when upon the giving part,
My Present to avow,
By all the ways confirm'd my Heart,
That Honour wou'd allow;*

*Too mean was all that I could say,
Too poorly understood :
I gave my Soul the noblest way,
My Letters made it good.*

You may believe I did not easily, nor suddenly, bring my Heart to this Condescension; but I lov'd, and all things in *Damon* were capable of making me resolve so to do. I could not think it a Crime, where every Grace, and every Vertue justified my Choice : And when once one is assured of this, we find not much difficulty in owning that Passion which will so well commend one's Judgment; and there is no Obstacle that Love does not surmount. I confess'd my Weakness a thousand ways, before I told it you; and I remember all those things with pleasure, but yet I remember 'em also with shame.



E L E V E N a-clock.

Supper.

I Will believe, *Damon*, that you have been so well entertain'd during this Hour, and have found so much Sweetness in these Thoughts, that if one did not tell you that Supper waits, you would lose
your

your self in Reflections so pleasing, many more Minutes. But you must go where you are expected; perhaps, among the fair, the young, the gay; but do not abandon your Heart to too much Joy, tho you have so much reason to be contented: but the greatest Pleasures are always imperfect, if the Object belov'd do not partake of it. For this reason be chearful and merry with reserve: Do not talk too much, I know you do not love it; and if you do it, 'twill be the effect of too much Complaisance, or with some design of pleasing too well: for you know your own charming Power, and how agreeable your Wit and Conversation is to all the World. Remember, I am covetous of every Word you speak, that is not address'd to me, and envy the happy Listner, if I am not by. And I may reply to you as *Amin-ta* did to *Philander*, when he charged her of loving a Talker: and because, perhaps, you have not heard it, I will, to divert you, send it to you; and at the same time assure you, *Damon*, that your more noble Quality, of speaking little, has reduc'd me to a perfect Abhorrence of those wordy Sparks, that value themselves upon their ready and much talking upon every trivial Subject, and who have so good an Opinion of their Talent that way, they will let no body edge in a word, or a reply;

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ply; but will make all the Conversation themselves, that they may pass for very entertaining Persons, and pure Company. But the Verses. —

The Reformation.

Philander, since you'll have it so,
I grant I was impertinent;
And, till this moment, did not know,
Thro' all my Life what 'twas I meant.
Your kind Opinion was the flattering Glass,
In which my Mind found how deform'd it was.

In your clear Sense, which knows no Art,
I saw the Errors of my Soul;
And all the Foibles of my Heart
With one Reflection you controul.
Kind as a God, and gently you chastise:
By what you hate, you teach me to be wise.

Impertinence, my Sex's shame,
That has so long my Life pursu'd,
You with such Modesty reclaim,
As all the Women has subdu'd.
To so Divine a Power what must I owe,
That renders me so like the perfect You?

That conversable Thing I hate,
Already, with a just Disdain,
That prides himself upon his Prate,
And is, of Words, that Nonsense, vain:
When

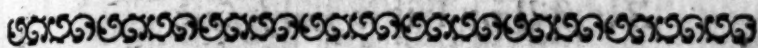
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*When in your few appears such Excellence,
As have reproach'd, and charm'd me into
Sense.*

*For ever may I listning sit,
Tho but each Hour a Word be born;
I would attend thy coming Wit,
And bless what can so well inform.
Let the dull World henceforth to Words be
damn'd;
I'm into nobler Sense than Talking sham'd.*

I believe you are so good a Lover, as to be of my Opinion; and that you will neither force your self against Nature, nor find much occasion to lavish out those excellent things that must proceed from you, whenever you speak. If all Women were like me, I should have more reason to fear your Silence than your Talk; for you have a thousand ways to charm without speaking, and those which to me shew a great deal more Concern. But, *Damon*, you know, the greatest part of my Sex judge the fine Gentleman by the Volubility of his Tongue, by his Dexterity in Repartee, and cry — *Oh! he never wants fine things to say: He's eternally talking the most surprising things.* But, *Damon*, you are well assur'd, I hope, that *Iris* is none of these Coquets; at least, if she had any spark of it once in her Nature, she is by the excellency

lency of your contrary Temper taught to know, and scorn the Folly : And take heed your Conduct never give me cause to suspect you have deceiv'd me in your Temper.



T W E L V E a-clock.

Complaisance.

Nevertheless, *Damon*, Civility requires a little Complaisance after Supper ; and I am assur'd, you can never want that, tho I confess, you are not accus'd of too general a Complaisance, and do not often make use of it to those Persons you have an Indifference for : tho one is not the less esteemable for having more of this than one ought ; and tho an excess of it be a Fault, 'tis a very excusable one. Have therefore some for those with whom you are : You may laugh with 'em, drink with 'em, dance or sing with 'em ; yet think of me. You may discourse of a thousand Indifferent things with 'em, and at the same time still think of me. If the Subject be any beautiful Lady, whom they praise, either for her Person, Wit, or Virtue, you may apply it to me : And if you dare not

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say it aloud, at least, let your Heart answer in this Language :

*Yes, the fair Object, whom you praise,
Can give us Love a thousand ways ;
Her Wit and Beauty charming are ;
But still my Iris is more fair.*

No body ever spoke before me of a faithful Lover, but still I sigh'd, and thought of *Damon* : And ever when they tell me Tales of Love, any soft, pleasing Intercourses of an Amour ; Oh ! with what Pleasures do I listen ! and with Pleasure answer 'em, either with my Eyes, or Tongue —

*That Lover may his Silvia warm,
But cannot, like my Damon, charm.*

If I have not all these excellent Qualities you meet with in those beautiful People, I am however very glad that Love prepossesses your Heart to my advantage : And I need not tell you, *Damon*, that a true Lover ought to persuade himself, that all other Objects ought to give place to her, for whom his Heart sighs — But see, my *Cupid* tells you 'tis One a-clock, and that you ought not to be longer from your Apartment ; where, while you are undressing, I will give you leave to say to your self —

The

The Regret.

*Alas! and must the Sun decline
 Before it have inform'd my Eyes
 Of all that's glorious, all that's fine,
 Of all I sigh for, all I prize?
 How joyful were those happy Days,
 When Iris spread her charming Rays,
 Did my unwearied Heart inspire
 With never-ceasing awful Fire,
 And e'ery Minute gave me new Desire!
 But now, alas! all dead and pale,
 Like Flow'rs that wither in the Shade;
 Where no kind Sun-beams can prevail,
 To raise its cold and fading Head,
 I sink into my useless Bed.
 I grasp the senseless Pillow as I lie;
 A thousand times, in vain, I sighing cry,
 Ah! wou'd to Heaven my Iris were as nigh.*



O N E a-clock.

Impossibility to sleep.

YOU have been up long enough; and
Cupid, who takes care of your Health,
 tells you, 'tis time for you to go to bed.
 Perhaps you may not sleep as soon as you
 are laid, and possibly you may pass an
 Hour

Hour in Bed, before you shut your Eyes. In this impossibility of sleeping, I think it very proper for you to imagine what I am doing where I am. Let your Fancy take a little Journey then, invisible, to observe my Actions and my Conduct. You will find me sitting alone in my Cabinet (for I am one that do not love to go to bed early) and will find me very uneasy and pensive, pleas'd with none of those things that so well entertain others. I shun all Conversation, as far as Civility will allow, and find no Satisfaction like being alone, where my Soul may, without interruption, converse with *Damon*. I sigh, and sometimes you will see my Cheeks wet with Tears, that insensibly glide down at a thousand Thoughts that present themselves soft and afflicting. I partake of all your Inquietude. On other things I think with indifference, if ever my Thoughts do stray from the more agreeable Object. I find, however, a little Sweetness in this Thought, that, during my Absence, your Heart thinks of me, when mine sighs for you. Perhaps I am mistaken, and that at the same time that you are the Entertainment of all my Thoughts, I am no more in yours; and perhaps you are thinking of those things that immortalize the Young and Brave; either by those Glories the Muses flatter you with, or that of *Bellona*, and
the

the God of War; and serving now a Monarch, whose glorious Acts in Arms has out-gone all the feign'd and real Heroes of any Age, who has, himself, out-done whatever History can produce of great and brave, and set so illustrious an Example to the Under-World, that it is not impossible, as much a Lover as you are, but you are thinking now how to render your self worthy the Glory of such a God-like Master, by projecting a thousand things of Gallantry and Danger. And tho, I confess, such Thoughts are proper for your Youth, your Quality, and the Place you have the honour to hold under our Sovereign, yet let me tell you, *Damon*, you will not be without Inquietude, if you think of either being a delicate Poet, or a brave Warrior; for *Love* will still interrupt your Glory, however you may think to divert him either by writing or fighting. And you ought to remember these Verses :

Love and Glory.

*Beneath the kind protecting Laurel's shade,
For sighing Lovers, and for Warriors made,
The soft Adonis, and rough Mars were laid.*

Both were design'd to take their Rest ;
 But Love the gentle Boy oppress,
 And false Alarms shook the stern Hero's
 Breast.

This thinks to soften all his Toils of War,
 In the dear Arms of the obliging Fair ;
 And that, by Hunting, to divert his Care.

All Day, o'er Hills and Plains, wild Beasts
 he chas'd,
 Swift as the flying Winds, his eager haste,
 In vain the God of Love pursues as fast.

But oh ! no Sports, no Toils, divertive prove,
 The Evening still returns him to the Grove,
 To sigh and languish for the Queen of Love :

Where Elegies and Sonnets he does frame,
 And to the listning Ecchoes sighs her Name,
 And on the Trees carves Records of his Flame.

The Warrior in the dusty Camp all day,
 With rattling Drums and Trumpets, does
 essay
 To fright the tender flattring God away.

But still, alas, in vain : whate'er Delight,
 What Cares he takes the wanton Boy to fright,
 Love still revenges it at night.

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'Tis then he haunts the Royal Tent,
The sleeping Hours in sighs are spent,
And all his Resolutions does prevent.

In all his pains, Love mix'd his smart ;
In every Wound he feels a Dart ;
And the soft God is trembling in his Heart.

Then he retires to shady Groves,
And there, in vain, he seeks Repose,
And strives to fly from what he cannot lose.

While thus he lay, Bellona came,
And with a gen'rous fierce Disdain,
Upbraids him with his feeble Flame.

Arise, the World's great Terror, and their
Behold the glitt'ring Host from far, (Care ;
That waits the Conduct of the God of War.

Beneath these glorious Laurels, which were
To crown the noble Victor's Head, (made
Why thus supinely art thou laid ?

Why on that Face, where awful Terror grew,
Thy Sun-parabl'd Cheeks, why do I view
The shining Tracks of falling Tears bedew ?

What God has wrought these universal Harms ?
What fatal Nymph, what fatal Charms,
Has made the Hero deaf to War's Alarms ?

*Now let the conqu'ring Ensigns up be furl'd:
Learn to be gay, be soft, and curl'd;
And idle, lose the Empire of the World.*

*In fond effeminate Delights go on;
Lose all the Glories you have won:
Bravely resolve to love, and be undone.*

*'Tis thus the martial Virgin pleads;
Thus she the am'rous God persuades
To fly from Venus, and the flow'ry Meads.*

You see here that Poets and Warriors are oftentimes in affliction, even under the Shades of their protecting Laurels; and let the Nymphs and Virgins sing what they please to their memory, under the Myrtles, and on flowery Beds, they are much better Days than in the Campaign. Nor do the Crowns of Glory surpass those of Love: The first is but an empty Name, which is now kept and lost with hazard; but Love more nobly employs a brave Soul, and all his Pleasures are solid and lasting: and when one has a worthy Object of one's Flame, Glory accompanies Love too. But go to sleep, the Hour is come; tho'tis now that your Soul ought to be entertain'd in Dreams.

T W O a-clock.

Conversation in Dreams.

I Doubt not but you will think it very bold and arbitrary, that my *Watch* should pretend to rule even your sleeping Hours, and that my *Cupid* should govern your very Dreams; which are but Thoughts disordered, in which Reason has no part; Chimera's of the Imagination, and no more. But tho my *Watch* does not pretend to Counsel unreasonable, yet you must allow it here, if not to pass the Bounds, at least to advance to the utmost Limits of it. I am assur'd, that after having thought so much of me in the Day, you will think of me also in the Night. And the first Dream my *Watch* permits you to make, is to think you are in Conversation with me.

Imagine, *Damon*, that you are talking to me of your Passion, with all the Transport of a Lover, and that I hear you with Satisfaction; that all my Looks and Blushes, while you are speaking, give you new Hopes and Assurances; that you are not indifferent to me; and that I give you

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a thousand Testimonies of my Tenderneſs,
all innocent and obliging.

While you are ſaying all that Love can
dictate, all that Wit and good Manners can
invent, and all that I wiſh to hear from
Damon, believe in this Dream, all flattering
and dear, that after having ſhewed me
the Ardour of your Flame, I confeſs to
you the bottom of my Heart, and all the
loving Secrets there; that I give you Sigh
for Sigh, Tenderneſs for Tenderneſs, Heart
for Heart, and Pleaſure for Pleaſure. And
I would have your Senſe of this Dream ſo
perfect, and your Joy ſo entire, that if it
happen you ſhould awake with the Satis-
faction of this Dream, you ſhould find your
Heart ſtill panting with the ſoft Pleaſure
of the dear deceiving Transport, and you
ſhould be ready to cry out,

*Ab! how ſweet it is to dream,
When charming Iris is the Theme!*

For ſuch, I wiſh, my *Damon*, your ſleep-
ing and your waking Thoughts ſhould ren-
der me to your Heart.





THREE a-clock.

Capricious Suffering in Dreams.

IT is but just to mix a little Chagrine with these Pleasures, a little Bitter with your Sweet; you may be cloy'd with too long an Imagination of my Favours: And I will have your Fancy in Dreams represent me to it, as the most capricious Maid in the World. I know, here you will accuse my Watch, and blame me with unnecessary Cruelty, as you will call it; but Lovers have their little Ends, their little Advantages, to pursue by Methods wholly unaccountable to all, but that Heart which contrives 'em: And as good a Lover as I believe you, you will not enter into my Design at first sight; and tho, on reasonable Thoughts, you will be satisfied with this Conduct of mine, at its first approach you will be ready to cry out —

The Request.

*Oh Iris! let my sleeping Hours be fraught
With Joys, which you deny my waking
Thought.*

H't

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*Is't not enough you absent are ?
 Is't not enough I sigh all day,
 And languish out my Life in care,
 To e'ery Passion made a Prey?
 I burn with Love, and soft Desire ;
 I rave with Jealousy and Fear :
 All day, for Ease, my Soul I tire ;
 In vain I search it e'ery where :
 It dwells not with the Witty or the Fair.*

*It is not in the Camp or Court,
 In Business, Musick, or in Sport ;
 The Plays, the Park, and Mall afford
 No more than the dull Basset-board.
 The Beauties in the Drawing-room,
 With all their Sweetness, all their Bloom,
 No more my faithful Eyes invite,
 Nor rob my Iris of a Sigh or Glance,
 Unless soft Thoughts of her incite
 A Smile, or trivial Complaisance.
 Then since my Days so anxious prove,
 Ah, cruel Tyrant ! give
 A little Loose to Joys in Love,
 And let your Damon live.*

*Let him in Dreams be happy made,
 And let his Sleep some Bliss provide :
 The nicest Maid may yield in Night's dark
 shade,
 What she so long by Day-light had deny'd.
 There let me think you present are,
 And court my Pillow for my Fair.*

There

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*There let me find you kind, and that you give
All that a Man of Honour dares receive.
And may my Eyes eternal Watches keep,
Rather than want that Pleasure when I sleep.*

Some such Complaint as this I know you will make; but, *Damon*, if the little Quarrels of Lovers render the reconciling Moments so infinitely charming, you must needs allow, that these little Chagrines in capricious Dreams must awaken you to more Joy to find 'em but Dreams, than if you had met with no disorder there. 'Tis for this reason that I would have you suffer a little Pain for a coming Pleasure; nor, indeed, is it possible for you to escape the Dreams my *Cupid* points you out. You shall dream that I have a thousand *Foibleſſes*, something of the Lightness of my Sex; that my Soul is employ'd in a thousand Vanities; that (proud and fond of Lovers) I make advances for the Glory of a Slave, without any other Interest or Design than that of being ador'd. I will give you leave to think my Heart fickle, and that, far from resigning it to any one, I lend it only for a Day, or an Hour, and take it back at pleasure; that I am a very *Coquet*, even to Impertinence.

All this I give you leave to think, and to offend me: but 'tis in sleep only that

that I permit it; for I would never pardon you the least Offence of this nature, if in any other kind than in a Dream. Nor is it enough Affliction to you to imagine me thus idly vain; but you are to pass on to a hundred more capricious Humours: as that I exact of you a hundred unjust Things; that I pretend you should break off with all your Friends, and for the future have none at all; that I will my self do those Things, which I violently condemn in you; and that I will have for others, as well as you, that tender Friendship that resembles Love, or rather Love which People call Friendship; and that I will not, after all, have you dare complain of me.

In fine, be as ingenious as you please to torment your self; and believe, that I am become unjust, ungrateful, and insensible: But were I so indeed, O *Damon*! consider your awaking Heart, and tell me, would your Love stand the proof of all these Faults in me? But know, that I would have you believe I have none of these Weaknesses, tho I am not wholly without Faults, but those will be excusable to a Lover; and this Notion I have of a perfect one:

*What'er fantastick Humours rule the Fair,
She's still the Lover's Dotage, and his Care.*

FOUR.

FOUR a-clock.

Jealousy in Dreams.

DO not think, *Damon*, to wake yet; for I design you shall yet suffer a little more: Jealousy must now possess you, that Tyrant over the Heart, that compels your very Reason, and seduces all your Good-Nature. And in this Dream you must believe that in sleeping, which you could not do me the injustice to do when awake. And here you must explain all my Actions to the utmost disadvantage: Nay, I will wish, that the force of this Jealousy may be so extreme, that it may make you languish in Grief, and be overcome with Anger.

You shall now imagine, that one of your Rivals is with me, interrupting all you say, or hindering all you would say; that I have no attention to what you say aloud to me, but that I incline mine Ear to hearken to all that he whispers to me. You shall repine, that he pursues me every where, and is eternally at your heels if you approach me; that I caress him with Sweetness in my Eyes, and that Vanity in my Heart, that possesses the Humours of almost all the Fair; that is, to believe

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believe it greatly for my Glory to have abundance of Rivals for my Lovers. I know you love me too well not to be extremely uneasy in the Company of a Rival, and to have one perpetually near me; for let him be belov'd or not by the Mistress, it must be confess'd, a Rival is a very troublesom Person. But, to afflict you to the utmost, I will have you imagine that my Eyes approve of all his Thoughts; that they flatter him with Hopes; and that I have taken away my Heart from you, to make a Present of it to this more lucky Man. You shall suffer, while possess'd with this Dream, all that a cruel Jealousy can make a tender Soul suffer.

The Torment.

*O Jealousy! thou Passion most ingrate!
Tormenting as Despair, envious as Hate!
Spightful as Witchcraft, which th' Invoker
harms;*

*Worse than the Wretch that suffers by its
Charms.*

*Thou subtil Poison in the Fancy bred,
Diffus'd thro every Vein, the Heart and
Head,*

*And over all, like wild Contagion, spread.
Thou, whose sole Property is to destroy,
Thou Opposite to Good, Antipathy to Joy;
Whose*

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*Whose Attributes are cruel Rage and Fire,
Reason debauch'd, false Sense, and mad
Desire.*

In fine, it is a Passion that ruffles all the Senses, and disorders the whole Frame of Nature. It makes one hear and see what was never spoke, and what never was in view. 'Tis the Bane of Health and Beauty, an unmannerly Intruder; and an Evil of Life worse than Death. She is a very cruel Tyrant in the Heart; she possesses and pierces it with infinite Unquiets; and we may lay it down as a certain Maxim.—

*She that wou'd rack a Lover's Heart
To the extent of Cruelty,
Must his Tranquillity pervert
To the most torturing Jealousy.*

I speak too sensibly of this Passion, not to have lov'd well enough to have been touch'd with it: And you shall be this unhappy Lover, *Damon*, during this Dream, in which nothing shall present itself to your tumultuous Thoughts, that shall not bring its Pain. You shall here pass and repass a hundred Designs that shall confound one another. In fine, *Damon*, Anger, Hatred, and Revenge, shall surround your Heart.

There

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*There they shall all together reign
With mighty Force, with mighty Pain;
In spite of Reason, in contempt of Love:
Sometimes by turns, sometimes united move.*



FIVE a-clock.

Quarrels in Dreams.

I Perceive you are not able to suffer all this Injustice, nor can I permit it any longer: and tho you commit no Crime your self, yet you believe in this Dream, that I complain of the Injuries you do my Fame; and that I am extremely angry with a Jealousy so prejudicial to my Honour. Upon this belief you accuse me of Weakness; you resolve to see me no more, and are making a thousand feeble Vows against Love. You esteem me as a false one, and resolve to cease loving the vain *Coquet*, and will say to me as a certain Friend of yours, said to his false Mistress:

The Inconstant.

*Tho, Sylvia, you are very fair,
Yet disagreeable to me;
And since you so inconstant are,
Your Beauty's damn'd with Levity.*

Your

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*Your Wit, your most offensive Arms,
For want of Judgment, wants its Charms.*

*To every Lover that is new,
All new and charming you surprize;
But when your fickle Mind they view,
They shun the danger of your Eyes.
Should you a Miracle of Beauty show,
Yet you're inconstant, and will still be so.*

*'Tis thus you will think of me: And,
in fine, Damon, during this Dream, we
are in a perpetual State of War.*

*Thus both resolve to break their Chain,
And think to do't without much Pain,
But Oh! alas! we strive in vain.*

*For Lovers, of themselves, can nothing do;
There must be the Consent of two:
You give it me, and I must give it you.*

*And if we shall never be free, till we
acquit one another, this Tye between you
and I, Damon, is likely to last as long as
we live; therefore in vain you endeavour,
but can never attain your End; and in
conclusion you will say, in thinking of me:*

*Oh! how at ease my Heart would live,
Could I renounce this Fugitive;*

This

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*This dear, but false, attracting Maid,
That has her Vows and Faith betray'd!
Reason would have it so, but Love
Dares not the dang'rous Tryal prove.*

Do not be angry then, for this afflicting
Hour is drawing to an end, and you ought
not to despair of coming into my abso-
lute Favour again.

*Then do not let your murm'ring Heart,
Against my Int'rest, take your part.
The Feud was rais'd by Dreams, all false
and vain,
And the next Sleep shall reconcile again.*



SIX a-clock.

Accommodation in Dreams.

THO the angry Lovers force them-
selves, all they can, to chase away
the troublesom Tenderneſs of the Heart,
in the height of their Quarrels, Love
ſees all their ſufferings, pities and redref-
ſes 'em: And when we begin to cool, and
a ſoft Repentance follows the Chagrine of
the Love-Quarrel, 'tis then that Love
takes the advantage of both Hearts, and
renews the charming Friendſhip more for-
cibly

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cibly than ever, puts a stop to all our Feuds, and renders the peace-making Minutes the most dear and tender part of our Life. How pleasing 'tis to see your Rage dissolve! How sweet, how soft is every Word that pleads for pardon at my Feet! 'Tis there that you tell me, your very Sufferings are over-paid, when I but assure you from my Eyes, that I will forget your Crime: And your Imagination shall here present me the most sensible of your past Pain, that you can wish; and that all my Anger being vanish'd, I give you a thousand Marks of my Faith and Gratitude; and lastly, to crown all, that we again make new Vows to one another of inviolable Peace:

*After these Debates of Love,
Lovers thousand Pleasures prove,
Which they ever think to taste,
Tho oftentimes they do not last.*

Enjoy then all the Pleasures that a Heart that is very amorous, and very tender, can enjoy. Think no more on those Inquietudes that you have suffer'd; bless Love for his Favours, and thank me for my Graces; and resolve to endure any thing, rather than enter upon any new Quarrels. And however dear the reconciling Moments are, there proceeds

a great deal of Evil from these little frequent Quarrels; and I think the best Counsel we can follow, is to avoid 'em as near as we can: And if we cannot, but that, in spite of Love and good Understanding, they should break out, we ought to make as speedy Peace as possible; for 'tis not good to grate the Heart too long, lest it grow harden'd insensibly, and lose its native Temper. A few Quarrels there must be in Love: Love cannot support it self without 'em: and, besides the Joy of an Accommodation, Love becomes by it more strongly united, and more charming. Therefore let the Lover receive this as a certain Receipt against declining Love:

Love reconcil'd.

*He that would have the Passion be
Entire between the am'rous Pair,
Let not the little Feuds of Jealousy
Be carry'd on to a Despair:
That palls the Pleasure he would raise;
The Fire that he would blow, allays.*

*When Understandings false arise,
When misinterpreted your Thought,
If false Conjectures of your Smiles and Eyes
Be up to baneful Quarrels wrought;*

Let

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*Let Love the kind Occasion take,
And straight Accommodations make.*

*The sullen Lover, long unkind,
Ill-natur'd, hard to reconcile,
Loses the Heart he had inclin'd;
Love cannot undergo long Toil;
He's soft and sweet, not born to bear
The rough Fatigues of painful War.*

SEVEN a-clock.

Divers Dreams.

BEhold, *Damon*, the last Hour of your Sleep, and of my Watch. She leaves you at Liberty now, and you may chuse your Dreams: Trust 'em to your Imagination, give a Loose to Fancy, and let it rove at will, provided, *Damon*, it be always guided by a respectful Love. For thus far I pretend to give bounds to your Imagination, and will not have it pass beyond 'em: Take heed, in sleeping, you give no ear to a flatt'ring Cupid, that will favour your slumbring Minutes with Lyes too pleasing and vain: You are discreet enough when you are awake; will you not be so in Dreams?

Damon,

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Damon, awake; my *Watch's* Course is done: after this, you cannot be ignorant of what you ought to do during my absence. I did not believe it necessary to caution you about Balls and Comedies; you know, a Lover depriv'd of his Mistress, goes seldom there. But if you cannot handsomly avoid these Diversions, I am not so unjust a Mistress, to be angry with you for it; go, if Civility, or other Duties oblige you: I will only forbid you, in consideration of me, not to be too much satisfy'd with those Pleasures; but see 'em so, as the World may have reason to say, you do not seek them, you do not make a Business or Pleasure of them; and that 'tis Complaisance, and not Inclination, that carries you thither. Seem rather negligent than concern'd at any thing there; and let every part of you say, *Iris is not here*——

I say nothing to you neither of your Duty elsewhere: I am satisfy'd you know it too well; and have too great a Veneration for your glorious Master, to neglect any part of that for even Love it self. And I very well know how much you love to be eternally near his illustrious Person; and that you scarce prefer your Mistress before him, in point of Love: In all things else, I give him leave to take place of *Iris* in the noble Heart of *Damon*.

I am satisfy'd you pass your time well now at *Windsor*, for you adore that Place; and 'tis not, indeed, without great reason: for 'tis most certainly now render'd the most glorious Palace in the Christian World. And had our late Gracious Sovereign, of blessed Memory, had no other Miracles and Wonders of his Life and Reign to have immortaliz'd his Fame (of which there shall remain a thousand to Posterity) this noble Structure alone, this Building (almost Divine) would have eterniz'd the great Name of Glorious *Charles II.* till the World moulder again to its old Confusion, its first *Chaos*. And the Painting of the famous *Varrio*, and noble Carvings of the inimitable *Gibon*, shall never die, but remain to tell succeeding Ages, that all Arts and Learning were not confin'd to antient *Rome* and *Greece*, but that *England* too could boast its mightiest Share. Nor is the Inside of this magnificent Structure, immortaliz'd with so many eternal Images of the illustrious *Charles* and *Catherine*, more to be admired than the wondrous Prospects without. The stupendous Height, on which the famous Pile is built, renders the Fields and flowry Meadows below, the Woods, the Thickets, and the winding Streams, the most delightful Object that ever Nature produc'd. Beyond all these, and far

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below, in an inviting Vale, the venerable College, an old, but noble Building, raises it self, in the midst of all the Beauties of nature, high-grown Trees, fruitful Plains, purling Rivulets, and spacious Gardens, adorn'd with all Variety of Sweets that can delight the Senses.

At farther distance yet, on an Ascent almost as high as that to the Royal Structure, you may behold the famous and noble *Clifdon* rise, a Palace erected by the illustrious Duke of *Buckingham*, who will leave this wondrous Piece of Architecture, to inform the future World of the Greatness and Delicacy of his Mind; it being for its Situation, its Prospects, and its marvellous Contrivances, one of the finest *Villa's* of the World; at least, were it finish'd as began; and would sufficiently declare the magnifick Soul of the Hero that caus'd it to be built, and contriv'd all its Fineness. And this makes up not the least part of the beautiful Prospect from the Palace Royal, while on the other side lies spread a fruitful and delightful Park and Forest well stor'd with Deer, and all that makes the prospect charming; fine Walks, Groves, distant Valleys, Downs and Hills, and all that Nature could invent, to furnish out a quiet soft Retreat for the most fair and most charming of Queens, and the most heroick, good,
and

and just of Kings: And these Groves alone are fit and worthy to divert such earthly Gods.

Nor can Heaven, Nature, or human Art contrive an Addition to this earthly Paradise, unless those great Inventers of the Age, Sir *Samuel Moreland*, or Sir *Robert Gorden*, cou'd, by the power of Engines, convey the Water so into the Park and Castle, as to furnish it with delightful Fountains, both useful and beautiful. These are only wanting, to render the Place all Perfection, and without exception.

This, *Damon*, is a long Digression from the Business of my Heart; but, you know, I am so in love with that charming Court, that when you gave me an occasion, by your being there now, only to name the Place, I could not forbear transgressing a little, in favour of its wondrous Beauty; and the rather, because I would, in recounting it, give you to understand how many fine Objects there are, besides the Ladies that adorn it, to employ your vacant Moments in; and I hope you will, without my Instructions, pass a great part of your idle time in surveying these Prospects, and give that Admiration you should pay to living Beauty, to those more venerable Monuments of everlasting Fame.

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Neither need I, *Damon*, assign you your waiting Times: your Honour, Duty, Love, and Obedience, will instruct you when to be near the Person of the King; and, I believe, you will omit no part of that Devoir. You ought to establish your Fortune and your Glory: for I am not of the mind of those critical Lovers, who believe it a very hard matter to reconcile Love and Interest, to adore a Mistress, and serve a Master at the same time. And I have heard those, who on this Subject say, *Let a Man be never so careful in these double Duties, 'tis ten to one but he loses his Fortune or his Mistress.* These are Errors that I condemn: And I know that Love and Ambition are not incompatible, but that a brave Man may preserve all his Duties to his Sovereign, and his Passion and his Respect for his Mistress. And this is my Notion of it.

Love and Ambition.

*The nobler Lover, who would prove
Uncommon in Address,
Let him Ambition join with Love;
With Glory, Tenderness:
But let the Vertues so be mixt,
That when to Love he goes,
Ambition may not come betwixt,
Nor Love his Power oppose.*

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*The vacant Hours from softer Sport,
Let him give up to Int'rest and the Court.*

*'Tis Honour shall his Bus'ness be,
And Love his noblest Play:
Those two should never disagree,
For both make either gay.
Love without Honour were too mean
For any gallant Heart;
And Honour singly, but a Dream,
Where Love must have no part.
A Flame like this you cannot fear,
Where Glory claims an equal share.*

Such a Passion, *Damon*, can never make you quit any part of your Duty to your Prince. And the Monarch you serve is so gallant a Master, that the Inclination you have to his Person obliges you to serve him, as much as your Duty; for *Damon's* loyal Soul loves the Man, and adores the Monarch: for he is certainly all that compels both, by a charming Force and Goodness, from all Mankind.

The King.

*Darling of Mars! Bellona's Care!
The second Deity of War!
Delight of Heaven, and Joy of Earth!
Born for great and wondrous things,
Destin'd at his auspicious Birth
T' out-do the num'rous Race of long-past Kings.*
H 3 *Best.*

Best Representative of Heaven,
To whom its chiefest Attributes are given!
Great, pious, stedfast, just, and brave!
To Vengeance slow, but swift to save!
Dispensing Mercy all abroad!
Soft and forgiving as a God!

Thou saving Angel who preserv'st the Land
From the just Rage of the avenging Hand;
Stopt the dire Plague, that o'er the Earth was
burl'd,

*And sheathing thy Almighty Sword;
Calm'd the wild Fears of a distracted World,
(As Heaven first made it) with a sacred Word!*

But I will stop the low Flight of my humble Muse, who when she is upon the wing, on this glorious Subject, knows no bounds. And all the World has agreed to say so much of the Vertues and Wonders of this great Monarch, that they have left me nothing new to say; tho' indeed he every day gives us new Themes of his growing Greatness, and we see nothing that equals him in our Age. Oh! how happy are we to obey his Laws; for he is the greatest of Kings, and the best of Men!

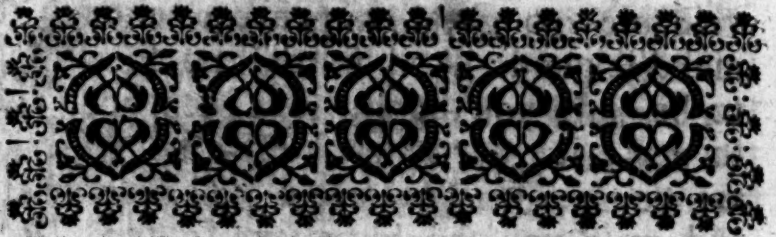
You will be very unjust, *Damon*, if you do not confess I have acquitted my self like a Maid of Honour, of all the Obligations I owe you, upon the account of the

the *Discretion* I lost to you. If it be not valuable enough, I am generous enough to make it good: And since I am so willing to be just, you ought to esteem me, and to make it your chiefest Care to preserve me yours; for I believe I shall deserve it, and wish you should believe so too. Remember me, write to me, and observe punctually all the Motions of my Watch: The more you regard it, the better you will like it; and whatever you think of it at first sight, 'tis no ill Present. The Invention is soft and gallant; and *Germany*, so celebrated for rare Watches, can produce nothing to equal this.

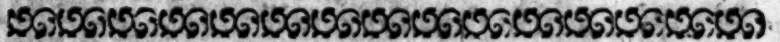
*Damon, my Watch is just and new;
And all a Lover ought to do,
My Cupid faithfully will shew.
And ev'ry Hour he renders there,
Except l' heure du Bergare.*



(176)



THE
C A S E
FOR THE
WATCH.



DAMON to IRIS.

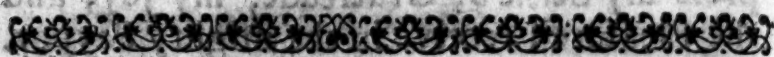


XPECT not, Oh charming
Iris! that I should chuse Words
to thank you in; (Words,
that least Part of Love, and
least the Business of the Lover)
but will say all, and every thing that a
tender Heart can dictate, to make an Ac-
knowledgment for so dear and precious a
Present, as this of your charming Watch:
while all I can say will but too dully ex-
press

press my Sense of Gratitude, my Joy, and the Pleasure I receive in the mighty Favour. I confess the Present too rich, too gay, and too magnificent for my Expectation: and tho my Love and Faith deserve it, yet my humbler Hope never durst carry me to a Wish of so great a Bliss, so great an Acknowledgment from the Maid I adore. The Materials are glorious, the Work delicate, and the Movement just, and even gives Rules to my Heart; who shall observe very exactly all that the *Cupid* remarks to me; even to the Minutes, which I will point with Sighs, tho I am obliged to 'em there but every half-hour.

You tell me, fair *Iris*, that I ought to preserve it tenderly, and yet you have sent it me without a Case. But that I may obey you justly, and keep it dear to me, as long as I live, I will give it a Case of my Fashion: It shall be delicate, and suitable to the fine Present, of such Materials too. But because I would have it perfect, I will consult your admirable Wit and Invention in an Affair of so curious a Consequence.



*The* FIGURE of *the* CASE.

I Design to give it the Figure of the Heart. Does not your *Watch*, *Iris*, rule the Heart? It was your Heart that contrived it, and 'twas your Heart you consulted in all the Management of it; and 'twas your Heart that brought it to so fine a Conclusion. The Heart never acts without Reason, and all the Heart projects, it performs with pleasure.

Your *Watch*, my lovely Maid, has explain'd to me a world of rich Secrets of Love: And where should Thoughts so sacred be stored, but in the Heart, where all the Secrets of the Soul are treasur'd up, and of which only Love alone can take a view? 'Tis thence he takes his Sighs and Tears, and all his little Flatteries and Arts to please; all his fine Thoughts, and all his mighty Raptures; nothing is so proper as the Heart to preserve it, nothing so worthy as the Heart to contain it: and it concerns my Interest too much, not to be infinitely careful of so dear a Treasure: And believe me, charming *Iris*, I will never part with it.

The Votary.

Fair Goddess of my just Desire,
Inspirer of my softest Fire!

Since you, from out the num'rous Throng
That to your Altars do belong,

To me the Sacred Myst'ry have reveal'd,
From all my Rival-Worshippers conceal'd;

And taught my Soul with heav'nly Fire,
Refin'd it from its grosser Sense,

And wrought it to a higher Excellence;
It can no more return to Earth,

Like things that thence receive their Birth:

But still aspiring, upward move,

And teach the World new Flights of Love;

New Arts of Secrecy shall learn,

And render Youth discreet in Love's Concern.

In his soft Heart, to hide the charming things
A Mistress whispers to his Ear;

And e'ery tender Sigh she brings,

Mix with his Soul, and hide it there.
To bear himself so well in Company,

That if his Mistress present be,

It may be thought by all the Fair,

Each in his Heart does claim a share;

And all are more belov'd than she.

But when with the dear Maid apart,

Then at her feet the Lover lies;

Opens his Soul, shews all his Heart,

While Joy is dancing in his Eyes.

Then

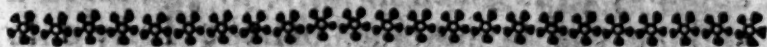
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*Then all that Honour may, or take, or give,
They both distribute, both receive.*

*'A Looker-on wou'd spoil a Lover's Joy;
For Love's a Game where only two can play.
And 'tis the hardest of Love's Mysteries,
To feign Love where it is not, hide it where
it is.*

After having told you, my lovely *Iris*, that I design to put your Watch into a Heart, I ought to shew you the Ornaments of the Case. I do intend to have 'em crown'd Cyphers: I do not mean those Crowns of Vanity, which are put indifferently on all sorts of Cyphers; no, I must have such as may distinguish mine from the rest; and may be true Emblems of what I would represent. My four Cyphers therefore shall be crown'd with these four Wreaths of Olive, Laurel, Myrtle and Roses: and the Letters that begin the Names of *Iris* and *Damon* shall compose the Cyphers; tho I must intermix some other Letters that bear another Sense, and have another Signification.





The First CYPHER.

THE first Cypher is compos'd of an I and a D, which are join'd by an L and a E; which signifies, *Love Extreme*. And 'tis but just, Oh adorable *Iris*! that Love should be mixt with our Cyphers, and that Love alone should be the Union of 'em.

Love ought alone the Mystick Knot to tie;

Love, that great Master of all Arts:

And this dear Cypher is to let you see,

Love unites Names as well as Hearts.

Without this charming Union, our Souls could not communicate those invisible Sweetnesses, which compleat the Felicity of Lovers; and which the most tender and passionate Expressions are too feeble to make us comprehend. But, my adorable *Iris*, I am contented with the vast pleasure I feel in loving well, without the care of expressing it well; if you will imagine my Pleasure, without expressing it: For I confess, 'twould be no Joy to me to adore you, if you did not perfectly believe I did adore you. Nay, tho you lov'd me, if you had no Faith in me, I should languish,
and

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and love in as much pain, as if you scorn'd ; and at the same time believe I dy'd for you : For surely, *Iris*, 'tis a greater Pleasure to please than to be pleas'd ; and the glorious Power of giving is infinitely a greater Satisfaction, than that of receiving : there is so Great and God-like a Quality in it. I would have your Belief therefore equal to my Passion, extreme ; as indeed all Love should be, or it cannot bear that Divine Name : it can pass but for an indifferent Affection. And these Cyphers ought to make the World find all the noble Force of delicate Passion : for, Oh my *Iris* ! what would Love signify, if we did not love fervently ? Sisters and Brothers love ; Friends and Relations have Affections : but where the Souls are join'd, which are fill'd with eternal soft Wishes, Oh ! there is some Excess of Pleasure, which cannot be express'd !

Your Looks, your dear obliging Words, and your charming Letters, have sufficiently persuaded me of your Tenderness ; and you might surely see the Excess of my Passion by my Cares, my Sighs, and entire Resignation to your Will. I never think of *Iris*, but my Heart feels double Flames, and pants and heaves with double Sighs ; and whose Force makes its Ardours known, by a thousand Transports : And they are very much to blame, to give the Name of Love

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Love to feeble easy Passions. Such transitory tranquil Inclinations are at best but Well-wishers to Love; and a Heart that has such Heats as those, ought not to put it self into the Rank of those nobler Victims that are offer'd at the Shrine of Love. But our Souls, *Iris*, burn with a more glorious Flame, that lights and conducts us beyond a Possibility of losing one another. 'Tis this that flatters all my Hopes; 'tis this alone makes me believe my self worthy of *Iris*: And let her judg of its Violence, by the Greatness of its Splendour.

Does not a Passion of this nature, so true, so ardent, deserve to be crown'd? And will you wonder to see, over this Cypher, a Wreath of Myrtles, those Boughs so sacred to the Queen of Love, and so worshipp'd by Lovers? 'Tis with these soft Wreaths, that those are crown'd, who understand how to love well and faithfully.

*The Smiles, the Graces, and the Sports,
That in the Secret Groves maintain their Courts,
Are with these Myrtles crown'd:*

*Thither the Nymphs their Garlands bring;
Their Beauties, and their Praises sing,
While Ecchoes do the Songs resound.*

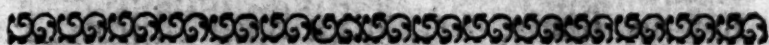
*Love, tho a God, with Myrtle Wreaths
Does his soft Temples bind;*

More

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*More valu'd are those consecrated Leaves,
Than the bright Wealth in Eastern Rocks con-
fin'd:*

*And Crowns of Glory less Ambition move,
Than those more sacred Diadems of Love.*



The Second CYPHER,

IS crown'd with Olives; and I add to the two Letters of our Names an *R* and *L*, for *Reciprocal Love*. Every time that I have given you, O lovely *Iris*, Testimonies of my Passion, I have been so blest, as to receive some from your Bounty; and you have been pleased to flatter me with a Belief, that I was not indifferent to you. I dare therefore say, that being honour'd with the Glory of your Tenderness and Care, I ought, as a Trophy of my illustrious Conquest, to adorn the Watch with a Cypher that is so advantageous to me. Ought I not to esteem my self the most fortunate and happy of Mankind, to have exchanged my Heart with so charming and admirable a Person as *Iris*? Ah! how sweet, how precious is the Change; and how vast a Glory arrives to me from it! Oh! you must not wonder if my Soul abandon it self to a thousand Extasies! In the Merchandize of Hearts, Oh, how dear it is to receive

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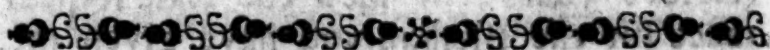
receive as much as one gives; and barter Heart for Heart! Oh! I would not receive mine again, for all the Crowns the Universe contains! Nor ought you, my Adorable, make any Vows or Wishes, ever to retrieve yours; or shew the least Repentance for the Blessing you have given me. The Exchange we made, was confirm'd by a noble Faith; and you ought to believe, you have bestow'd it well, since you are paid for it a Heart that is so conformable to yours, so true, so just, and so full of Adoration: And nothing can be the just Recompence of Love, but Love; and to enjoy the true Felicity of it, our Hearts ought to keep an equal Motion; and, like the Scales of Justice, always hang even.

'Tis the Property of Reciprocal Love, to make the Heart feel the Delicacy of Love, and to give the Lover all the Ease and Softness he can reasonably hope. Such a Love renders all things advantageous and prosperous: Such a Love triumphs over all other Pleasures. And I put a Crown of Olives over the Cypher of Reciprocal Love, to make known, that two Hearts, where Love is justly equal, enjoy a Peace that nothing can disturb.

*Olives are never fading seen;
But always flourishing, and green.*

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*The Emblem 'tis of Love and Peace;
For Love that's true, will never cease:
And Peace does Pleasure still increase.* }
*Joy to the World, the Peace of Kings imparts;
And Peace in Love distributes it to Hearts.*



The Third CYPHER.

THE C and the L, which are join'd to the Letters of our Names in this Cypher crown'd with Laurel, explains a *Constant Love*. it will not, my fair *Iris*, suffice, that my Love is extreme, my Passion violent, and my Wishes fervent, or that our Loves are reciprocal; but they ought also to be constant: for in Love, the Imagination is oftner carried to those things that may arrive, and which we wish for, than to things that Time has robbed us of. And in those agreeable Thoughts of Joys to come, the Heart takes more delight to wander, than in all those that are past; tho the Remembrance of 'em be very dear, and very charming. We should be both unjust, if we were not persuaded we are possess'd with a Vertue, the Use of which is so admirable as that of Constancy. Our Loves are not of that sort that can finish, or have an end; but such a Passion, so perfect, and so constant, that it will be a Precedent for future

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future Ages, to love perfectly; and when they would express an extreme Passion, they will say, *They lov'd, as Damon did the charming Iris.* And he that knows the Glory of constant Love, will despise those fading Passions, those little Amusements, that serve for a Day. What pleasure or dependance can one have in a Love of that sort? What concern? What Raptures can such an Amour produce in a Soul? And what Satisfaction can one promise one's self in playing with a false Gamester; who tho you are aware of him, in spite of of all your Precantion, puts the false Dice upon you, and wins all?

*Those Eyes that can no better Conquest make,
Let 'em ne'er look abroad:*

*Such, but the empty Name of Lovers take,
And so profane the God.*

*Better they never should pretend,
Than, e'er begun, to make an end.*

Of that fond Flame what shall we say,

That's born and languish'd in a Day?

Such short-liv'd Blessings cannot bring

The Pleasure of an Envying.

Who is't will celebrate that Flame,

That's damn'd to such a scanty Fame?

While constant Love the Nymphs and Swains

Still sacred make, in lasting Strains

And chearful Lays throughout the Plains.

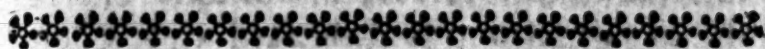
A

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*A constant Love knows no decay;
But still advancing e'ery day,
Will last as long as Life can stay.
With e'ery Look and Smile improves,
With the same Ardour always moves,
With such as Damon charming Iris loves!*

Constant Love finds it self impossible to be shaken; it resists the attacks of Envy, and a thousand Accidents that endeavour to change it: Nothing can disoblige it but a known Falseness, or Contempt: Nothing can remove it; tho for a short moment it may lie sullen and resenting, it recovers, and returns with greater Force and Joy. I therefore, with very good reason, crown this Cypher of *Constant Love* with a Wreath of *Laurel*; since such Love always triumphs over Time and Fortune, tho it be not her Property to besiege: for she cannot overcome, but in defending her self; but the Victories she gains are never the less glorious.

*For far less Conquest, we have known
The Victor wear the Laurel Crown.
The Triumph with more Pride let him receive;
While those of Love, at least, more Pleasures give.*



The Fourth CYPHER.

PERhaps, my lovely Maid, you will not find out what I mean by the S and the L, in this last Cypher, that is crown'd with Roses. I will therefore tell you, I mean *Secret Love*. There are very few People who know the Nature of that Pleasure, which so divine a Love creates: And let me say what I will of it, they must feel it themselves, who would rightly understand it, and all its ravishing Sweets. But this there is a great deal of Reason to believe, that the Secrecy in Love doubles the Pleasures of it. And I am so absolutely persuaded of this, that I believe all those Favours that are not kept secret, are dull and pall'd, very insipid and tasteless Pleasures: And let the Favours be ever so innocent that a Lover receives from a Mistress, she ought to value 'em, set a Price upon 'em, and make the Lover pay dear; while he receives 'em with difficulty, and sometimes with hazard. A Lover that is not secret, but suffers every one to count his Sighs, has at most but a feeble Passion, such as produces sudden and transitory Desires, which die as soon as born: A true Love has not this Character; for whensoever 'tis made publick, it
ceases

ceases to be a Pleasure, and is only the result of Vanity. Not that I expect our Loves should always remain a Secret: No, I should never, at that rate, arrive to a Blessing, which, above all the Glories of the Earth, I aspire to; but even then there are a thousand Joys, a thousand Pleasures that I shall be as careful to conceal from the foolish World, as if the whole Preservation of that Pleasure depended on my Silence; as indeed it does in a great measure.

To this Cypher I put a Crown of Roses, which are not Flowers of a very lasting Date. And 'tis to let you see, that 'tis impossible Love can be long hid. We see every day, with what fine Diffimulation and Pains, People conceal a thousand Hates and Malices, Disgusts, Disobligations, and Resentments, without being able to conceal the least part of their Love: but Reputation has an ardour as well as Roses; and a Lover ought to esteem that as the dearest and tenderest thing: not only that of his own, which is, indeed, the least part; but that of his Mistress, more valuable to him than Life. He ought to endeavour to give People no occasion to make false Judgments of his Actions, or to give their Censures; which most certainly are never in the favour of the fair Person: for likely, those false Censures are of the busy Female Sex, the Coquets of that number; whose little Spights and Railleries, join'd to that fancy'd

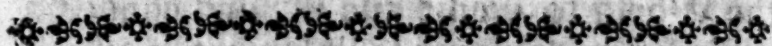
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fancy'd Wit they boast of, sets 'em at odds with all the beautiful and innocent. And how very little of that kind serves to give the World a Faith, when a thousand Vertues, told of the same Persons, by more credible Witnesses and Judges, shall pass unregarded! so willing and inclin'd is all the World to credit the ill, and condemn the good! And yet, Oh! what pity 'tis we are compell'd to live in pain, to oblige this foolish scandalous World! And tho we know each other's Vertue and Honour, we are oblig'd to observe that Caution (to humour the talking Town) which takes away so great a part of Pleasure of Life! 'Tis therefore that among those Roses, you will find some Thorns; by which you may imagine, that in Love, Precaution is necessary to its Secrecy: And we must restrain our selves, upon a thousand occasions, with so much care, that, Oh *Iris!* 'tis impossible to be discreet, without Pain; but 'tis a Pain that creates a thousand Pleasures.

*Where should a Lover hide his Joys,
Free from Malice, free from Noise;
Where no Envy can intrude;
Where no busy Rival's Spy,
Made, by Disappointment, rude,
May inform his Jealousy?
The Heart will the best Refuge prove;
Which Nature means the Cabinet of Love.*
What

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*What would a Lover not endure,
His Mistress' Fame and Honour to secure ?
Iris, the care we take to be discreet,
Is the dear Toil that makes the Pleasure sweet :
The Thorn that does the Wealth inclose,
That with less saucy Freedom we may touch the
Rose.*



The CLASP of the WATCH.

AH, charming *Iris* ? Ah, my lovely Maid ! 'tis now, in a more peculiar manner, that I require your Aid in the finishing of my Design, and compleating the whole Piece to the utmost perfection ; and without your Aid it cannot be perform'd. It is about the Clasp of the Watch ; a Material, in all appearance, the most trivial of any part of it. But that it may be safe for ever, I design it the Image, or Figure of two Hands ; that fair one of the adorable *Iris*, join'd to mine ; with this Motto, *Inviolable Faith* : For in this Case, this Heart ought to be shut up by this eternal Clasp. Oh ! there is nothing so necessary as this ! Nothing can secure Love, but Faith.

That Vertue ought to be a guard to all the Heart thinks, and all the Mouth utters : Nor can Love say he triumphs without it.

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it. And when that remains not in the Heart, all the rest deserves no regard. Oh! I have not lov'd so ill to leave one doubt upon your Soul. Why then, will you want that Faith, Oh unkind Charmer, that my Passion and my Services so justly merit?

*When two Hearts entirely love,
And in one Sphere of Honour move,
Each maintains the other's Fire,
With a Faith that is entire.
For, what heedless Youth bestows,
On a faithless Maid, his Vows?
Faith without Love, bears Virtue's Price;
But Love without her Mixture, is a Vice.*

*Love, like Religion, still should be,
In the Foundation firm and true;
In Points of Faith should still agree,
Tho Innovations vain and new,
Love's little Quarrels, may arise;
In Foundations still they're just and wise.*

*Then, charming Maid, be sure of this;
Allow me Faith, as well as Love:
Since that alone affords no Bliss,
Unless your Faith your Love improve.
Either resolve to let me die
By fairer Play, your Cruelty;
Than not your Love with Faith impart,
And with your Vows to give your Heart.
In mad Despair I'd rather fall,
Than lose my glorious Hopes of conquering all.*

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So certain it is, that Love without Faith, is of no value.

In fine, my adorable *Iris*, this Case shall be, as near as I can, like those delicate ones of *Filligrin* Work, which do not hinder the Sight from taking a View of all within: You may therefore see thro this Heart, all your Watch. Nor is my Desire of preserving this inestimable Piece more, than to make it the whole Rule of my Life and Actions. And my chiefest Design in these Cyphers, is to comprehend in them the principal Virtues that are most necessary to Love. Do not we know that Reciprocal Love is Justice? Constant Love, Fortitude? Secret Love, Prudence? Tho 'tis true that extreme Love, that is, Excess of Love, in one sense, appears not to be Temperance; yet you must know, my *Iris*, that in Matters of Love, Excess is a Virtue, and that all other Degrees of Love are worthy Scorn alone. 'Tis this alone that can make good the glorious Title: 'Tis this alone that can bear the name of Love; and this alone that renders the Lovers truly happy, in spite of all the Storms of Fate, and shocks of Fortune. This is an Antidote against all other Grievs: This bears up the Soul in all Calamity; and is the very Heaven of Life, the last Refuge of all

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all worldly Pain and Care, and may well
bear the Title of Divine.

The Art of Loving well.

*That Love may all Perfection be;
Sweet, charming to the last degree,
The Heart, where the bright Flames do dwell,
In Faith and Softness should excel:
Excess of Love should fill each Vein,
And all its sacred Rites maintain.*

*The tend'rest Thoughts Heav'n can inspire,
Should be the Fuel to its Fire:
And that, like Incense, burn as pure;
Or that in Urns should still endure.
No fond Desire should fill the Soul,
But such as Honour may controul.*

*Jealousy I will allow:
Not the amorous Winds that blow,
Should wanton in my Iris' Hair,
Or ravish Kisses from my Fair.
Not the Flowers that grow beneath,
Should borrow Sweetness of her Breath.*

*If her Bird she do caress,
How I grudge its Happiness,
When upon her snowy Hand
The Wanton does triumphing stand!*

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*Or upon her Breast she skips,
And lays her Beak to Iris' Lips!
Fainting at my ravish'd Joy,
I could the Innocent destroy.*

*If I can no Bliss afford
To a little harmless Bird,
Tell me, Oh thou dear-lov'd Maid!
What Reason could my Rage persuade,
If a Rival should invade?*

*If thy charming Eyes should dart
Looks that sally from the Heart;
If you sent a Smile, or Glance,
To another tho by Chance;
Still thou giv'st what's not thy own,
They belong to me alone.*

*All Submission I would pay:
Man was born the Fair t'obey.
Your very Look I'd understand,
And thence receive your least Command:
Never your Justice will dispute;
But like a Lover execute.*

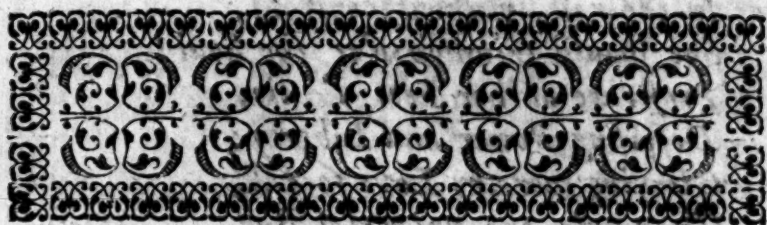
*I would no Usurper be,
But in claiming sacred Thee.
I would have all, and every part;
No Thought would hide within thy Heart.
Mine a Cabinet was made,
Where Iris' Secrets should be laid.*

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*In the rest, without controul,
She should triumph o'er the Soul!
Prostrate at her Feet I'd lie,
Despising Power and Liberty;
Glorying more by Love to fall,
Than rule the universal Ball.*

*Hear me, O you saucy Youth!
And from my Maxims learn this Truth:
Would you great and powerful prove?
Be an humble Slave to Love.
'Tis nobler far a Joy to give,
Than any Blessing to receive.*





THE
Lady's Looking-Glass,
TO
DRESS her self by,
OR, THE
ART of Charming.



OW long, Oh charming *Iris!*
shall I speak in vain of your
adorable Beauty? You have
been just, and believe I love
you with a Passion perfectly
tender and extreme, and yet you will not
allow your Charms to be infinite. You
must either accuse my Flames to be unrea-
sonable, and that my Eyes and Heart are
false Judges of Wit and Beauty; or allow
that you are the most perfect of your Sex.
But

The Lady's Looking-Glass. 199

But instead of that, you always accuse me of Flattery, when I speak of your infinite Merit; and when I refer you to your Glass, you tell me, that flatters as well as *Damon*: tho one would imagine, that should be a good Witness for the Truth of what I say, and undeceive you of the Opinion of my Injustice. Look — and confirm your self, that nothing can equal your Perfections. All the World says it, and you must doubt it no longer. Oh *Iris*! will you dispute against the whole World?

But since you have so long distrusted your own Glass, I have here presented you with one, which I know is very true; and having been made for you only, can serve only you. All other Glasses present all Objects, but this reflects only *Iris*: Whenever you consult it, it will convince you; and tell you, how much right I have done you, when I told you, you were the fairest Person that ever Nature made. When other Beauties look into it, it will speak to all the Fair Ones; but let 'em do what they will, 'twill say nothing to their advantage.

Iris, to spare what you call Flattery,

Consult your Glass each Hour of the Day:

*'Twill tell you where your Charms and Beauties
lie,*

And where your little wanton Graces play:

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*Where Love does revel in your Face and
Eyes ;*

*What Look invites your Slaves, and what
denies.*

*Where all the Loves adorn you with such Care,
Where dress your Smiles, where arm your
lovely Eyes ;*

*Where deck the flowing Tresses of your Hair :
How cause your snowy Breasts to fall and
rise.*

*How this severe Glance makes a Lover die ;
How that, more soft, gives Immortality.*

*Where you shall see what 'tis enslaves the
Soul ;*

*Where e'ery Feature, e'ery Look combines :
When the adorning Air, o'er all the whole,
To so much Wit, and so nice Virtue joins.*

*Where the Belle Taille, and Motion still
afford*

Graces to be eternally ador'd.

*But I will be silent now, and let your
Glass speak.*










T H E

Lady's Looking-Glass.

 *Amon* (Oh charming *Iris*!) has given me to you, that you may sometimes give your self the Trouble, and me the Honour of consulting me in the great and weighty Affairs of Beauty. I am, my adorable Mistress! a faithful Glass; and you ought to believe all I say to you.

The Shape of Iris.

I Must begin with your Shape, and tell you without Flattery, 'tis the finest in the World, and gives Love and Admiration to all that see you. Pray observe how free and easy it is, without Constraint, Stiffness, or Affectation; those mistaken Graces of the Fantastick, and the Formah, who give themselves pain to shew their Will to please, and whose Dressing makes the greatest part of their Fineness, when they are more oblig'd to the Taylor than to Nature; who add or diminish, as occasion serves, to form a Grace, where Heaven never gave it: And while they remain on

I s

this

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this Wreck of Pride, they are eternally uneasy, without pleasing any body. *Iris*, I have seen a Woman of your Acquaintance, who, having a greater Opinion of her own Person than any body else, has skrew'd her Body into so fine a Form (as she calls it) that she dares no more stir a Hand, lift up an Arm, or turn her Head aside, than if, for the Sin of such a Disorder, she were to be turn'd into a Pillar of Salt; the less stiff and fix'd Statue of the two. Nay, she dares not speak or smile, lest she should put her Face out of that order she had set it in her Glass, when she last look'd on her self: And is all over such a *Lady Nice* (excepting in her Conversation) that ever made a ridiculous Figure. And there are many Ladies more, but too much tainted with that nauseous Formality, that old-fashion'd Vice: But *Iris*, the charming, the all-perfect *Iris*, has nothing in her whole Form that is not free, natural, and easy; and whose every Motion cannot but please extremely; and which has not given *Damon* a thousand Rivals.

*Damon, the young, the am'rous, and the true,
Who sighs incessantly for you;
Whose whole Delight, now you are gone,
Is to retire to Shades alone,
And to the Ecchoes make his moan.*

By

The Lady's Looking-Glass. 203

*By purling Streams the wishing Youth is laid,
Still sighing Iris! lovely charming Maid!
See, in thy absence, how thy Lover dies!
While to his Sighs the Eccho still replies.*

*Then with a Stream he holds Discourse:
O thou that bend'st thy liquid Force
To lovely Thames! upon whose shore
The Maid resides whom I adore!
My Tears of Love upon thy Surface bear:
And if upon thy Banks thou seest my Fair,
In all thy softest Murmurs sing,
From Damon I this Present bring;
My e'ery Curl contains a Tear!
Then at her Feet thy Tribute pay:
But haste, O happy Stream! away;
Lest charm'd too much, thou shouldst for ever
 stay.*

*And thou, Oh gentle, murm'ring Breeze!
That plays in Air, and wantons with the Trees;
On thy young Wings, where gilded Sun-beams
 play,
To Iris my soft Sighs convey,
Still as they rise, each Minute of the Day:
But whisper gently in her Ear;
Let not the ruder Winds thy Message bear,
Nor ruffle one dear Curl of her bright Hair.
Oh! touch her Cheeks with sacred Reverence,
 And stay not gazing on her lovely Eyes!
But if thou bearst her rosy Breath from thence,
'Tis Incense of that Excellence,
That as thou mount'st, 'twill perfume all the
 Skies.*

It is's

Iris's Complexion.

SAY what you will, I am confident, if you will confess your Heart, you are, every time you view your self in me, surpriz'd at the Beauty of your Complexion; and will secretly own, you never saw any thing so fair. I am not the first Glass, by a thousand, that has assur'd you of this. If you will not believe me, ask *Damon*; he tells it you every Day, but that Truth from him offends you: and because he loves too much, you think his Judgment too little; and since this is so perfect, that must be defective. But 'tis most certain your Complexion is infinitely fine, your Skin soft and smooth as polish'd Wax, or Ivory, extremely white and clear; tho if any body speaks but of your Beauty, an agreeable Blush casts it self all over your Face, and gives you a thousand new Graces.

*And then two Flowers newly born,
Shine in your Heav'nly Face;
The Rose that blushes in the Morn,
Usurps the Lilly's place:
Sometimes the Lilly does prevail,
And makes the gen'rous Crimson pale.*

Iris's

Iris's Hair.

OH, the beautiful Hair of *Iris*! it seems as if Nature had crown'd you with a great quantity of lovely fair brown Hair, to make us know that you were born to rule, and to repair the Faults of Fortune that has not given you a Diadem: And do not bewail the want of that (so much your Merit's due) since Heaven has so gloriously recompens'd you with what gains more admiring Slaves.

*Heav'n for Sovereignty has made your Form:
And you were more than for dull Empire born;
O'er Hearts your Kingdom shall extend,
Your vast Dominion know no end.
Thither the Loves and Graces shall resort;
To Iris make their Homage, and their Court.
No envious Star, no common Fate,
Did on my Iris' Birth-day wait;
But all was happy, all was delicate.
Here Fortune would inconstant be in vain:
Iris, and Love, eternally shall reign.*

Love does not make less use of your Hair for new Conquests, than of all the rest of your Beauties that adorn you. If he takes our Hearts with your fine Eyes, it ties 'em fast with your Hair; and if it weaves a Chain, 'tis not easily broken. It is not of those sorts of Hair, whose Harshness discovers Ill-Nature; nor of those, whose

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whose Softness shews us the Weakness of the Mind; not that either of these Arguments are without exception: but 'tis such as bears the Character of a perfect Mind, and a delicate Wit; and for its Colour, the most faithful, discreet, and beautiful in the World; such as shews a Complexion and Constitution, neither so cold to be insensible, nor so hot to have too much Fire; that is, neither too white, nor too black; but such a mixture of the two Colours, as makes it the most agreeable in the World.

*'Tis that which leads those captivated Hearts,
That bleeding at your Feet do lie;
'Tis that the Obstinate converts,
That dare the Power of Love deny:
'Tis that which Damon so admires;
Damon, who often tells you so.
If from your Eyes Love takes his Fires,
'Tis with your Hair he strings his Bow:
Which touching but the feather'd Dart,
It never mist the destin'd Heart.*

Iris's Eyes.

I Believe, my fair Mistress, I shall dazzle you with the Lustre of your own Eyes. They are the finest Blue in the World: They have all the Sweetness that ever charm'd the Heart, with a certain Languishment that's irresistible; and never any look'd

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look'd on 'em, that did not sigh after 'em.
Believe me, *Iris*, they carry unavoidable
Darts and Fires; and whoever expose
themselves to their Dangers, pay for their
Imprudence.

*Gold as my solid Chrystal is,
Hard and impenetrable too;
Yet I am sensible of Bliss,
When your charming Eyes I view:
Even by me their Flames are felt;
And at each Glance I fear to melt.*

*Ah, how pleasant are my Days!
How my glorious Fate I bless!
Mortals never knew my Joys,
Nor Monarch guest my Happiness.
Every Look that's soft and gay,
It gives me every day.*

*Spight of her Virtue and her Pride,
Every Morning I am blest
With what to Damon is deny'd;
To view her when she is undrest.
All her Heaven of Beauty's shown
To triumphing Me — alone.*

*Scarce the prying Beams of Light,
Or th' impatient God of Day,
Are allow'd so near a sight,
Or dare profane her with a Ray;
When she has appear'd to me,
Like Venus rising from the Sea.*

But

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*But Oh! I must those Charms conceal,
All too divine for vulgar Eyes:
Should I my secret Joys reveal,
Of sacred Trust I break the Ties;
And Damon would with Envy die,
Who hopes one day to be as blest as I.*

Extravagant with my Joys, I have stray'd beyond my Limits; for I was telling you of the wondrous Fineness of your Eyes, which no Mortal can resist, nor any Heart stand the force of their Charms, and the most difficult Conquest they gain, scarce cost 'em the expence of a Look. They are modest and tender, chaste and languishing. There you may take a view of the whole Soul, and see Wit and Good-Nature (those two inseparable Virtues of the Mind) in an extraordinary measure. In fine, you see all that fair Eyes can produce, to make themselves ador'd. And when they are angry, they strike an irresistible Awe upon the Soul: And those Severities Damon wishes may perpetually accompany them, during their absence from him; for 'tis with such Eyes, he would have you receive all his Rivals.

*Keep, lovely Maid, the Softness in your Eyes,
To flatter Damon with another Day:
When at your Feet the ravish'd Lover lies,
Then put on all that's tender, all that's gay:
And*

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*And for the Grievs your Absence makes him
prove,*

Give him the softest, dearest Looks of Love.

His trembling Heart with sweetest Smiles caress,

And in your Eyes soft Wishes let him find ;

That your Regret of Absence may confess,

In which no Sense of Pleasure you could find :

And to restore him, let your faithful Eyes

Declare, that all his Rivals you despise.

The Mouth of Iris.

I Perceive your Modesty would impose Silence on me: But, Oh fair *Iris*! do not think to present your self before a Glass, if you would not have it tell you all your Beauties. Content your self that I only speak of 'em, *en passant*; for should I speak what I would, I should dwell all Day upon each particular, and still say something new. Give me liberty then to speak of your fine Mouth: You need only open it a little, and you will see the most delicate Teeth that ever you beheld; the whitest, and the best set. Your Lips are the finest in the World; so round, so soft, so plump, so dimpled, and of the loveliest Colour. And when you smile, Oh! what Imagination can conceive how sweet it is, that has not seen you smiling? I cannot describe what I so admire; and 'tis in vain to those who have not seen *Iris*.

Oh

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*Oh Iris! boast that one peculiar Charm,
That has so many Conquests made ;
So innocent, yet capable of harm ;
So just it self, yet has so oft betray'd :
Where a thousand Graces dwell,
And wanton round in e'ery Smile.*

*A thousand Loves do listen when you speak,
And catch each Accent as it flies :
Rich flowing Wit, whene'er you Silence break,
Flows from your Tongue, and sparkles in
Whether you talk, or silent are, (your Eyes.
Your Lips immortal Beauties wear.*

The Neck of Iris.

ALL your Modesty, all your nice Care,
cannot hide the ravishing Beauties of
your Neck ; we must see it, coy as you are ;
and see it the whitest, and finest shaped,
that ever was form'd. Oh ! why will you
cover it ? You know all handsome things
would be seen. And Oh ! how often have
you made your Lovers envy your Scarf, or
any thing that hides so fine an Object from
their sight. *Damon* himself complains of
your too nice Severity. Pray do not hide
it so carefully. See how perfectly turn'd it
is ! with small blue Veins, wandring and
ranging here and there, like little Rivu-
lets, that wanton o'er the flowry Meads !
See how the round white rising Breasts
heave with every Breath, as if they dis-
dain'd

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dain'd to be confin'd to a Covering; and
repel the malicious Cloud that would ob-
scure their Brightness!

*Fain I would have leave to tell
The Charms that on your Bosom dwell;
Describe it like some flow'ry Field,
That does ten thousand Pleasures yield;
A thousand gliding Springs and Groves;
All Receptacles for Loves:
But Oh! what Iris hides, must be
Ever sacred kept by me.*

The Arms and Hands of Iris.

I Shall not be put to much trouble to
shew you your Hands and Arms, be-
cause you may view them without my help;
and you are very unjust, if you have not
admir'd 'em a thousand times. The beau-
tiful Colour and Proportion of your Arm is
inimitable, and your Hand is dazzling,
fine, small, and plump; long-pointed
Fingers delicately turn'd; dimpled on the
snowy out-side, but adorned within with
Rose, all over the soft Palm. *Oh Iris!* no-
thing equals your fair Hand; that Hand,
of which Love so often makes such use to
draw his Bow, when he would send the
Arrow home with more Success; and
which irresistibly wounds those, who possi-
bly have not yet seen your Eyes: And
when you have been veil'd, that lovely
Hand

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Hand has gain'd you a thousand Adorers
And I have heard Damon say, *Without the*
Aid of more Beauties, that alone had been
sufficient to have made an absolute Conquest
o'er his Soul. And he has often vow'd, *It*
never touched him but it made his Blood run
with little irregular Motions in his Veins, his
Breath beat short and double, his Blushes rise,
and his very Soul dance.

Oh! how the Hand the Lover ought to prize
'Bove any one peculiar Grace,
While he is dying for the Eyes,
And doating on the lovely Face!
The Unconfid'ring little knows,
How much he to this Beauty owes.

That, when the Lover absent is,
Informs him of his Mistress' Heart;
'Tis that which gives him all his Bliss,
When dear Love-Secrets 'twill impart.
That plights the Faith the Maid bestows;
And that confirms the tim'rous Vows.

'Tis that betrays the Tenderneſs,
Which the too bashful Tongue denies:
'Tis that which does the Heart confess,
And spares the Language of the Eyes.
'Tis that which Treasure gives so vast;
Ev'n Iris 'twill to Damon give at last,

The Grace and Air of Iris.

TIS I alone, O charming Maid! that can shew you that noble part of your Beauty: That generous Air that adorns all your lovely Person, and renders every Motion and Action perfectly adorable. With what a Grace you walk! — How free, how easy, and how unaffected! See how you move! — for only here you can see it. *Damon* has told you a thousand times, that never any Mortal had so glorious an Air: but he cou'd not half describe it, nor would you credit even what he said; but with a careless Smile pass it off for the Flattery of a Lover. But here behold, and be convinc'd, and know, no part of your Beauty can charm more than this. O *Iris*! confess, Love has adorn'd you with all his Art and Care. Your Beauties are the Themes of all the Muses; who tell you in daily Songs, that the Graces themselves have not more than *Iris*. And one may truly say, that you alone know how to join the Ornaments and Dress with Beauty; and you are still adorn'd, as if that Shape and Air had a peculiar Art to make all things appear gay and fine. Oh! how well drest you are! How every thing becomes you! Never singular, never gaudy; but always suiting with your Quality.

Oh!

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*Oh! how that Negligence becomes your Air!
 That careless flowing of your Hair,
 That plays about with wanton Grace,
 With every Motion of your Face:
 Disdaining all that dull Formality,
 That dares not move the Lip, or Eye,
 But at some fancy'd Grace's cost;
 And think, with it, at least, a Lover lost.
 But the unlucky Minute to reclaim,
 And ease the Coquet of her Pain,
 The Pocket-Glass adjusts the Face again:
 Re-sets the Mouth, and languishes the Eyes;
 And thinks, the Spark that ogles that way--dies.*

*Of Iris learn, Oh ye mistaken Fair!
 To dress your Face, your Smiles, your Air:
 Let easy Nature all the Bus'ness do,
 She can the softer Graces shew;
 Which Art but turns to ridicule, (Fool.
 And where there's none serves but to shew the
 In Iris you all Graces find;
 Charms without Art, a Motion unconfin'd;
 Without Constraint, she smiles, she looks, she
 talks;
 And without Affectation, moves and walks.
 Beauties so perfect ne'er were seen:
 O ye mistaken Fair! Dress ye by Iris' Mein.*

The Discretion of Iris.

BUT, O *Iris!* the Beauties of the Body
 are imperfect, if the Beauties of the
 Soul do not advance themselves to an equal
 height.

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height. But, O *Iris*! what Mortal is there so damn'd to Malice, that does not, with Adoration, confess, that you, O charming Maid, have an equal Portion of all the Braveries and Vertues of the Mind? And, who is it, that confesses your Beauty, that does not at the same time acknowledge and bow to your Wisdom? The whole World admire both in you; and all with impatience ask, Which of the two is most surprizing, your Beauty, or your Discretion? But we dispute in vain on that excellent Subject; for after all, 'tis determin'd, that the two Charms are equal. 'Tis none of those idle Discretions that consists in Words alone, and ever takes the Shadow of Reason for the Substance; and that makes use of all the little Artifices of Subtlety, and florid Talking, to make the out-side of the Argument appear fine, and leave the in-side wholly mis-understood; who runs away with Words, and never thinks of Sense. But you, O lovely Maid! never make use of these affected Arts; but without being too brisk or too severe, too silent or too talkative, you inspire in all your Hearers a Joy, and a Respect. Your Soul is an Enemy to that usual Vice of your Sex, of using little Arguments against the Fair; or, by a Word or Jest, making yourself and Hearers pleasant at the expence of the Fame of others.

Your

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Your Heart is an Enemy to all Passions, but that of Love. And this is one of your noble Maxims, *That every one ought to love, in some part of his Life; and that in a Heart truly brave, Love is without Folly: That Wisdom is a Friend to Love, and Love to perfect Wisdom.* Since these Maxims are your own, do not, O charming *Iris!* resist that noble Passion: And since *Damon* is the most tender of all your Lovers, answer his Passion with a noble Ardour. Your Prudence never fails in the choice of your Friends; and in chusing so well your Lover, you will stand an eternal Precedent to all unreasonable Fair Ones.

*O thou that dost excel in Wit and Youth!
Be still a Precedent for Love and Youth.
Let the dull World say what it will,
A noble Flame's unblameable.*

*Where a fine Sent'ment and soft Passion rules,
They scorn the Censure of the Fools.*

*Yield Iris then; Oh, yield to Love!
Redeem your dying Slave from Pain;
The World your Conduct must approve:
Your Prudence never acts in vain.*

The Goodness and Complaisance of Iris.

WHO but your Lovers, fair *Iris!* doubts but you are the most complaisant Person in the World; and that with so much Sweetness you oblige all, that
you

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you command in yielding: And as you gain the Heart of both Sexes, with the Affability of your noble Temper; so all are proud and vain of obliging you. And, *Iris*, you may live assur'd, that your Empire is eternally established by your Beauty and your Goodness: Your Power is confirm'd, and you grow in Strength every minute: Your Goodness gets you Friends, and your Beauty Lovers.

This Goodness is not one of those, whose Folly renders it easy to every Desirer; but a pure Effect of the Generosity of your Soul; such as Prudence alone manages, according to the Merit of the Person to whom it is extended: and those whom you esteem, receive the sweet Marks of it, and only your Lovers complain; yet even then you charm. And tho sometimes you can be a little disturb'd, yet thro your Anger your Goodness shines; and you are but too much afraid, that that may bear a false Interpretation: For oftentimes Scandal makes that pass for an Effect of Love, which is purely that of Complaisance.

Never had any body more Tenderness for their Friends, than *Iris*: Their Presence gives her Joy, their Absence Trouble; and when she cannot see them, she finds no Pleasure like speaking of them obligingly. Friendship reigns in your Heart, and Sincerity on your Tongue. Your Friendship is so strong, so constant, and so

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tender, that it charms, pleases, and satisfies all, that are not your Adorers. *Damon* therefore is excusable, if he be not contented with your noble Friendship alone ; for he is the most tender of that number.

*No ! give me all, th' impatient Lover cries ;
Without your Soul I cannot live :
'Dull Friendship cannot mine suffice,
That dies for all you have to give.
The Smiles, the Vows, the Heart must all be
mine ;
'I cannot spare one Thought, or Wish of
thine.*

*'I sigh, I languish all the day ;
Each Minute ushers in my Groans :
To ev'ry God in vain I pray ;
In ev'ry Grove repeat my Moans.
Still Iris' Charms are all my Sorrows Themes !
They pain me waking, and they rack in
Dreams.*

*Return, fair Iris ! Oh, return !
Lest sighing long your Slave destroys.
I wish, I rave, I faint, I burn ;
Restore me quickly all my Joys :
Your Mercy else will come too late ;
Distance in Love more cruel is than Hate.*

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The Wit of Iris.

YOU are deceiv'd in me, fair *Iris*, if you take me for one of those ordinary Glasses, that represent the Beauty only of the Body; I remark to you also the Beauties of the Soul: And all about you declares yours the finest that ever was formed; that you have a Wit that surprises, and is always new: 'Tis none of those that loses its Lustre when one considers it; the more we examine yours, the more adorable we find it. You say nothing that is not at once agreeable and solid; 'tis always quick and ready, without Impertinence, that little Vanity of the Fair: who, when they know they have Wit, rarely manage it so, as not to abound in talking; and think, that all they say must please, because luckily they sometimes chance to do so. But *Iris* never speaks, but 'tis of use; and gives a Pleasure to all that hear her: She has the perfect Art of penetrating, even the most secret Thoughts. How often have you known, without being told, all that has past in *Damon's* Heart? For all great Wits are Prophets too.

*Tell me; Oh, tell me! Charming Prophetess;
For you alone can tell my Love's Success.*

*The Lines in my dejected Face,
I fear, will lead you to no kind Result:*

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It is your own that you must trace;
 Those of your Heart you must consult.
 'Tis there my Fortune I must learn,
 And all that Damon does concern.

I tell you that I love a Maid,
 As bright as Heav'n, of Angel-hue;
 The softest Nature ever made,
 Whom I with Sighs and Vows pursue.
 Oh, tell me charming Prophetess!
 Shall I this lovely Maid possess?

A thousand Rivals do obstruct my way;
 A thousand Fears they do create:
 They throng about her all the day,
 Whilst I at awful Distance wait.
 Say, will the lovely Maid so fickle prove,
 To give my Rivals Hope, as well as Love?
 She has a thousand Charms of Wit,
 With all the Beauty Heav'n e'er gave:
 Oh! let her not make use of it,
 To flatter me into the Slave.
 Oh! tell me truth, to ease my Pain;
 Say rather, I shall die by her Disdain.

The Modesty of Iris.

I Perceive, fair *Iris*, you have a mind to
 tell me, I have entertain'd you too
 long with a Discourse on your self. I
 know your Modesty makes this Declara-
 tion an Offence; and you suffer me, with
 pain, to unveil those Treasures you would
 bide. Your Modesty, that so commenda-
 ble

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ble a Vertue in the Fair, and so peculiar to you, is here a little too severe. Did I flatter you, you should blush: Did I seek, by praising you, to shew an Art of speaking finely, you might chide. But O *Iris*, I say nothing but such plain Truths, as all the World can witness are so: And so far I am from Flattery, that I seek no Ornament of Words. Why do you take such care to conceal your Vertues? They have too much Lustre, not to be seen, in spite of all your Modesty: Your Wit, your Youth, and Reason, oppose themselves against this dull Obstructor of our Happiness. Abate, O *Iris*, a little of this Vertue, since you have so many others to defend your self against the Attacks of your Adorers. You your self have the least opinion of your own Charms: and being the only Person in the World, that is not in love with 'em, you hate to pass whole Hours before your *Looking-Glass*; and to pass your time, like most of the idle Fair, in dressing, and setting off those Beauties, which need so little Art. You more wise, disdain to give those Hours to the Fatigue of Dressing, which you know so well how to employ a thousand ways. The Muses have blest you, above your Sex; and you know how to gain a Conquest with your Pen more absolutely than all the industrious Fair, who trust to Dress and Equipage.

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I have a thousand things to tell you more, but willingly resign my Place to *Damon*, that faithful Lover; he will speak more ardently than I: For let a Glass use all its Force, yet, when it speaks its best, it speaks but coldly.

If my Glass, O charming *Iris*, have the good fortune (which I could never entirely boast) to be believ'd, 'twill serve at least to convince you I have not been so guilty of Flattery, as I have a thousand times been charg'd. Since then my Passion is equal to your Beauty (without comparison, or end) believe, O lovely Maid! how I sigh in your absence; and be persuaded to lessen my Pain, and restore me to my Joys: for there is no Torment so great, as the Absence of a Lover from his Mistress; of which this is the Idea.

The Effects of Absence from what we love.

*Thou one continu'd Sigh! all over Pain!
 Eternal Wish! but Wish, alas, in vain!
 Thou languishing, impatient Hoper on;
 A busy Toiler, and yet still undone!
 A breaking Glimpse of distant Day,
 Inticing on, and leading more astray!
 Thou Joy in Prospect, future Bliss extreme;
 Never to be possess'd, but in a Dream!
 Thou fab'lous Goddess, which the ravish'd Boy
 In happy Slumbers proudly did enjoy;
 But waking, found an airy Cloud he prest;
 His Arms came empty to his panting Breast
 Thou*

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*Thou Shade, that only haun'st the Soul by night;
And when thou should'st inform thou fly'st the
Sight :*

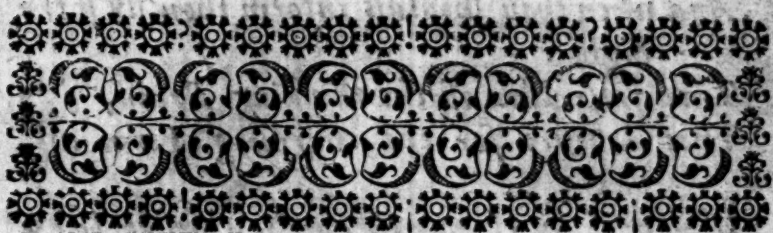
*Thou false Idea of the thinking Brain,
That labours for the charming Form in
vain;*

*Which if by chance it catch, thou'rt lost
again.*



K 4

THE



T H E
LUCKY MISTAKE:

A N E W
N O V E L.



THE River *Loyre* has on its delightful Banks abundance of handiome, beautiful and rich Towns and Villages, to which the noble Stream adds no small Graces and Advantages, blessing their Fields with Plenty, and their Eyes with a thousand Diversions. In one of these happily situated Towns, called *Orleans*, where abundance of People of the best Quality and Condition reside, there was a rich Nobleman, now retir'd from the busy Court, where in his Youth he had been bred, weary'd with the Toils of Ceremony and Noise, to enjoy that perfect Tranquillity of Life, which is no where to be found but in Retreat,





a faithful Friend, and a good Library; and, as the admirable *Horace* says, in a little House and a large Garden. Count *Bellyaurd*, for so was this Nobleman call'd, was of this opinion; and the rather, because he had one only Son, called *Rinaldo*, now grown to the Age of fifteen, who having all the excellent Qualities and Graces of Youth by Nature, he would bring him up in all Vertues and noble Sciences, which he believ'd the Gayety and Lustre of the Court might divert: he therefore in his retirement spar'd no Cost to those that could instruct and accomplish him; and he had the best Tutors and Masters that could be purchased at Court: *Bellyaurd* making far less Account of Riches than of fine Parts. He found his Son capable of all Impressions, having a Wit suitable to his delicate Person, so that he was the sole Joy of his Life, and the Darling of his Eyes.

In the very next House, which join'd close to that of *Bellyaurd's*, there lived another Count, who had in his Youth been banished the Court of *France* for some Misunderstandings in some high Affairs wherein he was concern'd: his Name was *de Pais*, a Man of great Birth, but of no Fortune; or at least one not suitable to the Grandeur of his Original. And as it is most natural for great Souls to be most proud (if I may call a handsom Disdain

by that vulgar Name) when they are most depress'd; so *de Pais* was more retir'd, more estrang'd from his Neighbours, and kept a greater distance, than if he had enjoy'd all he had lost at Court; and took more Solemnity and State upon him, because he would not be subject to the Reproaches of the World, by making himself familiar with it: So that he rarely visited; and, contrary to the custom of those in *France*, who are easy of Access, and free of Conversation, he kept his Family retir'd so close, that 'twas rare to see any of them; and when they went abroad, which was but seldom, they wanted nothing as to outward appearance, that was fit for his Quality, and what was much above his condition.

This old Count had two only Daughters, of exceeding Beauty, who gave the generous Father ten thousand Torments, as often as he beheld them, when he consider'd their extreme Beauty, their fine Wit, their Innocence, Modesty, and above all their Birth; and that he had not a Fortune to marry them according to their Quality; and below it, he had rather see them laid in their silent Graves, than consent to it: for he scorn'd the World should see him forced by his Poverty to commit an Action below his Dignity.

There lived in a neighbouring Town, a certain Nobleman, Friend to *de Pais*, call'd
Co unt

Count *Vernole*, a Man of about forty years of Age, of low Stature, Complexion very black and swarthy, lean, lame, extreme proud and haughty; extracted of a Descent from the Blood-Royal; not extremely brave, but very glorious: he had no very great Estate, but was in election of a greater, and of an Addition of Honour from the King, his Father having done most worthy Services against the *Hugonots*, and by the high Favour of Cardinal *Mazarine*, was represented to his Majesty, as a Man related to the Crown, of great Name, but small Estate: so that there were now nothing but great Expectations and Preparations in the Family of Count *Vernole* to go to the Court, to which he daily hoped an Invitation or Command.

Vernole's Fortune being hitherto something a-kin to that of *de Pais*, there was a greater Correspondency between these two Gentlemen, than they had with any other Persons; they accounting themselves above the rest of the World, believed none so proper and fit for their Conversation, as that of each other: so that there was a very particular Intimacy between them. Whenever they went abroad, they clubb'd their Train, to make one great Show; and were always together, bemoaning each other's Fortune, that from so high a Descent, as one from Monarchs by the Mother's side, and the other from Dukes of the

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the Father's side, they were reduc'd by Fate to the degree of private Gentlemen. They would often consult how to manage Affairs most to advantage, and often *De Pais* would ask Counsel of *Vernole*, how best he should dispose of his Daughters, which now were about their ninth Year the eldest, and eighth the youngest. *Vernole* had often seen those two Buds of Beauty, and already saw opening in *Atlante's* Face and Mind (for that was the Name of the eldest, and *Charlot* the youngest) a Glory of Wit and Beauty, which could not but one day display it self, with dazling Lustre, to the wondring World.

Vernole was a great Virtuoso, of a Humour nice, delicate, critical and opinionative: he had nothing of the *French* Mien in him, but all the Gravity of the Don. His ill-favour'd Person, and his low Estate, put him out of humour with the World; and because that should not upbraid or reproach his Follies and Defects, he was sure to be before-hand with that, and to be always satirick upon it; and lov'd to live and act contrary to the Custom and Usage of all Mankind besides.

He was infinitely delighted to find a Man of his own Humour in *De Pais*, or at least a Man that would be perswaded to like his so well, to live up to it; and it was no little Joy and Satisfaction to him to find, that he kept his Daughters in
that

that Severity, which was wholly agreeable to him, and so contrary to the Manner and Fashion of the *French* Quality; who allow all Freedoms, which to *Vernole's* rigid Nature, seem'd as so many Steps to Vice, and in his Opinion, the Ruiner of all Vertue and Honour in Womankind. *De Pais* was extremely glad his Conduct was so well interpreted, which was no other in him than a proud Frugality; who, because they could not appear in so much Gallantry as their Quality required, kept 'em retir'd, and unseen to all, but his particular Friends, of which *Vernole* was the chief.

Vernole never appear'd before *Atlante* (which was seldom) but he assum'd a Gravity and Respect fit to have entertain'd a Maid of Twenty, or rather a Matron of much greater Years and Judgment. His Discourses were always of Matters of State or Philosophy; and sometimes when *De Pais* would (laughing) say, *He might as well entertain Atlante with Greek and Hebrew*, he would reply gravely, *You are mistaken, Sir, I find the Seeds of great and profound Matter in the Soul of this young Maid, which ought to be nourish'd now while she is young, and they will grow up to very great perfection: I find Atlante capable of the noble Vertues of the Mind, and am infinitely mistaken in my Observations, and Art of Physiognomy, if Atlante be not born for greater Things.*

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Things than her Fortune does now promise: She will be very considerable in the World, (believe me) and this will arrive to her perfectly from the Force of her Charms. *De Pais* was extremely overjoy'd to hear such Good prophesied of *Atlante*, and from that time set a sort of an Esteem upon her, which he did not on *Charlot* his younger; who, by the Persuasions of *Vernole*, he resolv'd to put in a Monastery, that what he had might descend to *Atlante*: not but he confess'd *Charlot* had Beauty extremely attractive, and a Wit that promised much, when it should be cultivated by Years and Experience; and would shew it self with great Advantage and Lustre in a Monastery. All this pleased *De Pais* very well, who was easily persuaded, since he had not a Fortune to marry her well in the World.

As yet *Vernole* had never spoke to *Atlante* of Love, nor did his Gravity think it Prudence to discover his Heart to so young a Maid; he waited her more sensible Years, when he could hope to have some return. And all he expected from this her tender Age, was by his daily Converse with her, and the Presents he made her suitable to her Years, to ingratiate himself insensibly into her Friendship and Esteem, since she was not yet capable of Love; but even in that he mistook his Aim, for every day he grew more and more disagreeable to *Atlante*, and would have been her absolute Aversion,

Aversion, had she known she had every day entertained a Lover: but as she grew in Years and Sense, he seemed the more despicable in her Eyes as to his Person; yet as she had respect to his Parts and Qualities, she paid him all the Complaisance she could, and which was due to him, and so must be confess'd. Tho he had a stiff Formality in all he said and did, yet he had Wit and Learning, and was a great Philosopher. As much of his Learning as *Atlante* was capable of attaining to, he made her Mistress of, and that was no small Portion; for all his Discourse was fine and easily comprehended, his Notions of Philosophy fit for Ladies; and he took greater pains with *Atlante*, than any Master would have done with a Scholar: so that it was most certain, he added very great Accomplishment to her natural Wit; and the more, because she took a great Delight in Philosophy; which very often made her impatient of his coming, especially when she had many Questions to ask him concerning it, and she would often receive him with a Pleasure in her Face, which he did not fail to interpret to his own advantage, being very apt to flatter himself. Her Sister *Charlot* would often ask her, *How she could give whole Afternoons to so disagreeable a Man.* What is it (said she) that charms you so? his tawny Leather-Face, his extraordinary high Nose, his wide Mouth and Eye-Brows, that

that hang lowring over his Eyes, his lean Carcase, and his lame and halting Hips? But *Atlante* would discreetly reply, If I must grant all you say of Count Vernole to be true, yet he has a Wit and Learning that will atone sufficiently for all those Faults you mention: A fine Soul is infinitely to be preferr'd to a fine Body; this decays, but that's eternal; and Age that ruins one, refines the other. Tho possibly *Atlante* thought as ill of the Count as her Sister, yet in respect to him, she would not own it.

Atlante was now arriv'd to her thirteenth Year, when her Beauty, which every day increas'd, became the Discourse of the whole Town, which had already gain'd her as many Lovers as had beheld her; for none saw her without languishing for her, or at least, but what were in very great admiration of her. Every body talk'd of the young *Atlante*, and all the Noblemen, who had Sons (knowing the Smallness of her Fortune, and the Lustre of her Beauty) would send them, for fear of their being charm'd with her Beauty, either to some other part of the World, or exhorted them, by way of Precaution, to keep out of her sight. Old *Bellyaurd* was one of those wise Parents; and timely Prevention, as he thought, of *Rinaldo's* falling in love with *Atlante*, perhaps was the occasion of his being so: He had before heard of *Atlante*, and of her Beauty, yet it had made

no

no Impressions on his Heart ; but his Father no sooner forbid him Loving, than he felt a new Desire tormenting him, of seeing this lovely and dangerous young Person : he wonders at his unaccountable Pain, which daily sollicitis him within, to go where he may behold this Beauty ; of whom he frames a thousand Ideas, all such as were most agreeable to him ; but then upbraids his Fancy for not forming her half so delicate as she was ; and longs yet more to see her, to know how near she approaches to the Picture he has drawn of her in his Mind : and tho he knew she liv'd the next House to him, yet he knew also she was kept within like a vow'd *Nun*, or with the Severity of a *Spaniard*. And tho he had a Chamber, which had a jutting Window, that look'd just upon the Door of Monsieur *De Pais*, and that he would watch many hours at a time, in hope to see them go out, yet he could never get a Glimpse of her ; yet he heard she often frequented the Church of our *Lady*. Thither then young *Rinaldo* resolv'd to go, and did so two or three Mornings ; in which time, to his unspeakable Grief, he saw no Beauty appear that charm'd him ; and yet he fancy'd that *Atlante* was there, and that he had seen her ; that some one of those young Ladies that he saw in the Church was she, tho he had no body to enquire of, and that she was not so fair as the World reported ;

reported; for which he would often sigh, as if he had lost some great Expectation. However, he ceased not to frequent this Church, and one day saw a young Beauty, who at first glimpse made his Heart leap to his Mouth, and fell trembling again into its wonted place; for it immediately told him, that that young Maid was *Atlante*: she was with her Sister *Charlot*, who was very handsome, but not comparable to *Atlante*. He fix'd his Eyes upon her as she kneel'd at the Altar; he never moved from that charming Face as long as she remain'd there; he forgot all Devotion, but what he paid to her; he ador'd her, he burnt and languish'd already for her, and found he must possess *Atlante* or die. Often as he gaz'd upon her, he saw her fair Eyes lifted up towards his, where they often met; which she perceiving, would cast hers down into her Bosom, or on her Book, and blush as if she had done a Fault. *Charlot* perceiv'd all the Motions of *Rinaldo*, how he folded his Arms, how he sigh'd and gaz'd on her Sister; she took notice of his Clothes, his Garniture, and every particular of his Dress, as young Girls use to do; and seeing him so very handsome, and so much better dress'd than all the young Cavaliers that were in the Church, she was very much pleas'd with him; and could not forbear saying, in a low Voice, to *Atlante*,
Look, look my Sister, what a pretty Monsieur yonder

yonder is! see how fine his Face is, how delicate his Hair, how gallant his Dress! and do but look how he gazes on you! This would make *Atlante* blush anew, who durst not raise her Eyes for fear she should encounter his. While he had the pleasure to imagine they were talking of him, and he saw in the pretty Face of *Charlar*, that what she said was not to his disadvantage, and by the Blushes of *Atlante*, that she was not displeas'd with what was spoken to her; he perceiv'd the young one importunate with her; and *Atlante* jogging her with her Elbow, as much as to say, Hold your Peace: all this he made a kind Interpretation of, and was transported with Joy at the good Omens. He was willing to flatter his new Flame, and to compliment his young Desire with a little Hope; but the divine Ceremony ceasing, *Atlante* left the Church, and it being very fair Weather, she walk'd home. *Rinaldo*, who saw her going, felt all the Agonies of a Lover, who parts with all that can make him happy; and seeing only *Atlante* attended with her Sister, and a Footman following with their Books, he was a thousand times about to speak to 'em; but he no sooner advanc'd a step or two towards 'em to that purpose (for he followed them) but his Heart fail'd, and a certain Awe and Reverence, or rather the Fears and Tremblings of a Lover, prevented him: but when he consider'd, that
possibly

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possibly he might never have so favourable an Opportunity again, he resolv'd a-new, and call'd up so much Courage to his Heart, as to speak to *Atlante*; but before he did so, *Charlot* looking behind her, saw *Rinaldo* very near to 'em, and cry'd out with a Voice of Joy, ' Oh! Sister, Sister! look where ' the handsome *Monsieur* is, just behind us! ' sure he is some-body of Quality, for see ' he has two Footmen that follow him, in ' just such Liveries, and so rich as those of ' our Neighbour *Monsieur Bellyaurd*.' At this *Atlante* could not forbear, but before she was aware of it, turn'd her Head, and look'd on *Rinaldo*; which encourag'd him to advance, and putting off his Hat, which he clapt under his Arm, with a low Bow, said, *Ladies, you are slenderly attended, and so many Accidents arrive to the Fair in the rude Streets, that I humbly implore you will permit me, whose duty it is as a Neighbour, to wait on you to your Door. Sir, (said Atlante blushing) we fear no Insolence, and need no Protector; or if we did, we should not be so rude to take you out of your way, to serve us. Madam, (said he) my Way lies yours. I live at the next door, and am Son to Bellyaurd, your Neighbour. But, Madam, (added he) if I were to go all my Life out of the way, to do you Service, I should take it for the greatest Happiness that could arrive to me; but, Madam, sure a Man can never be out of his way, who has the Honour of so charming*
Company.

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Company. Atlante made no reply to this, but blush'd and bow'd: But Charlot said, Nay, Sir, if you are our Neighbour, we will give you leave to conduct us home; but pray, Sir, how came you to know we are your Neighbours? for we never saw you before, to our knowledge. My pretty Miss, (reply'd Rinaldo) I knew it from that transcendent Beauty that appear'd in your Faces, and fine Shapes; for I have heard, there was no Beauty in the World like that of Atlante's; and I no sooner saw her, but my Heart told me it was she. Heart! (said Charlot laughing) why, do Hearts use to speak? The most intelligible of any thing, (Rinaldo reply'd) when 'tis tenderly touch'd, when 'tis charm'd and transported. At these words he sigh'd, and Atlante, to his extreme Satisfaction, blush'd. Touch'd, charm'd, and transported, (said Charlot) what's that? And how do you do to have it be all these things? For I would give any thing in the World to have my Heart speak. Oh! (said Rinaldo) your Heart is too young, it is not yet arrived to the Years of speaking; about thirteen or fourteen, it may possibly be saying a thousand soft things to you; but it must be first inspir'd by some noble Object, whose Idea it must retain. What (reply'd this pretty Pratler) I'll warrant I must be in Love? Yes, (said Rinaldo) most passionately, or you will have but little Conversation with your Heart. Oh! (reply'd she) I am afraid the Pleasure of such a Conversation, will not
make

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make me amends for the Pain that Love will give me. That (said Rinaldo) is according as the Object is kind, and as you hope; if he love, and you hope, you will have double Pleasure: And in this, how great an advantage have fair Ladies above us Men! 'Tis almost impossible for you to love in vain, you have your Choice of a thousand Hearts, which you have subdu'd, and may not only chuse your Slaves, but be assur'd of 'em; without speaking, you are belov'd, it needs not cost you a Sigh or a Tear: But unhappy Man is often design'd to give his Heart, where it is not regarded, to sigh, to weep, and languish, without any hope of Pity. You speak so feelingly, Sir, (said Charlot) that I am afraid this is your Case. Yes, Madam, (reply'd Rinaldo, sighing) I am that unhappy Man. Indeed it is pity, (said she.) Pray, how long have you been so? Ever since I heard of the charming Atlante, (reply'd he, sighing again) I ador'd her Character; but now I have seen her, I die for her. For me, Sir! (said Atlante, who had not yet spoke) this is the common Compliment of all the young Men, who pretend to be Lovers; and if one should pity all those Sighers, we should have but very little left for our selves. I believe (said Rinaldo) there are none that tell you so, who do not mean as they say: Yet among all those Adorers, and those who say they will die for you, you will find none will be so good as their Words but Rinaldo. Perhaps (said Atlante) of all those who tell
me

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me of dying, there are none that tell me of it with so little reason as Rinaldo, if that be your Name, Sir. Madam, it is, (said he) and who am transported with an unspeakable Joy, to hear those last Words from your fair Mouth: and let me, Oh lovely Atlante! assure you, that what I have said, are not Words of course, but proceed from a Heart that has vow'd it self eternally yours, even before I had the Happiness to behold this divine Person; but now that my Eyes have made good all my Heart before imagin'd, and did but hope, I swear I will die a thousand Deaths, rather than violate what I have said to you; that I adore you; that my Soul, and all my Faculties, are charm'd with your Beauty and Innocence, and that my Life and Fortune, not inconsiderable, shall be laid at your feet. This he spoke with a Fervency of Passion, that left her no doubt of what he had said; yet she blush'd for shame, and was a little angry at her self, for suffering him to say so much to her, the very first time she saw him, and accused her self for giving him any Encouragement: And in this Confusion she replied, ' Sir, you have said
' too much to be believ'd; and I cannot
' imagine so short an Acquaintance can
' make so considerable an Impression; of
' which Confession I accuse my self much
' more than you, in that I did not only
' hearken to what you said, without for-
' bidding you to entertain me at that rate,
' but for unheedly speaking something,
' that

‘ that has encourag’d this Boldness : for so
‘ I must call it, in a Man so great a stranger
‘ to me. Madam (*said he*) if I have of-
‘ fended by the suddenness of my presump-
‘ tuous Discovery, I beseech you to consi-
‘ der my Reasons for it, the few Opportu-
‘ nities I am like to have, and the Impof-
‘ sibility of waiting on you, both from the
‘ Severity of your Father and mine ; who,
‘ e’er I saw you, warn’d me of my Fate,
‘ as if he foresaw I should fall in love, as
‘ soon as I should chance to see you ; and
‘ for that reason has kept me closer to my
‘ Studies, than hitherto I have been. And
‘ from that time I began to feel a Flame,
‘ which was kindled by Report alone, and
‘ the Description my Father gave of your
‘ wondrous and dangerous Beauty : There-
‘ fore, Madam, I have not suddenly told
‘ you of my Passion. I have been long your
‘ Lover, and have long languish’d without
‘ telling of my Pain ; and you ought to
‘ pardon it now, since it is done with all
‘ the Respect and religious Awe, that ’tis
‘ possible for a Heart to deliver and unload
‘ it self in ; therefore, Madam, if you
‘ have by chance uttered any thing, that I
‘ have taken advantage or hope from, I
‘ assure you ’tis so small, that you have no
‘ reason to repent it ; but rather, if you
‘ would have me live, send me not from
‘ you, without a Confirmation of that lit-
‘ tle Hope. See, Madam, (*said he, more*
‘ *earnestly*

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‘ earnestly and trembling) see we are almost
‘ arriv’d at our Homes, send me not to
‘ mine in a despair that I cannot support
‘ with Life; but tell me, I shall be bless’d
‘ with your Sight, sometimes in your Bal-
‘ cony, which is very near to a jetting
‘ Window in our House, from whence I
‘ have sent many a longing Look towards
‘ yours, in hope to have seen my Soul’s
‘ Tormenter.’ ‘ I shall be very unwilling
‘ (*said she*) to enter into an Intrigue of
‘ Love or Friendship with a Man, whose
‘ Parents will be averse to my Happiness,
‘ and possibly mine as refractory, tho they
‘ cannot but know such an Alliance would
‘ be very considerable, my Fortune not be-
‘ ing suitable to yours: I tell you this, that
‘ you may withdraw in time from an En-
‘ gagement, in which I find there will be
‘ a great many Obstacles. ‘ Oh! Madam,
‘ (*reply’d Rinaldo, sighing*) if my Person be
‘ not disagreeable to you, you will have
‘ no occasion to fear the rest; ’tis that I
‘ dread, and that which is all my fear.’
He, sighing, beheld her with a languishing
Look, that told her, he expected her an-
swer; when she reply’d, ‘ Sir, if that will
‘ be Satisfaction enough for you at this
‘ time, I do assure you, I have no aversion
‘ for your Person, in which I find more to
‘ be valu’d, than in any I have yet seen;
‘ and if what you say be real, and proceed
‘ from a Heart truly affected, I find, in
Vol. II. L spite

‘ spite of me, you will oblige me to give
‘ you hope.’

They were come so near their own Houses, that he had not time to return her any answer; but with a low Bow he acknowledg’d her Bounty, and express’d the Joy her last Words had given him, by a Look that made her understand he was charm’d and pleas’d: and she bowing to him with an Air of Satisfaction in her Face, he was well assur’d, there was nothing to be seen so lovely as she then appear’d, and left her to go into her own House: but till she was out of sight, he had not power to stir, and then sighing, retired to his own Apartment, to think over all that had past between them. He found nothing but what gave him a thousand Joys, in all she had said; and he blest this happy Day, and wondred how his Stars came so kind, to make him in one hour at once see *Atlante*, and have the happiness to know from her Mouth, that he was not disagreeable to her: Yet with this Satisfaction, he had a thousand Thoughts mix’d which were tormenting, and those were the fear of their Parents; he foresaw from what his Father had said to him already, that it would be difficult to draw him to a consent of his Marriage with *Atlante*. These Joys and Fears were his Companions all the Night, in which he took but little rest. Nor was

Atlante

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Atlante without her Inquietudes: She found *Rinaldo* more in her Thoughts than she wish'd, and a sudden change of Humour, that made her know something was the matter with her more than usual; she calls to mind *Rinaldo's* speaking of the Conversation with his Heart, and found hers would be tattling to her, if she would give way to it; and yet the more she strove to avoid it, the more it importun'd her, and in spite of all her Resistance, would tell her, that *Rinaldo* had a thousand Charms: It tells her, that he loves and adores her, and that she would be the most cruel of her Sex, should she not be sensible of his Passion. She finds a thousand Graces in his Person and Conversation, and as many Advantages in his Fortune, which was one of the most considerable in all those Parts; for his Estate exceeded that of the most Noble Men in *Orleans*, and she imagines she should be the most fortunate of all Womankind in such a Match. With these Thoughts she employ'd all the Hours of the night; so that she lay so long in Bed the next day, that Count *Vernole*, who had invited himself to Dinner, came before she had quitted her Chamber, and she was forc'd to say, she had not been well. He had brought her a very fine Book, newly come out, of delicate Philosophy, fit for the Study of Ladies. But he appear'd so disagreeable to

that Heart, wholly taken up with a new and fine Object, that she could now hardly pay him that Civility she was wont to do; while on the other side that little State and Pride *Atlante* assum'd, made her appear the more charming to him: so that if *Atlante* had no mind to begin a new Lesson of Philosophy, while she fancied her Thoughts were much better employ'd, the Count every moment expressing his Tenderness and Passion, had as little an Inclination to instruct her, as she had to be instructed: Love had taught her a new Lesson, and he would fain teach her a new Lesson of Love, but fears it will be a diminishing his Gravity and Grandeur, to open the Secrets of his Heart to so young a Maid; he therefore thinks it more agreeable to his Quality and Years, being about Forty, to use her Father's Authority in this Affair, and that it was sufficient for him to declare himself to Monsieur *De Pais*, who he knew would be proud of the Honour he did him some time past, before he could be persuaded even to declare himself to her Father: he fancies the little Coldness and Pride he saw in *Atlante's* Face, which was not usual, proceeded from some Discovery of Passion, which his Eyes had made, or now and then a Sigh, that unawares broke forth; and accuses himself of a Levity below his Quality, and the Dignity of his Wit and Gravity; and therefore assumes a more rigid and formal

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mal Behaviour than he was wont, which rendred him yet more disagreeable than before; and 'twas with greater pain than ever, she gave him that Respect which was due to his Quality.

Rinaldo, after a restless Night, was up very early in the Morning; and tho he was not certain of seeing his adorable *Atlante*, he dress'd himself with all that care, as if he had been to have waited on her, and got himself into the Window, that overlook'd Monsieur *De Pais*'s Balcony, where he had not remain'd long, before he saw the pretty *Charlot* come into it, not with any design of seeing *Rinaldo*, but to look and gaze about her a little. *Rinaldo* saw her, and made her a very low Reverence, and found some disorder'd Joy on the sight of even *Charlot*, since she was Sister to *Atlante*. He call'd to her, (for the Window was so near her, he could easily be heard by her) and told her, *He was infinitely indebted to her Bounty, for giving him an opportunity yesterday of falling on that Discourse, which had made him the happiest Man in the World: He said, If she had not by her agreeable Conversation encourag'd him, and drawn him from one Word to another, he should never have had the Confidence to have told Atlante, how much he ador'd her. I am very glad,* (replyed *Charlot*) *that I was the occasion of the beginning of an Amour, which was displeasing to neither one nor the other; for I as-*

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sure you for your Comfort, my Sister nothing but thinks on you: We lie together, and you have taught her already to sigh so, that I could not sleep for her. At this his Face was cover'd over with a rising Joy, which his Heart could not contain: And after some Discourse, in which this innocent Girl discovered more than *Atlante* wish'd she should, he besought her to become his Advocate; and since she had no Brother, to give him leave to assume that Honour, and call her Sister. Thus, by degrees, he flatter'd her into a consent of carrying a Letter from him to *Atlante*; which she, who believ'd all as innocent as her self, and being not forbid to do so, immediately consented to; when he took his Pen and Ink, that stood in the Window, with Paper, and wrote *Atlante* this following Letter:

Rinaldo to Atlante.

IF my Fate be so severe, as to deny me the Happiness of sighing out my Pain and Passion daily at your Feet, if there be any Faith in the Hope you were pleased to give me (as 'twere a Sin to doubt) Oh charming *Atlante*! suffer me not to languish, both without beholding you, and without the Blessing of now and then a Billet, in answer to those that shall daily assure you of my eternal Faith and Vows; 'tis all I ask, till Fortune, and our Affairs, shall allow me the unspeakable Satisfaction

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faction of claiming you: yet, if your Charity can sometimes afford me a sight of you, either from your Balcony in the Evening, or at a Church in the Morning, it would save me from that Despair and Torment, which must possess a Heart so unassur'd, as that of

Your Eternal Adorer,

Rin. Bellyaurd.

He having writ and seal'd this, toss'd it into the Balcony to *Charlot*, having first look'd about to see if none perceiv'd them. She put it in her Bosom, and ran into her Sister, whom by chance she found alone; *Vernole* having taken *De Pais* into the Garden, to discourse him concerning the sending *Charlot* to the Monastery, which Work he desir'd to see perform'd, before he declar'd his Intentions to *Atlante*: for among all his other good Qualities, he was very avaritious; and as fair as *Atlante* was, he thought she would be much fairer with the Addition of *Charlot*'s Portion. This Affair of his with Monsieur *De Pais*, gave *Charlot* an opportunity of delivering her Letter to her Sister; who no sooner drew it from her Bosom, but *Atlante*'s Face was covered over with Blushes: For she imagin'd from whence it came, and had a secret Joy in that Imagination, tho she thought she must put on the Severity and Niceness of a Virgin, who would not

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be thought to have surrendered her Heart with so small an Assault, and the first too. So she demanded from whence *Charlot* had that Letter? Who replied with Joy, *From the fine young Gentleman, our Neighbour.* At which *Atlante* assum'd all the Gravity she could, to chide her Sister; who replied, *Well, Sister, had you this day seen him, you would not have been angry to have receiv'd a Letter from him; he look'd so handsome, and was so richly dress'd, ten times finer than he was yesterday; and I promis'd him you should read it: therefore, pray let me keep my Word with him; and not only so, but carry him an Answer.* *Well* (said *Atlante*) *to save your Credit with Monsieur Rinaldo, I will read it:* Which she did, and finish'd with a Sigh. While she was reading, *Charlot* ran into the Garden, to see if they were not likely to be surpriz'd; and finding the Count and her Father set in an Arbour, in deep Discourse, she brought Pen, Ink, and Paper to her Sister, and told her, she might write without the fear of being disturbed: and urged her so long to what was enough her Inclination, that she at last obtained this Answer.

Atlante to Rinaldo.

C*Harlot, your little importunate Advocate, has at last subdued me to a Consent of returning you this. She has put me on an Affair with which I am wholly unacquainted; and you ought*

ought to take this very kindly from me, since it is the very first time I ever writ to one of your Sex, tho perhaps I might with less danger have done it to any other Man. I tremble while I write, since I dread a Correspondence of this nature, which may insensibly draw us into an inconvenience, and engage me beyond the Limits of that Nicety I ought to preserve: For this way we venture to say a thousand little kind things, which in Conversation we dare not do; for now none can see us blush. I am sensible I shall this way put myself too soon into your power; and tho you have abundance of Merit, I ought to be ashamed of confessing, I am but too sensible of it: — But hold. — I shall discover for your Repose (which I would preserve) too much of the Heart of Atlante.

She gave this Letter to Charlot; who immediately ran into the Balcony with it, where she still found Rinaldo in a melancholy posture, leaning his Head on his Hand: She shewed him the Letter, but was afraid to toss it to him, for fear it might fall to the Ground; so he ran and fetched a long Cane, which he cleft at one end, and held it while she put the Letter into the Cleft, and staid not to hear what he said to it. But never was Man so transported with Joy, as he was at the reading of this Letter; it gives him new Wounds; for to the Generous, nothing obliges Love so much as Love: tho it is

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now too much the nature of that inconstant Sex, to cease to love as soon as they are sure of the Conquest. But it was far different with our Cavalier; he was the more inflamed, by imagining he had made some Impressions on the Heart of *Atlante*, and kindled some Sparks there, that in time might increase to something more; so that he now resolves to die hers: and considering all the Obstacles that may possibly hinder his Happiness, he found none but his Father's Obstinacy, perhaps occasioned by the Meanness of *Atlante's* Fortune. To this he urged again, that he was his only Son, and a Son whom he loved equal to his own Life; and that certainly, as soon as he should behold him dying for *Atlante*, which if he were forc'd to quit her he must be, he then believed the Tenderness of so fond a Parent would break forth into Pity, and plead within for his Consent. These were the Thoughts that flatter'd this young Lover all the day; and whether he were riding the great Horse, or at his Study of Philosophy, or Mathematicks, Singing, Dancing, or whatsoever other Exercise his Tutors ordered, his Thoughts were continually on *Atlante*. And now he profited no more, whatever he seem'd to do: every day he fail'd not to write to her by the Hand of the kind *Charlot*; who, young as she was, had conceived a great Friendship for *Rinaldo*, and fail'd not to fetch her Letters, and bring
him

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him Answers, such as he wish'd to receive: But all this did not satisfy our impatient Lover; Absence kill'd, and he was no longer able to support himself, without a sight of this adorable Maid; he therefore implores, she will give him that Satisfaction: And she at last grants it, with a better Will than he imagin'd. The next day was the appointed time, when she would, under pretence of going to Church, give him an Assignment: And because all publick Places were dangerous, and might make a great noise, and they had no private Place to trust to, *Rinaldo*, under pretence of going up the River in his Pleasure-Boat, which he often did, sent to have it made ready by the next day at ten of the clock. This was accordingly done, and he gave *Atlante* notice of his Design of going an Hour or two on the River in his Boat, which lay near to such a Place, not far from the Church. She and *Charlot* came thither: and because they durst not come out without a Footman or two, they taking one, sent him with a *How-do-ye* to some young Ladies, and told him, he should find them at Church: So getting rid of their Spy, they hastened to the Riverside, and found a Boat and *Rinaldo*, waiting to carry them on board his little Vessel, which was richly adorn'd, and a very handsome Collation ready for them, of cold Meats, Sallads and Sweetmeats.

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As soon as they were come into the Pleasure Boat, unseen of any, he kneel'd at the feet of *Atlante*, and there utter'd so many passionate and tender things to her with a Voice so trembling and soft, with Eyes so languishing, and a Fervency and a Fire so sincere, that her young Heart, wholly incapable of Artifice, could no longer resist such Language, and such Looks of Love; she grows tender, and he perceives it in her fine Eyes, who could not dissemble; he reads her Heart in her Looks, and found it yielding apace; and therefore assaults it anew, with fresh Forces of Sighs and Tears: He implores she would assure him of her Heart, which she could no otherway do, than by yielding to marry him: He would carry her to the next Village, there consummate that Happiness, without which he was able to live no longer; for he had a thousand Fears, that some other Lover was, or would suddenly be provided for her; and therefore he would make sure of her, while he had this Opportunity: and to that end, he answer'd all the Objections she could make to the contrary. But ever, when he nam'd Marriage, she trembled, with fear of doing something that she fancy'd she ought not to do without the consent of her Father. She was sensible of the Advantage, but had been so us'd to a strict Obedience, that she could not without Horror think of violating it; and therefore besought him,

him, as he valu'd her Repose, not to urge her to that: And told him further, That if he fear'd any Rival, she would give him what other Assurance and Satisfaction he pleas'd, but that of Marriage; which she could not consent to, till she knew such an Alliance would not be fatal to him: for she fear'd as passionately as he lov'd her, when he should find she had occasion'd him the loss of his Fortune, or his Father's Affection, he would grow to hate her. Tho he answer'd to this all that a fond Lover could urge, yet she was resolv'd, and he forc'd to content himself with obliging her by his Prayers and Protestations, his Sighs and Tears, to a Contract, which they solemnly made each other, vowing on either side, they would never marry any other. This being solemnly concluded, he assum'd a Look more gay and contented than before: He presented her a very rich Ring, which she durst not put on her Finger, but hid it in her Bosom. And beholding each other now as Man and Wife, she suffer'd him all the decent Freedoms he could wish to take; so that the Hours of this Voyage seem'd the most soft and charming of his Life: and doubtless they were so; every Touch of *Atlante* transported him, every Look pierc'd his Soul, and he was all Raptures of Joy, when he consider'd this charming lovely Maid was his own.

Charlot all this while was gazing above-

bove-deck, admiring the Motion of the little Vessel, and how easily the Wind and Tide bore her up the River. She had never been in any thing of this kind before, and was very well pleas'd and entertain'd, when *Rinaldo* call'd her down to eat; where they enjoy'd themselves, as well as was possible: and *Charlot* was wondering to see such a Content in their Eyes.

But now they thought it was high time for them to return; they fancy the Footman missing them at Church, would go home and alarm their Father, and the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance, as *Charlot* call'd Count *Vernole*, whose Severity put their Father on a greater Restriction of them, than naturally he would do of himself. At the Name of this Count, *Rinaldo* chang'd Colour, fearing he might be some Rival; and asked *Atlante*, if this *Vernole* was a-kin to her? She answer'd no; but was a very great Friend to her Father, and one who from their Infancy had had a particular Concern for their Breeding, and was her Master for Philosophy. *Ah!* (reply'd *Rinaldo*, sighing) *this Man's Concern must proceed from something more than Friendship for her Father; and therefore conjur'd her to tell him, whether he was not a Lover: A Lover!* (reply'd *Atlante*) *I assure you, he is a perfect Antidote against that Passion: And tho she suffer'd his ugly Presence now, she should loath and hate him, should he but name Love to her.* She

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She said, she believed she need not fear any such Persecution, since he was a Man who was not at all amorous; that he had too much of the Satire in his Humour, to harbour any Softness there: and Nature had form'd his Body to his Mind, wholly unfit for Love. And that he might set his Heart absolutely at rest, she assur'd him her Father had never yet propos'd any Marriage to her, tho many advantageous ones were offer'd him every day.

The Sails being turned to carry them back from whence they came; after having discoursed of a thousand things, and all of Love and Contrivance, to carry on their mutual Design, they with Sighs parted; *Rinaldo* staying behind in the Pleasure-Boat, and they going a-shore in the Wherry that attended: after which he cast many an amorous and sad Look, and perhaps was answer'd by those of *Atlante*.

It was past Church-time two or three Hours, when they arrived at home, wholly unprepar'd with an Excuse, so absolutely was *Atlante's* Soul possess'd with softer Business. The first Person they met was the Footman, who open'd the Door, and began to cry out how long he had waited in the Church, and how in vain; without giving them time to reply. *De Pais* came towards 'em, and with a frowning Look demanded where they had been? *Atlante*, who was not accusom'd to Excuses and Untruth, was a while at a stand;

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stand ; when *Charlot* with a Voice of Joy cry'd out, *Oh Sir ! we have been a-board of a fine little Ship :* At this *Atlante* blush'd, fearing she would tell the truth. But she proceeded on, and said, that they had not been above a Quarter of an Hour at Church, when the Lady —, with some other Ladies and Cavaliers, were going out of the Church, and that spying them, they would needs have 'em go with 'em : My Sister, Sir, continu'd she, was very loth to go, for fear you should be angry ; but my Lady — was so importunate with her on one side, and I on the other, because I never saw a little Ship in my Life, that at last we prevail'd with her : therefore, good Sir, be not angry. He promised them he was not. And when they came in, they found Count *Vernote*, who had been inspiring *de Pais* with Severity, and counsell'd him to chide the young Ladies, for being too long absent, under pretence of going to their Devotion. Nor was it enough for him to set the Father on, but himself with a Gravity, where Concern and Malice were both apparent, reproach'd *Atlante* with Levity ; and told her, He believed she had some other Motive than the Invitation of a Lady, to go on ship-board ; and that she had too many Lovers, not to make them doubt that this was a design'd thing ; and that she had heard Love from some one, for whom it was design'd. To this she made but a short

Reply,

Reply, That if it was so, she had no reason to conceal it, since she had Sense enough to look after herself; and if any body had made love to her, he might be assur'd, it was some one whose Quality and Merit deserved to be heard: and with a Look of Scorn, she pass'd on to another Room, and left him silently raging within with Jealousy: Which, if before she tormented him, this Declaration increas'd it to a pitch not to be conceal'd. And this Day he said so much to the Father, that he resolv'd forthwith to send *Charlot* to a Nunnery: and accordingly the next day he bid her prepare to go. *Charlot*, who was not yet arriv'd to the Years of Distinction, did not much regret it; and having no Trouble but leaving her Sister, she prepar'd to go to a Nunnery, not many Streets from that where she dwelt. The Lady Abbess was her Father's Kinswoman, and had treated her very well, as often as she came to visit her: so that with Satisfaction enough, she was condemn'd to a monastick Life, and was now going for her Probation-Year. *Atlante* was troubled at her departure, because she had no body to bring and to carry Letters between *Rinaldo* and she: however, she took her leave of her, and promis'd to come and see her as often as she should be permitted to go abroad; for she fear'd now some Constraint

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extraordinary would be put upon her ; and so it happened.

Atlante's Chamber was that to which the Balcony belong'd ; and tho she durst not appear there in the day-time, she could in the night, and that way give her Lover as many Hours of Conversation as she pleased, without being perceiv'd : But how to give *Rinaldo* notice of this, she could not tell ; who not knowing *Charlot* was gone to a Monastery, waited many days at his Window to see her : at last, they neither of them knowing who to trust with any Message, one day, when he was, as usual, upon his watch, he saw *Atlante* step into the Balcony, who having a Letter, in which she had put a piece of Lead, she tost it into his Window, whose Casement was open, and run in again unperceived by any but himself. The Paper contain'd only this :

My Chamber is that which looks into the Balcony ; from whence, tho I cannot converse with you in the day, I can at night, when I am retired to go to bed : therefore be at your Window. Farewel.

There needed no more to make him a diligent Watcher : and accordingly she was no sooner retired to her Chamber, but she would come into the Balcony, where she fail'd not to see him attending at his Window. This happy Contrivance was thus carry'd

carry'd on for many nights, where they entertain'd one another with all the Endearment that two Hearts could dictate, who were perfectly united and assur'd of each other; and this pleasing Conversation would often last till Day appear'd, and forced them to part.

But old *Bellyaurd* perceiving his Son frequent that Chamber more than usual, fancy'd something extraordinary must be the Cause of it; and one night asking for his Son, his Valet told him, he was gone into the great Chamber, so this was called: *Bellyaurd* asked the Valet what he did there; he told him he could not tell; for often he had lighted him thither, and that his Master would take the Candle from him at the Chamber-Door, and suffer him to go no farther. Tho the old Gentleman could not imagine what Affairs he could have alone every night in that Chamber, he had a Curiosity to see: and one unlucky night, putting off his Shoes, he came to the Door of the Chamber, which was open; he enter'd softly, and saw the Candle set in the Chimney, and his Son at a great open Bay-Window: he stopt awhile to wait when he would turn, but finding him unmoveable, he advanced something farther, and at last heard the soft Dialogue of Love between him and *Atlante*, whom he knew to be she, by his often calling her by her Name in their Discourse. He heard enough to confirm

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confirm him how Matters went; and unseen as he came, he returned, full of Indignation, and thought how to prevent so great an Evil, as this Passion of his Son might produce: at first he thought to round him severely in the Ear about it, and upbraid him for doing the only thing he had thought fit to forbid him; but then he thought that would but terrify him for awhile, and he would return again, where he had so great an Inclination, if he were near her; he therefore resolves to send him to *Paris*, that by absence he might forget the young Beauty that had charm'd his Youth. Therefore, without letting *Rinaldo* know the Reason, and without taking notice that he knew any thing of his Amour, he came to him one day, and told him all the Masters he had for the improving him in noble Sciences were very dull, or very remiss; and that he resolved he should go for a Year or two to the Academy at *Paris*. To this the Son made a thousand Evasions; but the Father was positive, and not to be persuaded by all his Reasons: And finding he should absolutely displease him if he refus'd to go, and not daring to tell him the dear Cause of his Desire to remain at *Orleans*, he therefore, with a breaking Heart, consents to go, nay, resolves it, tho it should be his Death. But alas! he considers that this parting will not only prove the greatest Torment upon Earth to him,

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him, but that *Atlante* will share in his Misfortunes also: This Thought gives him a double Torment, and yet he finds no way to evade it.

The Night that finished this fatal Day, he goes again to his wonted Station, the Window; where he had not sigh'd very long, but he saw *Atlante* enter the Balcony: He was not able a great while to speak to her, or to utter one Word. The Night was light enough to see him at the wonted Place; and she admires at his Silence, and demands the Reason in such obliging Terms as adds to his Grief; and he, with a deep Sigh, reply'd, *Urge me not, my fair Atlante, to speak, lest by obeying you I give you more cause of Grief than my Silence is capable of doing*: and then sighing again, he held his peace, and gave her leave to ask the Cause of these last Words. But when he made no reply but by sighing, she imagin'd it much worse than indeed it was; and with a trembling and fainting Voice, she cried, *Oh! Rinaldo, give me leave to divine that cruel News you are so unwilling to tell me? It is so*, added she, *you are destin'd to some more fortunate Maid than Atlante*. At this Tears stopp'd her Speech, and she could utter no more. *No, my dearest Charmer* (reply'd *Rinaldo*, elevating his Voice) *if that were all, you should see with what Fortitude I would die, rather than obey any such Commands. I am vow'd yours to the last Moment of my Life;*
and

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and will be yours in spite of all the Opposition in the World : that Cruelty I could evade, but cannot this that threatens me. Ah! (cried Atlante) let Fate do her worst, so she still continue Rinaldo mine, and keep that Faith he hath sworn to me entire : What can she do beside that can afflict me? She can separate me (cried he) for some time from Atlante. Oh! (reply'd she) all Misfortunes fall so below that which I first imagined, that methinks I do not resent this, as I should otherwise have done : but I know, when I have a little more consider'd it, I shall even die with the Grief of it ; Absence being so great an Enemy to Love, and making us soon forget the Object belov'd : This, tho I never experienc'd, I have heard, and fear it may be my Fate. He then convinc'd her Fear with a thousand new Vows, and a thousand Imprecations of Constancy. She then asked him, If their Loves were discover'd, that he was with such haste to depart? He told her, Nothing of that was the Cause ; and he could almost wish it were discover'd, since he could resolutely then refuse to go : but it was only to cultivate his Mind more effectually than he could do here ; 'twas the Care of his Father to accomplish him the more ; and therefore he could not contradict it. But (said he) I am not sent where Seas shall part us, nor vast Distances of Earth, but to Paris, from whence he might come in two Days to see her again ; and that he would expect from that Balcony, that had given him so many happy Moments,

Moments, many more when he should come to see her. He besought her to send him away with all the Satisfaction she could, which she could no otherwise do, than by giving him new Assurances that she would never give away that Right he had in her to any other Lover: She vows this with innumerable Tears; and is almost angry with him for questioning her Faith. He tells her he has but one Night more to stay, and his Grief would be unspeakable, if he should not be able to take a better leave of her, than at a Window; and that, if she would give him leave, he would by a Rope or two, tied together, so as it may serve for Steps, ascend her Balcony; he not having time to provide a Ladder of Ropes. She tells him she has so great a Confidence in his Vertue and Love, that she will refuse him nothing, tho it would be a very bold Venture for a Maid, to trust her self with a passionate young Man, in silence of Night: and tho she did not extort a Vow from him to secure her, she expected he would have a care of her Honour. He swore to her, his Love was too religious for so base an Attempt. There needed not many Vows to confirm her Faith; and it was agreed on between them, that he should come the next night into her Chamber.

It happen'd that night, as it often did, that Count *Vernole* lay with Monsieur de
Pais,

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Pais, which was in a Ground-Room, just under that of *Atlante's*. As soon as she knew all were in bed, she gave the word to *Rinaldo*, who was attending with the Impatience of a passionate Lover below, under the Window; and who no sooner heard the Balcony open, but he ascended with some difficulty, and enter'd the Chamber, where he found *Atlante* trembling with Joy and Fear: He throws himself at her feet, as unable to speak as she; who nothing but blushed and bent down her Eyes, hardly daring to glance them towards the dear Object of her Desires, the Lord of all her Vows: She was asham'd to see a Man in her Chamber, where yet none had ever been alone, and by night too. He saw her Fear, and felt her trembling; and after a thousand Sighs of Love had made way for Speech, he besought her to fear nothing from him, for his Flame was too sacred, and his Passion too holy to offer any thing but what Honour with Love might afford him. At last he brought her to some Courage, and the Roses of her fair Cheeks assum'd their wonted Colour, not blushing too red, nor languishing too pale. But when the Conversation began between them, it was the softest in the world: They said all that parting Lovers could say; all that Wit and Tenderness could express: They exchanged their Vows anew; and to confirm his, he tied a Bracelet of Diamonds about

about her Arm, and she returned him one of her Hair, which he had long begged, and she had on purpose made, which clasped together with Diamonds; this she put about his Arm, and he swore to carry it to his Grave. The Night was far spent in tender Vows, soft Sighs and Tears on both sides, and it was high time to part: but, as if Death had been to have arrived to them in that minute, they both linger'd away the time, like Lovers who had forgot themselves; and the Day was near approaching when he bid farewell, which he repeated very often: for still he was interrupted by some commanding Softness from *Atlante*, and then lost all his Power of going; till she, more courageous and careful of his Interest and her own Fame, forc'd him from her: and it was happy she did, for he was no sooner got over the Balcony, and she had flung him down his Rope, and shut the Door, but *Vernole*, whom Love and Contrivance kept waking, fancy'd several times he heard a noise in *Atlante's* Chamber. And whether in passing over the Balcony, *Rinaldo* made any noise or not, or whether it were still his jealous Fancy, he came up in his Night-Gown, with a Pistol in his Hand. *Atlante* was not so much lost in Grief, tho she were all in Tears, but she heard a Man come up, and imagin'd it had been her Father, she not knowing of Count *Vernole's* lying in the

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House that Night; if she had, she possibly had taken more care to have been silent: but whoever it was, she could not get to bed soon enough, and therefore turn'd herself to her Dressing-Table, where a Candle stood, and where lay a Book open of the Story of *Ariadne* and *Theseus*. The Count turning the Latch, enter'd halting into her Chamber in his Night-Gown clapped close about him, which betray'd an ill-favour'd Shape, his Night-Cap on, without a Perriwig, which discover'd all his lean wither'd Jaws, his pale Face, and his Eyes staring; and made altogether so dreadful a Figure, that *Atlante*, who no more dreamt of him than of a Devil, had possibly have rather seen the last. She gave a great Shriek, which frighted *Vernole*; so both stood for a while staring on each other, till both were recollected: He told her the Care of her Honour had brought him thither; and then rolling his small Eyes round the Chamber, to see if he could discover any body, he proceeded, and cry'd, *Madam, if I had no other Motive than your being up at this time of Night, or rather of Day, I could easily guess how you have been entertain'd. What Insolence is this* (said she, all in a rage) *when to cover your Boldness of approaching my Chamber at this Hour, you would question how I have been entertain'd! Either explain your self, or quit my Chamber; for I do not use to see such terrible Objects here.*

Possibly

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Possibly those you do see (said the Count) are indeed more agreeable, but I am afraid have not that regard to your Honour as I have: And at that word he stepped to the Balcony, open'd it, and looked out; but seeing no body, he shut it to again. This enraged *Atlante* beyond all patience; and snatching the Pistol out of his Hand, she told him, *He deserved to have it aimed at his Head, for having the Impudence to question her Honour, or her Conduct; and commanded him to avoid her Chamber as he lov'd his Life, which she believ'd he was fonder of than of her Honour.* She speaking this in a Tone wholly transported with Rage, and at the same time holding the Pistol towards him, made him tremble with Fear; and he now found, whether she were guilty or not, it was his turn to beg pardon: For you must know, however it came to pass that his Jealousy made him come up in that fierce posture, at other times *Vernole* was the most tame and passive Man in the World, and one who was afraid of his own Shadow in the night: He had a natural Aversion for Danger, and thought it below a Man of Wit, or common Sense, to be guilty of that brutal thing, called Courage or Fighting: His Philosophy told him, *It was safe sleeping in a whole Skin;* and possibly he apprehended as much Danger from this *Virago*, as ever he did from his own Sex. He therefore fell on his knees, and be-

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sought her to hold her fair hand, and not to suffer that, which was the greatest Mark of his Respect, to be the Cause of her Hate or Indignation. The pitiful Faces he made, and the Signs of mortal Fear in him, had almost made her laugh, at least it allay'd her Anger; and she bid him rise and play the fool hereafter somewhere else, and not in her presence: yet for once she would deign to give him this Satisfaction, that she was got into a Book, which had many moving Stories very well writ; and that she found her self so well entertain'd, she had forgot how the night passed. He most humbly thanked her for this Satisfaction, and retired, perhaps not so well satisfied as he pretended.

After this, he appear'd more submissive and respectful towards *Atlante*; and she carry'd herself more reserv'd and haughty towards him; which was one Reason, he would not yet discover his Passion.

Thus the time run on at *Orleans*, while *Rinaldo* found himself daily languishing at *Paris*. He was indeed in the best Academy in the City, amongst a number of brave and noble Youths, where all things that could accomplish them, were to be learn'd by those that had any Genius; but *Rinaldo* had other Thoughts, and other Business: his time was wholly past in the most solitary Parts of the Garden, by the melancholy Fountains, and in the most gloomy
Shades,

Shades, where he could with most liberty breathe out his Passion and his Grievs. He was past the Tutorage of a Boy ; and his Masters could not upbraid him, but found he had some secret Cause of Grief, which made him not mind these Exercises, which were the Delight of the rest : so that nothing being able to divert his Melancholy, which daily increased upon him, he fear'd it would bring him into a Fever, if he did not give himself the Satisfaction of seeing *Atlante*. He had no sooner thought of this, but he was impatient to put it in execution ; he resolv'd to go (having very good Horses) without acquainting any of his Servants with it. He got a very handfom and light Ladder of Ropes made, which he carry'd under his Coat, and away he rid for *Orleans*, stay'd at a little Village, till the Darkness of the Night might favour his Design : And then walking about *Atlante's* Lodgings, till he saw a Light in her Chamber, and then making that noise on his Sword, as was agreed between them ; he was heard by his adorable *Atlante*, and suffer'd to mount her Chamber, where he would stay till almost break of Day, and then return to the Village, and take horse, and away for *Paris* again. This, once in a Month, was his Exercise, without which he could not live ; so that his whole Year was past in riding between

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Orleans and *Paris*, between excess of Grief, and excess of Joy by turns.

It was now that *Atlante*, arrived to her fifteenth Year, shone out with a Lustre of Beauty greater than ever; and in this Year, in the absence of *Rinaldo*, had carry'd herself with that Severity of Life, without the youthful Desire of going abroad, or desiring any Diversion, but what she found in her own retired Thoughts, that *Vernole*, wholly unable longer to conceal his Passion, resolv'd to make a Publication of it, first to the Father, and then to the lovely Daughter, of whom he had some hope, because she had carry'd her self very well towards him for this year past; which she would never have done, if she had imagin'd he would ever have been her Lover: She had seen no signs of any such Misfortune towards her in these many Years he had conversed with her, and she had no cause to fear him. When one day her Father taking her into the Garden, told her what Honour and Happiness was in store for her; and that now the Glory of his fall'n Family would rise again, since she had a Lover of an illustrious Blood, allay'd to Monarchs; and one whose Fortune was newly encreased to a very considerable degree, answerable to his Birth. She changed Colour at this Discourse, imagining but too well who this illustrious Lover was; when *de Pais* proceeded and told her, In-

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deed his Person was not the most agreeable that ever was seen; but he marry'd her to Glory and Fortune, not the Man: And a Woman (says he) ought to look no farther.

She needed not any more to inform her who this intended Husband was; and therefore, bursting forth into Tears, she throws her self at his Feet, imploring him not to use the Authority of a Father, to force her to a thing so contrary to her Inclination: assuring him, she could not consent to any such thing; and that she would rather die than yield. She urged many Arguments for this her Disobedience; but none would pass for current with the old Gentleman, whose Pride had flatter'd him with hopes of so considerable a Son-in-law: He was very much surpriz'd at *Atlante's* refusing what he believ'd she would receive with Joy; and finding that no Arguments on his Side could draw hers to an obedient Consent, he grew to such a Rage, as very rarely possess'd him: vowing, if she did not conform her Will to his, he would abandon her to all the Cruelty of Contempt and Poverty; so that at last she was forced to return him this Answer, *That she would strive all she could with her Heart; but she verily believed she should never bring it to consent to a Marriage with Monsieur the Count.* The Father continued threatening her, and gave her some Days to consider of it: So leaving her in Tears, he returned to his Chamber,

to consider what Answer he should give Count *Vernole*, who he knew would be impatient to learn what Success he had, and what himself was to hope. *De Pais*, after some Consideration, resolved to tell him, she receiv'd the Offer very well, but that he must expect a little Maiden-Nicety in the Case: and accordingly did tell him so; and he was not at all doubtful of his good Fortune.

But *Atlante*, who resolv'd to die a thousand Deaths rather than break her solemn Vows to *Rinaldo*, or to marry the Count, cast about how she should avoid it with the least hazard of her Father's Rage. She found *Rinaldo* the better and more advantageous Match of the two, could they but get his Father's Consent: He was beautiful and young; his Title was equal to that of *Vernole*, when his Father should die; and his Estate exceeded his: yet she dares not make a Discovery, for fear she should injure her Lover; who at this Time, though she knew it not, lay sick of a Fever, while she was wondring that he came not as he used to do. However she resolves to send him a Letter, and acquaint him with the Misfortune; which she did in these Terms.

Atlante to Rinaldo.

MY Father's Authority would force me to violate my sacred Vows to you, and give them to the Count *Vernole*, whom I mortally

I ally hate, yet could wish him the greatest Monarch in the World, that I might shew you I could even then despise him for your Sake. My Father is already too much enraged by my Denial, to hear Reason from me, if I should confess to him my Vows to you: So that I see nothing but a Prospect of Death before me; for assure your self, my Rinaldo, I will die rather than consent to marry any other: Therefore come my Rinaldo, and come quickly, to see my Funerals, instead of those Nuptials they vainly expect from

Your Faithful

ATLANTE.

This Letter *Rinaldo* receiv'd; and there needed no more to make him fly to Orleans: This raised him soon from his Bed of Sickness, and getting immediately to horse, he arrived at his Father's House; who did not so much admire to see him, because he heard he was sick of a Fever, and gave him leave to return, if he pleas'd: He went directly to his Father's House, because he knew somewhat of the Business, he was resolv'd to make his Passion known, as soon as he had seen *Atlante*, from whom he was to take all his Measures: He therefore fail'd not, when all were in Bed, to rise and go from his Chamber into the Street; where finding a Light in *Atlante's* Chamber, for she every Night expected him, he made the usual Sign, and she went into the Balcony;

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and he having no Conveniency of mounting up into it, they discoursed, and said all they had to say. From thence she tells him of the Count's Passions, of her Father's Resolution, and that her own was rather to die his, than live any Body's else: And at last, as their Refuge, they resolv'd to discover the whole Matter; she to her Father, and he to his, to see what Accommodation they could make; if not, to die together. They parted at this Resolve, for she would permit him no longer to stay in the Street after such a Sickness; so he went home to bed, but not to sleep.

The next Day, at Dinner, *Monsieur Bellyaurd* believing his Son absolutely cur'd, by absence, of his Passion; and speaking of all the News in the Town among the rest, told him he was come in good time to dance at the Wedding of Count *Vernole* with *Atlante*, the Match being agreed on: No, Sir, (reply'd *Rinaldo*) *I shall never dance at the Marriage of Count Vernole with Atlante; and you will see in Monsieur de Pais's House a Funeral sooner than a Wedding.* And thereupon he told his Father all his Passion for that lovely Maid; and assur'd him, if he would not see him laid in his Grave, he must consent to this Match. *Bellyaurd* rose in a Fury, and told him, *He had rather see him in his Grave, than in the Arms of Atlante: Not* (continued he) *so much for any dislike I have to the young Lady, or the Small-*
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ness of her Fortune ; but because I have so long warn'd you from such a Passion, and have with such care endeavour'd by your Absence to prevent it. He travers'd the Room very fast, still protesting against this Alliance ; and was deaf to all *Rinaldo* could say. On the other side the Day being come, wherein *Atlante* was to give her final Answer to her Father concerning her Marriage with Count *Vernole* ; she assum'd all the Courage and Resolution she could to withstand the Storm that threatned a Denial. And her Father came to her, and demanding her Answer, she told him, *She could not be the Wife of Vernole, since she was Wife to Rinaldo, only Son to Bellyard*. If her Father storm'd before, he grew like a Man distracted at her Confession ; and *Vernole* hearing them loud, ran to the Chamber to learn the Cause ; where just as he enter'd he found *De Pais's* Sword drawn, and ready to kill his Daughter, who lay all in Tears at his Feet. He with-held his Hand ; and asking the Cause of his Rage, he was told all that *Atlante* had confess'd ; which put *Vernole* quite beside all his Gravity, and made him discover the Infirmary of Anger, which he used to say ought to be dissembled by all wise Men : So that *De Pais* forgot his own to appease his, but 'twas in vain, for he went out of the House, vowing Revenge to *Rinaldo* : And to that end, being not very well assur'd of his own Courage, as I said before, and
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being of the Opinion, that no Man ought to expose his Life to him who has injur'd him; he hired *Swiss* and *Spanish* Soldiers to attend him in the nature of Footmen; and watch'd several Nights about *Bellyaurd's* Door, and that of *De Pais's*, believing he should some time or other see him under the Window of *Atlante*, or perhaps mounting into it: for now he no longer doubted, but this happy Lover was he, whom he fancy'd he heard go from the Balcony that Night he came up with his Pistol; and being more a *Spaniard* than a *Frenchman* in his Nature, he resolv'd to take him any way unguarded or unarm'd, if he came in his way.

Atlante, who heard his Threatnings when he went from her in a Rage, fear'd his Cowardice might put him on some base Action, to deprive *Rinalda* of his Life; and therefore thought it not safe to suffer him to come to her by Night, as he had before done; but sent him word in a Note, that he should forbear her Window, for *Vernole* had sworn his Death. This Note came, unseen by his Father, to his Hands: but this could not hinder him from coming to her Window, which he did as soon as it was dark: he came thither, only attended with his Valet, and two Footmen; for now he ear'd not who knew the Secret. He had no sooner made the Sign, but he found himself compass'd with *Vernole's* Bravoes; and himself

himself standing at a distance cry'd out, *That is he*: With that they all drew on both sides, and *Rinaldo* receiv'd a Wound in his Arm. *Atlante* heard this, and ran crying out, *That Rinaldo prest by Numbers, would be kill'd*. *De Pais*, who was reading in his Closet, took his Sword, and ran out; and, contrary to all Expectation, seeing *Rinaldo* fighting with his Back to the Door, pull'd him into the House, and fought himself with the Bravoes: who being very much wounded by *Rinaldo*, gave ground, and sheer'd off; and *De Pais*, putting up old *Bilbo* into the Scabbard, went into his House, where he found *Rinaldo* almost fainting with loss of Blood, and *Atlante*, with her Maids, binding up his Wound; to whom *De Pais* said, *This Charity, Atlante, very well becomes you, and is what I can allow you; and I could wish you had no other Motive for this Action*. *Rinaldo* by degrees recover'd of his Fainting, and as well as his Weakness would permit him, he got up and made a low Reverence to *De Pais*, telling him, *He had now a double Obligation to pay him all the Respect in the World; first, for his being the Father of Atlante; and secondly, for being the Preserver of his Life: two Tyes that should eternally oblige him to love and honour him, as his own Parent*. *De Pais* reply'd, *He had done nothing but what common Humanity compell'd him to: But if he would make good that Respect he profess'd towards him, it must be in quitting*

quitting all Hopes of *Atlante*, whom he had destin'd to another, or an eternal Inclosure in a Monastery: He had another Daughter, whom if he would think worthy of his Regard, he should take his Alliance as a very great Honour; but his Word and Reputation, nay his Vows were past, to give *Atlante* to Count *Vernole*. *Rinaldo*, who before he spoke took measure from *Atlante's* Eyes, which told him her Heart was his, return'd this Answer to *De Pais*, That he was infinitely glad to find by the Generosity of his Offer, that he had no Aversion against his being his Son-in-law; and that, next to *Atlante*, the greatest Happiness he could wish would be his receiving *Charlot* from his Hands: but that he could not think of quitting *Atlante*, how necessary soever it would be, for Glory, and his—— (the further) Repose. *De Pais* would not let him at this time argue the matter further, seeing he was ill, and had need of looking after; he therefore begg'd he would for his Health's sake retire to his own House, whither he himself conducted him, and left him to the care of his Men, who were escap'd the Fray; and returning to his own Chamber, he found *Atlante* retir'd, and so he went to bed full of Thoughts. This Night had increas'd his Esteem for *Rinaldo*, and lessen'd it for Count *Vernole*; but his Word and Honour being past, he could not break it, neither with Safety nor Honour: for he knew the haughty resenting Nature of the Count.

Count, and he fear'd some danger might arrive to the brave *Rinaldo*, which troubled him very much. At last he resolv'd, that neither might take any thing ill at his hands, to lose *Atlante*, and send her to the Monastery where her Sister was, and compel her to be a Nun. This he thought would prevent Mischiefs on both sides; and accordingly, the next Day, (having in the Morning sent word to the Lady Abbess what he would have done) he carries *Atlante*, under pretence of visiting her Sister, (which they often did) to the Monastery, where she was no sooner come, but she was led into the Inclosure: Her Father had rather sacrifice her, than she should be the cause of the Murder of two such noble Men as *Vernole* and *Rinaldo*.

The Noise of *Atlante's* being inclos'd, was soon spread all over the busy Town, and *Rinaldo* was not the last to whom the News arriv'd: He was for a few Days confin'd to his Chamber; where, when alone, he rav'd like a Man distracted: But his Wounds had so incens'd his Father against *Atlante*, that he swore he would see his Son die of them, rather than suffer him to marry *Atlante*; and was extremely overjoy'd to find she was condemn'd, for ever, to the Monastery. So that the Son thought it the wisest Course, and most for the advantage of his Love, to say nothing to contradict his Father; but being almost assur'd *Atlante* would never consent to be shut up
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in a Cloyster, and abandon him, he flatter'd himself with hope, that he should steal her from thence, and marry her in spite of all opposition. This he was impatient to put in practice : He believ'd, if he were not permitted to see *Atlante*, he had still a kind Advocate in *Charlot*, who was now arriv'd to her Thirteenth Year, and infinitely advanc'd in Wit and Beauty. *Rinaldo* therefore often goes to the Monastery, surrounding it, to see what possibility there was of accomplishing his Design ; if he could get her consent, he finds it not impossible, and goes to visit *Charlot* ; who had command not to see him, or speak to him. This was a Cruelty he look'd not for, and which gave him an unspeakable Trouble, and without her aid it was wholly impossible to give *Atlante* any account of his Design. In this Perplexity he remain'd many Days, in which he languish'd almost to death ; he was distracted with Thought, and continually hovering about the Nunnery-Walls, in hope, at some time or other, to see or hear from that lovely Maid, who alone could make his Happiness. In these Travels he often met *Vernole*, who had liberty to see her when he pleas'd : If it happen'd that they chanc'd to meet in the day-time, tho' *Vernole* was attended with an Equipage of Russians, and *Rinaldo* but only with a couple of Footmen, he could perceive *Vernole* shun him, grow pale, and almost

most tremble with Fear sometimes, and get to the other side of the Street; and if he did not, *Rinaldo* having a mortal hate to him, would often bear up so close to him, that he would jostle him against the Wall, which *Vernole* would patiently put up, and pass on; so that he could never be provok'd to fight by Day-light, how solitary soever the place was where they met: but if they chanc'd to meet at Night, they were certain of a Skirmish, in which he would have no part himself; so that *Rinaldo* was often like to be assassinated, but still came off with some slight Wound. This continu'd so long, and made so great a Noise in the Town, that the two old Gentlemen were mightily alarm'd by it; and Count *Bellyaurd* came to *De Pais*, one day, to discourse with him of this Affair; and *Bellyaurd*, for the Preservation of his Son, was almost consenting, since there was no Remedy, that he should marry *Atlante*. *De Pais* confess'd the Honour he proffer'd him, and how troubled he was, that his Word was already past to his Friend, the Count *Vernole*, whom he said she should marry, or remain for ever a Nun; but if *Rinaldo* could displace his Love from *Atlante*, and place it on *Charlot*, he should gladly consent to the Match. *Bellyaurd*, who would now do any thing for the Repose of his Son, tho he believ'd this Exchange would not pass, yet resolv'd to propose it, since by marrying him he took him

him out of the danger of *Vernole's* Assassins, who would never leave him till they had dispatch'd him, should he marry *Atlante*.

While *Rinaldo* was contriving a thousand ways to come to speak to, or send Billets to *Atlante*, none of which could succeed without the Aid of *Charlot*, his Father came and propos'd this Agreement between *De Pais* and himself, to his Son. At first *Rinaldo* receiv'd it with a chang'd Countenance, and a breaking Heart; but swiftly turning from Thought to Thought, he conceiv'd this the only way to come at *Charlot*, and so consequently at *Atlante*: he therefore, after some dissembled Regret, consents, with a sad put-on Look: And *Charlot* had notice given her to see and entertain *Rinaldo*. As yet they had not told her the Reason; which her Father would tell her, when he came to visit her, he said. *Rinaldo* over-joy'd at this Contrivance, and his own Dissimulation, goes to the Monastery, and visits *Charlot*; where he ought to have said something of this Proposition: but wholly bent upon other Thoughts, he solicits her to convey some Letters, and Presents to *Atlante*; which she readily did, to the unspeakable Joy of the poor Distrest. Sometimes he would talk to *Charlot* of her own Affairs; asking her, if she resolv'd to become a Nun? To which she would sigh, and say, If she must it would be extremely against her Inclinations; and, if it pleas'd her

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her Father, she had rather begin the World with any tolerable Match.

Things past thus for some Days, in which our Lovers were happy, and *Vernole* assur'd he should have *Atlante*. But at last *De Pais* came to visit *Charlot*, who ask'd her, if she had seen *Rinaldo*? She answer'd, *She had. And how does he entertain you?* (reply'd *De Pais*) *Have you receiv'd him as a Husband? and has he behav'd himself like one?* At this a sudden Joy seiz'd the Heart of *Charlot*; and loth to confess what she had done for him to her Sister, she hung down her blushing Face to study for an Answer. *De Pais* continued, and told her the Agreement between *Billyaurd* and him, for the saving of Bloodshed.

She, who blest the Cause, whatever it was, having always a great Friendship and Tendernefs for *Rinaldo*, gave her Father a thousand Thanks for his Care; and assur'd him, since she was commanded by him, she would receive him as her Husband.

And the next Day, when *Rinaldo* came to visit her, as he us'd to do, and bringing a Letter with him, wherein he propos'd the fight of *Atlante*; he found a Coldness in *Charlot*, as soon as he told her his Design, and desir'd her to carry the Letter. He ask'd the Reason of this Change: She tells him she was inform'd of the Agreement between their two Fathers, and that she look'd upon herself as his Wife, and would

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would act no more as a Confident; that she had ever a violent Inclination of Friendship for him, which she would soon improve into something more soft.

He could not deny the Agreement, nor his Promise; but it was in vain to tell her, he did it only to get a Correspondence with *Atlante*: She is obstinate, and he as pressing, with all the Tenderness of Persuasion: He vows he can never be any but *Atlante's*, and she may see him die, but never break his Vows. She urges her Claim in vain, so that at last she was overcome, and promised she would carry the Letter; which was to have her make her escape that Night. He waits at the Gate for her Answer, and *Charlot* returns with one that pleased him very well; which was, that Night her Sister would make her escape, and that he must stand in such a place of the Nunnery-Wall, and she would come out to him.

After this she upbraids him with his false Promise to her, and of her Goodness to serve him after such a Disappointment. He receives her Reproaches with a thousand Sighs, and bemoans her Misfortune in not being capable of more than Friendship for her; and vows, that next *Atlante*, he esteems her of all Womankind. She seems to be obliged by this, and assured him, she would hasten the Flight of *Atlante*; and
taking

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taking leave, he went home to order a Coach, and some Servants to assist him.

In the mean time Count *Vernole* came to visit *Atlante*; but she refused to be seen by him: And all he could do there that Afternoon, was entertaining *Charlot* at the Grate; to whom he spoke a great many fine Things, both of her improved Beauty and Wit; and how happy *Rinaldo* would be in so fair a Bride. She received this with all the Civility that was due to his Quality; and their Discourse being at an end, he took his leave, it being towards the Evening.

Rinaldo, wholly impatient, came betimes to the corner of the dead Wall, where he was appointed to stand, having ordered his Footmen and Coach to come to him as soon as it was dark. While he was there walking up and down, *Vernole* came by the end of the Wall to go home; and looking about, he saw, at the other end, *Rinaldo* walking, whose Back was towards him, but he knew him well; and tho he feared and dreaded his Business there, He durst not encounter him, they being both attended but by one Footman a-piece. But *Vernole's* Jealousy and Indignation were so high, that he resolved to fetch his Bravoes to his aid, and come and assault him: for he knew he waited there for some Message from *Atlante*.

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In the mean time it grew dark, and *Rinaldo's* Coach came with another Footman; which were hardly arrived, when *Vernole*, with his Assistants, came to the Corner of the Wall, and skreening themselves a little behind it, near to the Place where *Rinaldo* stood, who waited now close to a little Door, out of which the Gardeners used to throw the Weeds and Dirt, *Vernole* could perceive anon the Door to open, and a Woman come out of it, calling *Rinaldo* by his Name, who stept up to her, and caught her in his Arms with Signs of infinite Joy. *Vernole* being now all Rage, cry'd to his Assassins, *Fall on, and kill the Ravisher*: And immediately they all fell on. *Rinaldo*, who had only his two Footmen on his side, was forc'd to let go the Lady; who would have run into the Garden again, but the Door fell to and lock'd: so that while *Rinaldo* was fighting, and beaten back by the Bravoes, one of which he laid dead at his Feet, *Vernole* came to the frightened Lady, and taking her by the Hand, cry'd, *Come, my fair Fugitive, you must go along with me*. She, wholly scar'd out of her Senses, was willing to go any where out of the Terror she heard so near her, and without reply, gave her self into his Hand, who carried her directly to her Father's House; where she was no sooner come, but he told her Father all that had past, and how she was running away with *Rinaldo*, but that his
good

good Fortune brought him just in the lucky Minute. Her Father turning to reproach her, found by the Light of a Candle that this was *Charlot*, and not *Atlante*, whom *Vernole* had brought home : At which *Vernole* was extremely astonish'd. Her Father demanded of her why she was running away with a Man, who was design'd her by consent ? Yes, (said *Charlot*) you had his Consent, Sir, and that of his Father ; but I was far from getting it : I found he resolv'd to die rather than quit *Atlante* ; and promising him my Assistance in his Amour, since he could never be mine, he got me to carry a Letter to *Atlante* ; which was, to desire her to fly away with him. Instead of carrying her this Letter, I told her, he was design'd for me, and had cancell'd all his Vows to her : She swoon'd at this News ; and being recover'd a little, I left her in the Hands of the Nuns, to persuade her to live ; which she resolves not to do without *Rinaldo*. Tho they press'd me, yet I resolv'd to pursue my Design, which was to tell *Rinaldo* she would obey his kind Summons. He waited for her ; but I put my self into his Hands in lieu of *Atlante* ; and had not the Count receiv'd me, we had been marry'd by this time, by some false Light that could not have discover'd me : But I am satisfied, if I had, he would never have liv'd with me longer than the Cheat had been undiscover'd ; for I find them both resolv'd to die, rather than change. And for my part, Sir, I was not so much in love with *Rinaldo*,

naldo, as I was out of love with the Nunnery; and took any Opportunity to quit a Life absolutely contrary to my Humour. She spoke this with a Gaiety so brisk, and an Air so agreeable, that Vernole found it touch'd his Heart; and the rather because he found *Atlante* would never be his; or if she were, he should be still in danger from the Resentment of *Rinaldo*: he therefore bowing to *Charlot*, and taking her by the Hand, cry'd, *Madam*, since Fortune has dispos'd you thus luckily for me, in my Possession, I humbly implore you would consent she should make me entirely happy, and give me the Prize for which I fought, and have conquer'd with my Sword. *My Lord*, (reply'd *Charlot*, with a modest Air) I am superstitious enough to believe, since Fortune, so contrary to all our Designs, has given me into your Hands, that she from the beginning destin'd me to the Honour, which, with my Father's Consent, I shall receive as becomes me. *De Pais* transported with Joy, to find all things would be so well brought about, it being all one to him, whether *Charlot* or *Atlante* gave him Count *Vernole* for his Son-in-law, readily consented; and immediately a Priest was sent for, and they were that Night marry'd. And it being now not above seven a-clock, many of their Friends were invited, the Musick sent for, and as good a Supper as so short a time would provide, was made ready.

All this was perform'd in as short a time as *Rinaldo* was fighting; and having kill'd one, and wounded the rest, they all fled before his conquering Sword, which was never drawn with so good a Will. When he came where his Coach stood, just against the Back-Garden-Door, he looked for his Mistress: But the Coachman told him, he was no sooner engaged, but a Man came, and with a thousand Reproaches on her Levity, bore her off.

This made our young Lover rave; and he is satisfied she is in the Hands of his Rival, and that he had been fighting, and shedding his Blood, only to secure her Flight with him. He lost all Patience, and it was with much ado his Servants persuaded him to return; telling him, in their Opinion, she was more likely to get out of the Hands of his Rival, and come to him, than when she was in the Monastery.

He suffers himself to go into his Coach and be carry'd home; but he was no sooner alighted, than he heard Musick and Noise at *De Pais's* House. He saw Coaches surround his Door, and Pages and Footmen, with Flambeaux. The Sight and Noise of Joy made him ready to sink at the Door; and sending his Footmen to learn the Cause of this Triumph, the Pages that waited told him, That Count *Vernole* was this Night married to Monsieur *De Pais's* Daugh-

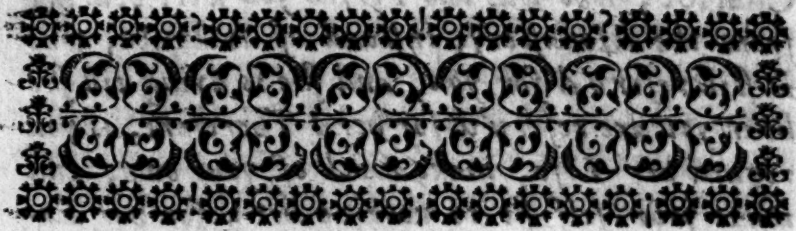
ter. He needed no more to deprive him of all Sense ; and staggering against his Coach, he was caught by his Footmen and carried into his House, and to his Chamber, where they put him to bed, all senseless as he was, and had much ado to recover him to Life. He ask'd for his Father, with a faint Voice, for he desir'd to see him before he died. It was told him he was gone to Count *Vernole's* Wedding, where there was a perfect Peace agreed on between them, and all their Animosities laid aside. At this News *Rinaldo* fainted again ; and his Servants call'd his Father home, and told him in what Condition they had brought home their Master, recounting to him all that was past. He hasten'd to *Rinaldo*, whom he found just recover'd of his Swooning ; who, putting his Hand out to his Father, all cold and trembling, cry'd, *Well, Sir, now you are satisfied, since you have seen Atlante married to Count Vernole, I hope now you will give your unfortunate Son leave to die ; as you wish'd he should, rather than give him to the Arms of Atlante.* Here his Speech fail'd, and he fell again into a Fit of Swooning : His Father ready to die with fear of his Son's Death, kneel'd down by his Bed-side ; and after having recover'd a little, he said, *My dear Son, I have been indeed at the Wedding of Count Vernole, but 'tis not Atlante to whom he is married, but*
Charlot ;

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Charlot; who was the Person you were bearing from the Monastery, instead of Atlante, who is still reserv'd for you, and she is dying till she hear you are reserv'd for her: Therefore, as you regard her Life, make much of your own, and make your self fit to receive her; for her Father and I have agreed the Marriage already. And without giving him leave to think, he call'd to one of his Gentlemen, and sent him to the Monastery, with this News to Atlante. Rinaldo bowed himself as low as he could in his Bed, and kiss'd the Hand of his Father, with Tears of Joy: But his Weakness continued all the next Day; and they were fain to bring Atlante to him, to confirm his Happiness.

It must only be guessed by Lovers, the perfect Joy these two receiv'd in the sight of each other. Bellyaurd receiv'd her as his Daughter; and the next Day made her so with very great Solemnity, at which were Vernole and Charlot: Between Rinaldo and him was concluded a perfect Peace, and all thought themselves happy in this double Union.





THE
C O U R T
O F T H E
King of *Bantam*.



HIS Money certainly is a most devilish Thing! I'm sure the want of it had like to have ruin'd my dear *Philibella*, in her Love to *Valentine Goodland*; who was really a pretty deserving Gentleman, Heir to about fifteen hundred Pounds a Year; which, however, did not so much recommend him, as the Sweetness of his Temper, the Comeliness of his Person, and the Excellency of his Parts: In all which Circumstances my obliging Acquaintance equal'd him, unless in the Advantage of their Fortune. Old Sir *George Goodland* knew

knew of his Son's Passion for *Philibella*; and tho he was generous, and of a humour sufficiently complying, yet he could by no means think it convenient, that his only Son should marry with a young Lady of so slender a Fortune as my Friend, who had not above five hundred Pound, and that the Gift of her Uncle Sir *Philip Friendly*: tho her Vertue and Beauty might have deserv'd, and have adorn'd the Throne of an *Alexander*, or a *Cæsar*.

Sir *Philip* himself, indeed, was but a younger Brother, tho of a good Family, and of a generous Education; which, with his Person, Bravery, and Wit, recommended him to his Lady *Philadelphia*, Widow of Sir *Bartholomew Banquier*, who left her possess'd of two thousand Pounds *per Annum*, besides twenty thousand Pounds in Money and Jewels; which oblig'd him to get himself dubb'd, that she might not descend to an inferior Quality. When he was in Town, he liv'd——let me see! in the *Strand*; or, as near as I can remember, somewhere about *Charing-Cross*; where, first of all Mr. *Would-be-King*, a Gentleman of a large Estate in Houses, Land and Money, of a haughty, extravagant and profuse humour, very fond of every new Face, had the misfortune to fall passionately in love with *Philibella*, who then liv'd with her Uncle.

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This Mr. *Would-be* (it seems) had often been told, when he was yet a Stripling, either by one of his Nurses, or his own Grandmother, or by some other Gipsy, that he should infallibly be what his Surname imply'd, a King, by Providence or Chance, e'er he dy'd, or never. This glorious Prophecy had so great an Influence on all his Thoughts and Actions, that he distributed and dispers'd his Wealth sometimes so largely, that one would have thought he had undoubtedly been King of some part of the *Indies*; to see a Present made to-day of a Diamond Ring, worth two or three hundred Pounds, to Madam *Flippant*; to-morrow, a large Chest of the finest *China* to my Lady *Fleecewell*; and next day, perhaps, a rich Necklace of large Oriental Pearl, with a Locket to it of Sapphires, Emeralds, Rubies, &c. to pretty Miss *Ogleme*, for an amorous Glance, for a Smile, and (it may be, tho but rarely) for the mighty Blessing of one single Kiss. But such were his Largesses, not to reckon his Treats, his Balls, and Serenades besides, tho at the same time he had marry'd a virtuous Lady, and of good Quality: But her Relation to him (it may be fear'd) made her very disagreeable: For a Man of his Humour and Estate can no more be satisfy'd with one Woman, than with one Dish of Meat; and, to say truth, 'tis something unmodish.

unmodish. However, he might have dy'd a pure Celibate, and altogether unexpert of Women, had his good or bad Hopes only terminated in Sir *Philip's* Niece. But the brave and haughty Mr. *Would-be* was not to be baulk'd by Appearances of Virtue, which he thought all Womankind only did affect; besides, he promis'd himself the Victory over any Lady whom he attempted, by the force of his damn'd Money, tho her Vertue were ever so real and strict.

With *Philibella* he found another pretty young Creature, very like her, who had been a *quondam* Mistress to Sir *Philip*: He, with young *Goodland*, was then diverting his Mistress and Niece at a Game at Cards, when *Would-be* came to visit him; he found 'em very merry, with a Flask or two of Claret before 'em, and Oranges roasting by a large Fire, for it was *Christmas-time*. The Lady *Friendly* understanding that this extraordinary Man was with Sir *Philip* in the Parlour, came in to 'em, to make the number of both Sexes equal, as well as in hopes to make up a Purse of Guineas toward the purchase of some new fine Business that she had in her Head, from his accusom'd design of losing at play to her. Indeed, she had part of her Wish, for she got twenty Guineas of him; *Philibella* ten; and *Lucy*, Sir *Philip's* *quondam*,

dam, five: Not but that *Would-be* intended better Fortune to the young ones, than he did to Sir *Philip's* Lady; but her Ladyship was utterly unwilling to give him over to their Management, tho at the last, when they were all tir'd with the Cards, after *Would-be* had said as many obliging things as his present Genius would give him leave, to *Philibella* and *Lucy*, especially to the first, not forgetting his Bas mains to the Lady *Friendly*, he bid the Knight and *Goodland* adieu; but with a Promise of repeating his Visit at six a-clock in the Evening on *Twelfth-day*, to renew the famous and antient Solemnity of chusing King and Queen; to which Sir *Philip* before invited him, with a Design yet unknown to you, I hope.

As soon as he was gone, every one made their Remarks on him, but with very little or no difference in all their Figures of him. In short, all Mankind, had they ever known him, would have universally agreed in this his Character, That he was an Original; since nothing in Humanity was ever so vain, so haughty, so profuse, so fond, and so ridiculously ambitious, as Mr. *Would-be King*. They laugh'd and talk'd about an Hour longer, and then young *Goodland* was oblig'd to see *Lucy* home in his Coach; tho he had rather have sat up all night in the same House with *Philibella*, I fancy, of whom he took but an unwilling leave; which was visible

fible enough to every one there, since they were all acquainted with his Passion for my fair Friend.

About twelve a-clock on the Day prefix'd, young *Goodland* came to dine with Sir *Philip*, whom he found just return'd from Court, in a very good Humour. On the sight of *Valentine*, the Knight ran to him, and embracing him, told him, That he had prevented his Wishes, in coming thither before he sent for him, as he had just then design'd. The other return'd, that he therefore hoped he might be of some Service to him, by so happy a Prevention of his intended Kindness. No doubt (reply'd Sir *Philip*) the Kindness, I hope, will be to us both; I am assur'd it will, if you will act according to my Measures. I desire no better Prescriptions for my Happiness (return'd *Valentine*) than what you shall please to set down to me: But is it necessary or convenient that I should know 'em first? It is, (answer'd Sir *Philip*) let us sit, and you shall understand 'em. — I am very sensible (continued he) of your sincere and honourable Affection and Pretension to my Niece, who, perhaps, is as dear to me as my own Child could be, had I one; nor am I ignorant how averse Sir *George* your Father is to your Marriage with her, insomuch that I am confident he would disinherit you immediately upon it, merely for want of a

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Fortune somewhat proportionable to your Estate: but I have now contriv'd the Means to add two or three thousand Pounds to the five hundred I have design'd to give with her; I mean, if you marry her, *Val*, not otherwise; for I will not labour so for any other Man. What inviolable Obligations you put upon me! (cry'd *Goodland*.) No return, by way of Compliments, good *Val*, (said the Knight:). Had I not engag'd to my Wife, before Marriage, that I would not dispose of any part of what she brought me, without her Consent, I would certainly make *Philibella's* Fortune answerable to your Estate: And besides, my Wife is not yet full eight and twenty, and we may therefore expect Children of our own; which hinders me from proposing any thing more for the Advantage of my Niece. — But now to my Instructions; — King will be here this Evening without fail, and, at some time or other to-night, will shew the Haughtiness of his Temper to you, I doubt not, since you are in a manner a Stranger to him: Be sure therefore you seem to quarrel with him before you part, but suffer as much as you can first from his Tongue; for I know he will give you Occasions enough to exercise your passive Valour. I must appear his Friend, and you must retire home, if you please, for this night, but let me see you early as your Convenience will permit

to-

to-morrow : my late Friend *Lucy* must be my Niece too. Observe this, and leave the rest to me. I shall most punctually, and will in all things be directed by you, (said *Valentine*.) I had forgot to tell you (said *Friendly*) that I have so order'd matters, that he must be King to-night, and *Lucy* Queen, by the Lots in the Cake. By all means (return'd *Goodland*;) it must be Majesty.

Exactly at six a-clock came *Would-be* in his Coach and six, and found Sir *Philip*, and his Lady, *Goodland*, *Philibella*, and *Lucy* ready to receive him; *Lucy* as fine as a Dutcheß, and almost as beautiful as she was before her Fall. All things were in ample Order for his Entertainment. They play'd till Supper was serv'd in, which was between eight and nine. The Treat was very seasonable and splendid. Just as the second Course was set on the Table, they were all on a sudden surpriz'd, except *Would-be*, with a Flourish of Violins, and other Instruments, which proceeded to entertain 'em with the best and newest Aires in the last new Plays, being then in the Year 1683. The Ladies were curious to know to whom they ow'd the chearful part of their Entertainment : On which he call'd out, Hey ! *Tom Farmer ! Aleworth ! Eccles ! Hall !* and the rest of you ! Here's a Health to these Ladies, and all this honorable Company.

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pany. They bow'd ; he drank, and commanded another Glass to be fill'd, into which he put something yet better than the Wine, I mean, ten Guineas : Here, *Farmer*, (said he then) this for you and your Friends. We humbly thank the honourable Mr. *Would-be King*. They all return'd, and struck up with more Spriteliness than before. For Gold and Wine, doubtless, are the best Rosin for Musicians.

After Supper they took a hearty Glass or two to the King, Queen, Duke, &c. and then the mighty Cake, teeming with the Fate of this extraordinary Personage, was brought in, the Musicians playing an Overture at the Entrance of the *Alimental Oracle* ; which was then cut and consulted, and the royal Bean and Pea fell to those to whom Sir *Philip* had design'd 'em. 'Twas then the Knight began a merry Bumper, with three Huzza's, and, *Long live King Would-be ! to Goodland*, who eccho'd and pledg'd him, putting the Glass about to the harmonious Attendants ; while the Ladies drank their own Quantities among themselves, *To his aforesaid Majesty*. Then of course you may believe Queen *Lucy's* Health went merrily round, with the same Ceremony : After which he saluted his Royal Consort, and condescended to do the same Honour to the two other Ladies.

Then

Then they fell a dancing, like Lightning; I mean, they mov'd as swift, and made almost as little noise: But his Majesty was soon weary of that; for he long'd to be making love both to *Philibella* and *Lucy*, who (believe me) that Night might well enough have passed for a Queen.

They fell then to Questions and Commands; to cross Purposes: *I think a Thought, what is it like?* &c. In all which, his *Would-be* Majesty took the Opportunity of shewing the Excellency of his Parts, as, How fit he was to govern! How dextrous at mining and countermining! and, How he could reconcile the most contrary and distant Thoughts! The Musick, at last, good as it was, grew troublesome and too loud; which made him dismiss them: And then he began to this effect, addressing himself to *Philibella*, Madam, had Fortune been just, and were it possible that the World should be govern'd and influenc'd by two Suns, undoubtedly we had all been Subjects to you, from this Night's Chance, as well as to that Lady, who indeed alone can equal you in the Empire of Beauty, which yet you share with her Majesty here present, who only could dispute it with you, and is only superior to you in Title. My Wife is infinitely oblig'd to your Majesty, (interrupted Sir *Philip*) who in my Opinion, has greater Charms, and more than both of them together.

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gether. You ought to think so, Sir *Philip* (returned the new dubb'd King) however you should not so liberally have express'd your self, in opposition and derogation to Majesty: — Let me tell you 'tis a saucy Boldness that thus has loos'd your Tongue! — What think you, young Kinsman and Counsellor? (said he to *Goodland*.) With all Respect due to your sacred Title, (return'd *Valentine*, rising and bowing) Sir *Philip* spoke as became a truly affectionate Husband; and it had been Presumption in him, unpardonable, to have seem'd to prefer her Majesty, or that other sweet Lady, in his Thoughts, since your Majesty has been pleas'd to say so much and so particularly of their Merits: 'Twould appear as if he durst lift up his Eyes, with Thoughts, too near the Heaven you only would enjoy. And only can deserve, you should have added, (said King, no longer, *Would-be*.) How! may it please your Majesty (cry'd *Friendly*) both my Nieces! tho you deserve ten thousand more, and better, would your Majesty enjoy them both? Are they then both your Nieces? (asked *Chance's King*) Yes, both Sir (return'd the Knight.) her Majesty's the eldest, and in that Fortune has shewn some Justice. So she has (reply'd the titular Monarch:) My Lot is fair (pursu'd he) tho I can be bless'd but with one.

Let

*Let Majesty with Majesty be join'd,
To get and leave a Race of Kings behind.*

Come Madam (continued he, kissing *Lucy*) this, as an Earnest of our future Endeavours. I fear (return'd the pretty Queen) your Majesty will forget the unhappy *Stattira*, when you return to the Embraces of your dear and beautiful *Roxana*. There is none beautiful but you (reply'd the titular King) unless this Lady, to whom I yet could pay my Vows most zealously, were't not that Fortune has thus pre-engaged me. But, Madam (continued he) to shew that still you hold our Royal Favour, and that next to our Royal Consort, we esteem you, we greet you thus (kissing *Philibella*;) and as a Signal of our continued Love, wear this rich Diamond: (here he put a Diamond Ring on her Finger, worth three hundred Pounds.) Your Majesty (pursu'd he to *Lucy*) may please to wear this Necklace, with this Locket of Emeralds. Your Majesty is bounteous as a God! (said *Valentine*.) Art thou in want, young Spark? (ask'd the King of *Bantam*) I'll give thee an Estate shall make thee merit the Mistress of thy Vows, be she who she will. That is my other Niece, Sir, (cry'd *Friendly*.) How! how! presumptuous Youth! How are thy Eyes and Thoughts exalted? ha! To Bliss your Majesty must

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must never hope for, (reply'd *Goodland*.)
 How now ! thou Creature of the basest
 Mold ! Not hope for what thou dost aspire
 to ! *Mock-King*, thou canst not, dar'st not,
 shall not hope it, (return'd *Valentine* in a
 heat.) Hold, *Val.* (cry'd *Sir Philip*) you
 grow warm, forget your Duty to their
 Majesties, and abuse your Friends, by ma-
 king us suspected. Good night, dear *Phi-
 libella*, and my Queen ! Madam, I am your
 Ladyship's Servant (said *Goodland* :) Fare-
 wel *Sir Philip* : Adieu thou Pageant ! thou
 Property-King ! I shall see thy Brother on
 the Stage e'er long ; but first I'll visit thee :
 and in the mean time, by way of return to
 thy proffer'd Estate, I shall add a real Terri-
 tory to the rest of thy empty Titles ; for
 from thy Education, barbarous manner of
 Conversation, and Complexion, I think I
 may justly proclaim thee, *King of Bantam*—
 So, Hail, King that Wou'd-be ! Hail, thou
 King of Christmas ! All hail, Wou'd-be King
 of Bantam—and so he left 'em.—
 They all seem'd amazed, and gaz'd on one
 another, without speaking a Syllable ; till
Sir Philip broke the Charm, and sigh'd out,
 Oh, the monstrous Effects of Passion ! Say
 rather, Oh, the foolish Effects of a mean
 Education ! (interrupted his Majesty of
Bantam.) For Passions were given us for
 Use, Reason to govern and direct us in the
 Use, and Education to cultivate and refine
 that

that Reason. But (pursu'd he) for all his Impudence to me, which I shall take a time to correct, I am oblig'd to him, that at last he has found me out a Kingdom to my Title; and if I were Monarch of that Place (believe me, Ladies) I would make you all Princesses and Dutchesses; and thou, my old Companion, *Friendly*, shouldst rule the roast with me. But these Ladies should be with us there, where we would erect Temples and Altars to 'em; build Golden Palaces of Love, and Castles——in the Air (interrupted her Majesty, *Lucy I.* smiling.) 'Gad take me (cry'd King *Wou'd-be*) thou dear Partner of my Greatness, and shalt be, of all my Pleasures! thy pretty satirical Observation has oblig'd me beyond Imitation. I think your Majesty is got into a vein of Rhiming to-night, (said *Philadelphia.*) Ay! Pox of that young insipid Fop, we could else have been as great as an Emperor of *China*, and as witty as *Horace* in his Wine; but let him go, like a pragmatistical, captious, giddy Fool as he is! I shall take a time to see him. Nay, Sir, (said *Philibella*) he has promis'd your Majesty a Visit in our hearing. Come, Sir, I beg your Majesty to pledge me this Glass to your long and happy Reign; laying aside all thoughts of ungovern'd Youth: Besides, this Discourse must needs be ungrateful to her Majesty, to whom, I fear, he will be marry'd within
this

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this Month. How! (cry'd *King and no King*) married to my Queen! I must not, cannot suffer it! Pray restrain your self a little, Sir, (said Sir *Philip*) and when once these Ladies have left us, I will discourse your Majesty further about this Business. Well, pray Sir *Philip*, (said his Lady) let not your Worship be pleas'd to sit up too long for his Majesty: About five a-clock I shall expect you; 'tis your old Hour. And yours, Madam, to wake to receive me coming to bed — Your Ladyship understands me, (return'd *Friendly*.) You're merry, my Love, you're merry, (cry'd *Philadelphia* :) Come Niece, to bed! to bed! Ay, (said the Knight) Go, both of you and sleep together, if you can, without the Thoughts of a Lover, or a Husband. His Majesty was pleas'd to wish them a good Repose; and so, with a Kiss, they parted for that time.

Now we're alone (said Sir *Philip*) let me assure you, Sir, I resent this Affront done to you by Mr. *Goodland*, almost as highly as you can: and tho I can't wish that you should take such Satisfaction, as perhaps some other hotter Sparks would; yet let me say, his Miscarriage ought not to go unpunish'd in him. Fear not (reply'd t'other) I shall give him a sharp Lesson. No Sir (return'd *Friendly*) I would not have you think of a bloody Revenge; for 'tis that which possibly he designs on you: I know him
brave

brave as any Man. However, were it convenient that the Sword should determine betwixt you, you should not want mine: The Affront is partly to me, since done in my House; but I've already laid down safer measures for us, tho of more fatal Consequence to him: that is, I've form'd them in my Thoughts. Dismiss your Coach and Equipage, all but one Servant, and I will discourse it to you at large. 'Tis now past twelve; and if you please, I would invite you to take up as easy a Lodging here, as my House will afford. (Accordingly they were dismiss'd, and he proceeded:) — As I hinted to you before, he is in love with my youngest Niece *Philibella*; but her Fortune not exceeding five hundred Pound, his Father will assuredly disinherit him, if he marries her: tho he has given his Consent that he should marry her eldest Sister, whose Father dying e'er he knew his Wife was with child of the youngest, left *Lucy* three thousand Pounds, being as much as he thought convenient to match her handsomly; and accordingly the Nuptials of young *Goodland* and *Lucy* are to be celebrated next *Easter*. They shall not, if I can hinder them (interrupted his offended Majesty.) Never endeavour the Obstruction (said the Knight) for I'll shew you the way to a dearer Vengeance: Women are Women, your Majesty knows; she may be won to your Embraces.

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braces before that time, and then you ante-
 date him your Creature. A Cuckold, you
 mean (cry'd King in Fancy :) O exquisite
 Revenge ! but can you consent that I should
 attempt it ? What is't to me ? We live not
 in *Spain*, where all the Relations of the Fa-
 mily are oblig'd to vindicate a Whore : No,
 I would wound him in his most tender Part.
 But how shall we compass it ? (ask'd t'other.)
 Why thus, throw away three thousand
 Pounds on the youngest Sister, as a Portion,
 to make her as happy as she can be in her
 new Lover Sir *Frederick Flygold*, an extra-
 vagant young Fop, and wholly given over
 to gaming ; so, ten to one, but you may
 retrieve your Money of him, and have the
 two Sisters at your Devotion. Oh, thou
 my better Genius than that which was gi-
 ven to me by Heaven at my Birth ! What
 Thanks, what Praises shall I return and sing
 to thee for this ! (cry'd King *Conundrum*.)
 No Thanks, no Praises, I beseech your Ma-
 jesty, since in this I gratify my self——You
 think I am your Friend ? and, you will a-
 gree to this ? (said *Friendly*, by way of
 Question.) Most readily, (return'd the
 Fop King :) Would it were broad day,
 that I might send for the Money to my Ban-
 ker's ; for in all my Life, in all my Frolicks,
 Encounters and Extravagances, I never had
 one so grateful, and so pleasant as this will
 be, if you are in earnest, to gratify both
 my

my Love and Revenge ! That I am in earnest, you will not doubt, when you see with what application I shall pursue my Design : In the mean time, *My Duty to your Majesty ; To our good Success in this Affair.* While he drank, t'other return'd, *With all my Heart ;* and pledg'd him. Then *Friendly* began afresh : Leave the whole Management of this to me ; only one thing more I think necessary, that you make a Present of five hundred Guineas to her Majesty, the Bride that must be. By all means (return'd the wealthy King of *Bantam ;*) I had so design'd before. Well Sir (said Sir *Philip*) what think you of a set Party or two at *Piquet*, to pass away a few Hours, till we can sleep ? A seasonable and welcome Proposition (return'd the King ;) but I won't play above twenty Guineas the Game, and forty the Lurch. Agreed (said *Friendly ;*) first call in your Servant ; mine is here already. The Slave came in, and they began, with unequal Fortune at first ; for the Knight had lost a hundred Guineas to Majesty, which he paid in Specie ; and then propos'd fifty Guineas the Game, and a hundred the Lurch. To which t'other consented ; and without winning more than three Games, and those not together, made shift to get three thousand two hundred Guineas in debt to Sir *Philip ;* for which Majesty was pleas'd to
give

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give him Bond, whether *Friendly* would or no,

Seal'd and deliver'd in the Presence of,

The Mark of (W.) *Will. Watchful.*

And, (S.) *Sim. Slyboots.*

A couple of delicate Beagles, their mighty Attendants.

It was then about the Hour that Sir *Philip's* (and, it may be, other Ladies) began to yawn and stretch ; when the Spirits refresh'd, troul'd about and tickled the Blood with Desires of Action ; which made Majesty and Worship think of a Retreat to bed : where in less than half an Hour, or before ever he cou'd say his Prayers, I'm sure the first fell fast asleep ; but the last, perhaps, paid his accustom'd Devotion, e'er he begun his Progress to the Shadow of Death. However, he waked earlier than his Cully Majesty, and got up to receive young *Goodland*, who came according to his Word, with the first Opportunity. Sir *Philip* receiv'd him with more than usual Joy, tho not with greater Kindness, and let him know every Syllable and Accident that had pass'd between them till they went to bed : which you may believe was not a little pleasantly surprizing to *Valentine*, who began then to have some Assurance of his Happiness with *Philibella*. His Friend told him, that

that he must now be reconcil'd to his *Mock-Majesty*, tho with some difficulty ; and so taking one hearty Glass a-piece, he left *Valentine* in the Parlour to carry the ungrateful News of his Visit to him that Morning. King—was in an odd sort of taking, when he heard that *Valentine* was below ; and had been, as Sir *Philip* inform'd *Majesty*, at *Majesty's* Palace, to enquire for him there : But when he told him, that he had already school'd him on his own behalf for the Affront done in his House, and that he believ'd he could bring his Majesty off without any loss of present Honour, his Countenance visibly discover'd his past Fear, and present Satisfaction ; which was much encreas'd too, when *Friendly* shewing him his Bond for the Money he won of him at play, let him know, that if he paid three thousand Guineas to *Philibella*, he would immediately deliver him up his Bond, and not expect the two hundred Guineas overplus. His Majesty of *Bantam* was then in so good a humour, that he could have made love to Sir *Philip* ; nay, I believe he could have kiss'd *Valentine*, instead of seeming angry. Down they came, and saluted like Gentlemen : But after the greeting was over, *Goodland* began to talk some thing of Affront, Satisfaction, Honour, &c. when immediately *Friendly* interpos'd, and after a little seeming Uneasiness and Reluctancy, reconcil'd

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cil'd the hot and cholerick Youth to the cold phlegmatick King.

Peace was no sooner proclaim'd, than the King of *Bantam* took his Rival and late Antagonist with him in his own Coach, not excluding Sir *Philip* by any means, to *Locker's*, where they din'd: Thence he would have 'em to Court with him, where he met the Lady *Flippant*, the Lady *Harpy*, the Lady *Crocodile*, Madam *Tattlemore*, Miss *Modler*, Mrs. *Gingerly*, a rich Grocer's Wife, and some others, besides Knights and Gentlemen of as good Humours as the Ladies; all whom he invited to a Ball at his own House, the Night following; his own Lady being then in the Country. Madam *Tattlemore*, I think, was the first he spoke to in Court, and whom first he surpriz'd with the happy News of his Advancement to the Title of King of *Bantam*. How wondrous hasty was she to be gone, as soon as she heard it! 'Twas not in her Power, because not in her Nature, to stay long enough to take a civil leave of the Company; but away she flew, big with the empty Title of a fantastick King, proclaiming it to every one of her Acquaintance, as she passed thro every Room, till she came to the *Presence-Chamber*, where she only whisper'd it; but her Whispers made above half the honourable Company quit the Presence of the King of *Great-Britain*, to go make their court to his Majesty

King of BANTAM. 313

Majesty of *Bantam*; some cry'd, *God blefs your Majesty!* Some, *Long live the King of Bantam!* Others, *All Hail to your sacred Majesty!* In short, he was congratulated on all fides. Indeed I don't hear that his Majesty King *Charles II.* ever fent an Ambassador to compliment him; tho, poffibly, he faluted him by his Title the firft time he faw him afterwards: For, you know, he is a wonderful good natur'd and well bred Gentleman.

After he thought the Court of *England* was univerfally acquainted with his mighty Honour, he was pleas'd to think fit to retire to his own more private Palace, with Sir *Philip* and *Goodland*, whom he entertain'd that Night very handsomly, till about feven a-clock; when they went together to the Play, which was that Night, *A King and no King.* His Attendant-Friends could not forbear fmiling, to think how aptly the Title of the Play fuited his Circumftances. Nor could he chufe but take notice of it behind the Scenes, between Jelt and Earnelt; telling the Players how kind Fortune had been the Night paft, in difpofing the Bean to him; and juftifying what one of her Propheteffes had foretold fome Years fince. I fhall now no more regard (faid he) that old doating Fellow *Pythagoras's* Saying, *Abftineto a Fabis*, That is, (added he, by way of Construction) *Abftain from Beans*: For I find the Excellency of 'em in Cakes and

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Dishes; from the first, they inspire the Soul with mighty Thoughts; and from the last our Bodies receive a strong and wholesome Nourishment. That is, (said a Wag among those sharp Youths, I think 'twas my Friend the Count) these puff you up in Mind, Sir, those in Body. They had some further Discourse among the Nymphs of the Stage, e'er they went into the Pit; where Sir *Philip* spread the News of his Friend's Accession to the Title, tho not yet to the Throne of *Bantam*; upon which he was there again complimented on that Occasion. Several of the Ladies and Gentlemen who saluted him, he invited to the next Night's Ball at his Palace.

The Play done, they took each of them a Bottle at the *Rose*, and parted till Seven the Night following; which came not sooner than desired: for he had taken such care that all things were in readiness before Eight, only he was not to expect the Musick till the end of the Play. About Nine, Sir *Philip*, his Lady, *Goodland*, *Philibella*, and *Lucy* came. Sir *Philip* returned him *Rabelais*, which he had borrow'd of him, wherein the Knight had written, in an odd sort of a Character, this Prophecy of his own making; with which he surpriz'd the Majesty of *Bantam*, who vow'd he had never taken notice of it before: but he said, he perceiv'd it had been long written, by the

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the Character ; and here it follows, as near as I can remember :

*When M. D. C. come L. before,
Three XXX's, two II's, and one I. more ;
Then KING, tho now but Name to thee,
Shall both thy Name and Title be.*

They had hardly made an end of reading it, e'er the whole Company, and more than he had invited, came in, and were receiv'd with a great deal of Formality and Magnificence. *Lucy* was there attended as his Queen ; and *Philibella*, as the Princess her Sister. They danc'd then till they were weary ; and afterwards retired to another large Room, where they found the Tables spread and furnished with all the most seasonable cold Meat ; which was succeeded by the choicest Fruits, and the richest Desert of Sweetmeats that Luxury could think on, or at least that this Town could afford. The Wines were all most excellent in their kind ; and their Spirits flew about thro every corner of the House : There was scarce a Spark sober in the whole Company, with drinking repeated Glasses to the Health of the King of *Bantam*, and his Royal Consort, with the Princess *Philibella's*, who sat together under a Royal Canopy of State, his Majesty between the two beautiful Sisters : only *Friendly* and

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Goodland wisely manag'd that part of the Engagement where they were concern'd, and preserv'd themselves from the heat of the Debauch:

Between Three and Four most of them began to draw off, laden with Fruit and Sweetmeats, and rich Favours compos'd of Yellow, Green, Red and White, the Colours of his new Majesty of *Bantam*. Before Five they were left to themselves; when the Lady *Friendly* was discompos'd, for want of Sleep, and her usual Cordial, which oblig'd Sir *Philip* to wait on her home, with his two Nieces: But his Majesty would by no means part with *Goodland*; whom, before Nine that Morning, he made as drunk as a Lord, and by consequence, one of his Peers; for Majesty was then, indeed, as great as an Emperor: He fancy'd himself *Alexander*, and young *Valentine* his *Hephestion*; and did so be-buff him, that the young Gentleman fear'd he was fallen into the Hands of an *Italian*. However, by the kind Persuasions of his condescending and dissembling Majesty, he ventur'd to go into bed with him; where King *Wou'd-be* fell asleep, hand-over-head: and not long after, *Goodland*, his new-made Peer, follow'd him to the cool Retreats of *Morpheus*.

About Three the next Afternoon they both wak'd, as by consent, and called to dress.

dress. And after that Business was over, I think they swallow'd each of 'em a Pint of *Old-Hock*, with a little Sugar, by the way of healing. Their Coaches were got ready in the mean time; but the Peer was forced to accept of the Honour of being carried in his Majesty's to Sir *Philip's*, whom they found just risen from Dinner, with *Philadelphia* and his two Nieces. They sat down, and ask'd for something to relish a Glass of Wine, and Sir *Philip* order'd a cold *Chine* to be set before 'em, of which they eat about an Ounce a-piece; but they drank more by half, I dare say.

After their little Repast, *Friendly* call'd the *Would-be-Monarch* aside, and told him, that he would have him go to the Play that Night, which was, *The London-Cuckolds*; promising to meet him there in less than half an hour after his departure: telling him withal, that he would surprize him with a much better Entertainment than the Stage afforded. Majesty took the hint, imagining, and that rightly, that the Knight had some Intrigue in his Head, for the promotion of the Commonwealth of Cuckoldom: In order therefore to his Advice, he took his leave about a quarter of an hour after.

When he was gone, Sir *Philip* thus bespoke his pretended Niece: Madam, I hope your Majesty will not refuse me the

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Honour of waiting on you to a Place where you will meet with better Entertainment than your Majesty can expect from the best Comedy in Christendom. *Val.* (continued he) you must go with us, to secure me against the Jealousy of my Wife. That, indeed (return'd his Lady) is very material; and you are mightily concern'd not to give me occasion, I must own. You see I am now, (replied he :) But—come ! on with Hoods and Scarf ! (pursued he, to *Lucy.*) Then addressing himself again to his Lady; Madam, (said he) we'll wait on you. In less time than I could have drank a Bottle to my share, the Coach was got ready, and on they drove to the Play-house. By the way, said *Friendly* to *Val.*—Your Honour, noble Peer, must be set down at *Long's* ; for only *Lucy* and I must be seen to his Majesty of *Bantam* : And now, I doubt not, you understand what you must trust to.—To be robb'd of her Majesty's Company, I warrant (return'd the other) for these long three Hours. Why (cry'd *Lucy*) you don't mean, I hope, to leave me with his Majesty of *Bantam* ? 'Tis for thy good, Child ! 'Tis for thy good (return'd *Friendly.*) To the *Rose* they got then; where *Goodland* alighted, and expected Sir *Philip* ; who led *Lucy* into the King's Box, to his new Majesty ; where, after the first Scene, he left them together.

The

The over-joy'd fantastick Monarch would fain have said some fine obliging Things to the Knight, as he was going out; but *Friendly's* haste prevented 'em, who went directly to *Valentine*, took one Glass, call'd a Reckoning, mounted his Chariot, and away home they came: where I believe he was welcome to his Lady; for I never heard any thing to the contrary.

In the mean time, his Majesty had not the patience to stay out half the Play, at which he was saluted by above twenty Gentlemen and Ladies by his new and mighty Title: but out he led Miss Majesty e'er the third Act was half done; pretending, that it was so damn'd bawdy a Play, that he knew her Modesty had been already but too much offended at it; so into his Coach he got her. When they were seated, she told him she would go to no place with him, but to the Lodgings her Mother had taken for her, when she first came to Town, and which still she kept. Your Mother! Madam, (cry'd he) why, is Sir *Philip's* Sister living then? His Brother's Widow is, Sir, (she reply'd.) Is she there? (he ask'd.) No, Sir, (she return'd;) she's in the Country. Oh, then we will go thither to chuse. The Coach-man was then order'd to drive to *Fermain-Street*; where, when he came in to the Lodgings, he found 'em very rich and modishly furnish'd. He presently call'd one

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of his Slaves, and whisper'd him to get three or four pretty Dishes for Supper; and then getting a Pen, Ink and Paper, writ a Note to *C—d* the Goldsmith within *Temple-Bar*, for five hundred Guineas; which *Watchful* brought him, in less than an hour's time, when they were just in the height of Supper; *Lucy* having invited her Landlady, for the better colour of the matter. His *Bantamite* Majesty took the Gold from his Slave, and threw it by him in the Window, that *Lucy* might take notice of it; (which you may assure your self she did, and after Supper wink'd on the goodly Matron of the House to retire, which she immediately obey'd.) Then his Majesty began his Court very earnestly and hotly, throwing the naked Guineas into her Lap: which she seem'd to refuse with much Disdain; but upon his repeated Promises, confirm'd by unheard of Oaths and Imprecations, that he would give her Sister three thousand Guineas to her Portion, she began by degrees to mollify, and let the Gold lie quietly in her Lap: And the next Night, after he had drawn Notes on two or three of his Bankers, for the Payment of three thousand Guineas to Sir *Philip*, or Order, and receiv'd his own Bond, made for what he had lost at play, from *Friendly*, she made no great difficulty to admit his Majesty to her Bed. Where I think

fit

fit to leave 'em for the present; for (perhaps) they had some private Business.

The next Morning before the Titular King was (I won't say up, or stirring, but) out of bed, young *Goodland* and *Philibella* were privately marry'd; the Bills being all accepted and paid in two Days time. As soon as ever the fantastick Monarch could find in his Heart to divorce himself from the dear and charming Embraces of his beautiful Bedfellow, he came flying to Sir *Philip*, with all the haste that Imagination big with Pleasure could inspire him with, to discharge it self to a suppos'd Friend. The Knight told him, that he was really much troubled to find that his Niece had yielded so soon and easily to him; however, he wish'd him Joy: To which the other return'd, that he could never want it, whilst he had the command of so much Beauty, and that without the ungrateful Obligations of Matrimony, which certainly are the most nauseous, hateful, pernicious and destructive of Love imaginable. Think you so, Sir? (ask'd the Knight;) we shall hear what a Friend of mine will say on such an Occasion, to-morrow about this time: but I beseech your Majesty to conceal your Sentiments of it to him, lest you make him as uneasy as you seem to be in that Circumstance. Be assur'd I will, (return'd the other :) But when shall I see the sweet, the
O 5 dear,

dear, the blooming, the charming *Philibella*? She will be with us at dinner. Where's her Majesty? (ask'd Sir *Philip*.) Had you enquir'd before, she had been here; for, look, she comes! *Friendly* seems to regard her with a kind of Displeasure, and whisper'd Majesty, that he should express no particular Symptoms of Familiarity with *Lucy* in his House, at any time, especially when *Goodland* was there, as then he was above with his Lady and *Philibella*, who came down presently after to Dinner.

About four a-clock, as his Majesty had intrigu'd with her, *Lucy* took a Hackney-Coach, and went to her Lodgings; whither, about an hour after, he follow'd her. Next morning, at nine, he came to *Friendly*'s, who carry'd him up to see his new married Friends—But (O Damnation to Thoughts!) what Torments did he feel, when he saw young *Goodland* and *Philibella* in bed together; the last of which return'd him humble and hearty Thanks for her Portion and Husband, as the first did for his Wife. He shook his Head at Sir *Philip*, and without speaking one word, left 'em, and hurry'd to *Lucy*, to lament the ill Treatment he had met with from *Friendly*. They coo'd and bill'd as long as he was able; she (sweet Hypocrite) seeming to bemoan his Misfortunes; which he took so kindly, that when he left her, which was about three in
the

the Afternoon, he caus'd a Scrivener to draw up an Instrument, wherein he settled a hundred Pounds a year on *Lucy* for her Life, and gave her a hundred Guineas more against her Lying-in: (For she told him, and indeed 'twas true, that she was with child, and knew her self to be so from a very good Reason——) And indeed she was so——by the *Friendly Knight*. When he return'd to her, he threw the obliging Instrument into her Lap; (it seems, he had a particular Kindness for that Place——) then call'd for Wine, and something to eat; for he had not drank a Pint to his share all the day, (tho he had ply'd it at the Chocolate-House.—) The Landlady, who was invited to sup with 'em, bid 'em goodnight, about eleven; when they went to bed, and partly slept till about six; when they were entertain'd by some Gentlemen of their Acquaintance, who play'd and sung very finely, by way of *Epithalamium*, these words and more:

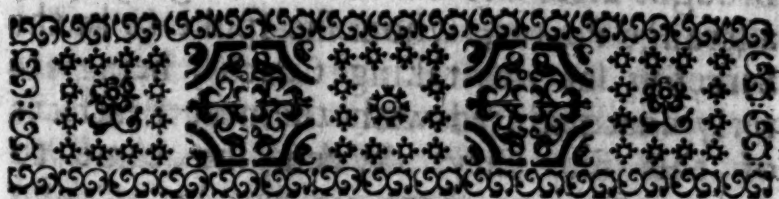
Joy to great Bantam!
Live long, love and wanton!
And thy Royal Consort!
For both are of one sort, &c.

The rest I have forgot. He took some offence at the Words; but more at the Visit that *Sir Philip*, and *Goodland*, made him, about
an

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an hour after, who found him in bed with his Royal Consort ; and after having wish'd 'em Joy, and thrown their Majesties own Shoes and Stockings at their Heads, retir'd. This gave Monarch in Fancy so great a Caution, that he took his Royal Consort into the Country, (but above forty Miles off the Place where his own Lady was) where, in less than eight Months, she was deliver'd of a Princely Babe, who was christen'd by the heathenish Name of *Hayoumorecake Bantam* ; while her Majesty lay in like a petty Queen,





THE
ADVENTURE
OF THE
BLACK LADY.

ABOUT the beginning of last June (as near as I can remember) *Bellamora* came to Town from *Hampshire*, and was obliged to lodge the first Night at the same Inn where the Stage-Coach set up. The next Day she took Coach for *Covent-Garden*, where she thought to find *Madam Brightly*, a Relation of hers; with whom she design'd to continue for about half a Year undiscover'd, if possible, by her Friends in the Country: and order'd therefore her Trunk, with her Clothes, and most of her Money and Jewels, to be brought

brought after her to *Madam Brightly's*, by a strange Porter, whom she spoke to in the Street as she was taking Coach ; being utterly unacquainted with the neat Practices of this fine City. When she came to *Bridges Street*, where indeed her Cousin had lodged near three or four Years since, she was strangely surprized that she could not learn any thing of her ; no, nor so much as meet with any one that had ever heard of her Cousin's Name : Till, at last, describing *Madam Brightly* to one of the House-keepers in that Place, he told her, that there was such a kind of Lady, whom he had sometimes seen there about a Year and a half ago ; but that he believed she was married and remov'd towards *Soho*. In this Perplexity she quite forgot her Trunk and Money, &c. and wander'd in her Hackney-Coach all over *St. Anne's Parish* ; inquiring for *Madam Brightly*, still describing her Person, but in vain ; for no Soul could give her any Tale or Tidings of such a Lady. After she had thus fruitlessly rambled, till she, the Coachman, and the very Horses were even tired, by good fortune for her, she happen'd on a private House, where lived a good, discreet, antient Gentlewoman, who was fallen to decay, and forc'd to let Lodgings for the best part of her Livelihood : From whom she understood, that there was such a kind of Lady who

who had lain there somewhat more than a Twelvemonth, being near three Months after she was married; but that she was now gone abroad with the Gentleman her Husband, either to the Play, or to take the fresh Air; and she believ'd would not return till night. This Discourse of the good Gentlewoman's so elevated *Bellamora's* drooping Spirits, that after she had beg'd the liberty of staying there till they came home, she discharg'd the Coach-man in all haste, still forgetting her Trunk, and the more valuable Furniture of it.

When they were alone, *Bellamora* desired she might be permitted the Freedom to send for a Pint of Sack; which, with some little difficulty, was at last allow'd her. They began then to chat for a matter of half an hour of things indifferent: and at length the antient Gentlewoman ask'd the fair Innocent (I must not say foolish) one, of what Country, and what her Name was: to both which she answer'd directly and truly, tho it might have prov'd not discreetly. She then enquir'd of *Bellamora* if her Parents were living, and the Occasion of her coming to Town. The fair unthinking Creature reply'd, that her Father and Mother were both dead; and that she had escap'd from her Uncle, under the pretence of making a Visit to a young Lady, her Cousin, who was lately married, and liv'd above twenty Miles.

Miles from her Uncle's, in the Road to *London*; and that the Cause of her quitting the Country, was to avoid the hated Importunities of a Gentleman, whose pretended Love to her she fear'd had been her eternal Ruin. At which she wept and sigh'd most extravagantly. The discreet Gentlewoman endeavour'd to comfort her by all the softest and most powerful Arguments in her Capacity; promising her all the friendly Assistance that she could expect from her, during *Bellamora's* stay in Town: which she did with so much Earnestness, and visible Integrity, that the pretty innocent Creature was going to make her a full and real Discovery of her imaginary insupportable Misfortunes; and (doubtless) had done it, had she not been prevented by the return of the Lady, whom she hop'd to have found her Cousin *Brightly*. The Gentleman her Husband just saw her within doors, and order'd the Coach to drive to some of his Bottle-Companions; which gave the Women the better Opportunity of entertaining one another, which happen'd to be with some Surprize on all sides. As the Lady was going up into her Apartment, the Gentlewoman of the House told her there was a young Lady in the Parlour, who came out of the Country that very Day on purpose to visit her: The Lady stept immediately to see who it was, and *Bellamora* approaching to
receive

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receive her hop'd-for Cousin, stop'd on the sudden just as she came to her; and sigh'd out aloud, Ah, Madam! I am lost.—It is not your Ladyship I seek. No, Madam (return'd the other) I am apt to think you did not intend me this Honour. But you are as welcome to me, as you could be to the dearest of your Acquaintance: Have you forgot me, Madam *Bellamora*? (continued she.) That Name startled the other: However, it was with a kind of Joy. Alas! Madam, (replied the young one) I now remember that I have been so happy to have seen you; but where and when, my Memory can't tell me. 'Tis indeed some Years since, (return'd the Lady) But of that another time.—Mean while, if you are unprovided of a Lodging, I dare undertake, you shall be welcome to this Gentlewoman. The Unfortunate return'd her Thanks; and whilst a Chamber was preparing for her, the Lady entertain'd her in her own. About ten a-clock they parted, *Bellamora* being conducted to her Lodging by the Mistress of the House, who then left her to take what rest she could amidst her so many Misfortunes; returning to the other Lady, who desir'd her to search into the Cause of *Bellamora*'s retreat to Town.

The next Morning the good Gentlewoman of the House coming up to her, found *Bellamora* almost drown'd in Tears, which
by

by many kind and sweet Words she at last stopp'd ; and asking whence so great signs of Sorrow should proceed, vow'd a most profound Secrecy if she would discover to her their Occasion ; which, after some little Reluctancy, she did, in this manner.

I was courted (said she) above three Years ago, when my Mother was yet living, by one Mr. *Fondlove*, a Gentleman of good Estate, and true Worth ; and one who, I dare believe, did then really love me : He continu'd his Passion for me, with all the earnest and honest Sollicitations imaginable, till some Months before my Mother's Death ; who, at that time, was most desirous to see me disposed of in Marriage to another Gentleman, of a much better Estate than Mr. *Fondlove* ; but one whose Person and Humour did by no means hit with my Inclinations : And this gave *Fondlove* the unhappy Advantage over me. For, finding me one day all alone in my Chamber, and lying on my Bed, in as mournful and wretched a Condition to my then foolish Apprehension, as now I am, he urged his Passion with such Violence, and accursed Success for me, with reiterated Promises of Marriage, whenever I pleas'd to challenge 'em, which he bound with the most sacred Oaths, and most dreadful Execrations ; that partly with my Aversion to the other, and partly with my Inclinations to pity him, I ruin'd my self.—

Here

the BLACK LADY. 331

Here she relaps'd into a greater Extravagance of Grief than before ; which was so extreme that it did not continue long. When therefore she was pretty well come to herself, the antient Gentlewoman ask'd her, why she imagin'd her self ruin'd : To which she answer'd, I am great with Child by him, Madam, and wonder you did not perceive it last night. Alas ! I have not a Month to go : I am asham'd, ruin'd, and damn'd, I fear, for ever lost. Oh ! fie, Madam, think not so, (said the other) for the Gentleman may yet prove true, and marry you. Ay, Madam, (replied *Bellamora*) I doubt not that he would marry me ; for soon after my Mother's Death, when I came to be at my own disposal, which happen'd about two Months after, he offer'd, nay most earnestly solicited me to it, which still he perseveres to do. This is strange ! (return'd the other) and it appears to me to be your own fault, that you are yet miserable. Why did you not, or why will you not consent to your own Happiness ? Alas ! (cry'd *Bellamora*) 'tis the only thing I dread in this World : For, I am certain, he can never love me after. Besides, ever since I have abhorr'd the sight of him : and this is the only Cause that obliges me to forsake my Uncle, and all my Friends and Relations in the Country, hoping in this populous and publick Place to be most private, especially, Madam, in
your

your House, and in your Fidelity and Discretion. Of the last you may assure yourself, Madam, (said the other :) but what Provision have you made for the Reception of the young Stranger that you carry about you? Ah, Madam ! (cry'd *Bellamora*) you have brought to my mind another Misfortune: Then she acquainted her with the suppos'd loss of her Money and Jewels, telling her withal, that she had but three Guineas and some Silver left, and the Rings she wore, in her present Possession. The good Gentlewoman of the House told her, she would send to enquire at the Inn where she lay the first night she came to Town; for, happily, they might give some Account of the Porter to whom she had entrusted her Trunk; and withal repeated her Promise of all the Help in her power, and for that time left her much more compos'd than she found her. The good Gentlewoman went directly to the other Lady, her Lodger, to whom she recounted *Bellamora's* mournful Confession; at which the Lady appear'd mightily concern'd: and at last she told her Landlady, that she would take care that *Bellamora* should lie in according to her Quality: For, added she, the Child, it seems, is my own Brother's.

As soon as she had din'd, she went to the *Exchange*, and bought Child-bed Linen; but desired that *Bellamora* might not have

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have the least notice of it: And at her return dispatch'd a Letter to her Brother *Fondlove* in *Hampshire*, with an account of every Particular; which soon brought him up to Town, without satisfying any of his or her Friends with the reason of his sudden departure. Mean while, the good Gentlewoman of the House had sent to the *Star-Inn* on *Fish-street-hill*, to demand the Trunk, which she rightly suppos'd to have been carried back thither: For by good luck, it was a Fellow that ply'd thereabouts, who brought it to *Bellamora's* Lodgings that very Night, but unknown to her. *Fondlove* no sooner got to *London*, but he posts to his Sister's Lodgings, where he was advis'd not to be seen of *Bellamora* till they had work'd farther upon her, which the Landlady began in this manner; she told her that her things were miscarried, and she fear'd, lost; that she had but a little Money her self, and if the Overseers of the Poor (justly so call'd from their over-looking 'em) should have the least suspicion of a strange and unmarried Person, who was entertain'd in her House big with Child, and so near her time as *Bellamora* was, she should be troubled if they could not give Security to the Parish of twenty or thirty Pounds, that they should not suffer by her, which she could not; or
other-

otherwise she must be sent to the House of Correction, and her Child to a Parish-Nurse. This Discourse, one may imagine, was very dreadful to a Person of her Youth, Beauty, Education, Family and Estate: However, she resolutely protested, that she had rather undergo all this, than be expos'd to the Scorn of her Friends and Relations in the Country. The other told her then, that she must write down to her Uncle a Farewel-Letter, as if she were just going aboard the Pacquet-Boat for *Holland*, that he might not send to enquire for her in Town, when he should understand she was not at her new-married Cousin's in the Country; which accordingly she did, keeping her self close Prisoner to her Chamber; where she was daily visited by *Fondlove's* Sister and the Landlady, but by no Soul else, the first dissembling the knowledge she had of her Misfortunes. Thus she continued for above three Weeks, not a Servant being suffer'd to enter her Chamber, so much as to make her Bed, lest they should take notice of her great Belly: but for all this caution, the Secret had taken wind, by the means of an Attendant of the other Lady below, who had over-heard her speaking of it to her Husband. This soon got out of doors, and spread abroad, till it reach'd the long Ears of the Wolves
of

of the Parish, who next day design'd to pay her a Visit: But *Fondlove*, by good Providence, prevented it; who, the night before, was usher'd into *Bellamora's* Chamber by his Sister, his Brother-in-Law, and the Landlady. At the sight of him she had like to have swoon'd away: but he taking her in his Arms, began again, as he was wont to do, with Tears in his Eyes, to beg that she would marry him e'er she was deliver'd; if not for his, nor her own, yet for the Child's sake, which she hourly expected; that it might not be born out of Wedlock, and so be made incapable of inheriting either of their Estates; with a great many more pressing Arguments on all sides: To which at last she consented; and an honest officious Gentleman, whom they had before provided, was call'd up, who made an end of the Dispute: So to Bed they went together that Night; next Day to the *Exchange*, for several pretty Businessses that Ladies in her Condition want. Whilst they were abroad, came the Vermin of the Parish, (I mean, the Overseers of the Poor, who eat the Bread from 'em) to search for a young Black-hair'd Lady (for so was *Bellamora*) who was either brought to bed, or just ready to lie down. The Landlady shew'd 'em all the Rooms in her House, but no such Lady could be found. At last she bethought her self,

self, and led 'em into her Parlour, where she open'd a little Closet-door, and shew'd 'em a black Cat that had just kitten'd; assuring 'em, that she should never trouble the Parish as long as she had Rats or Mice in the House; and so dismiss'd 'em like Logger-heads as they came.

F I N I S.



